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LIFE AND THOUGHT:

OR

CHERISHED MEMORIALS

OF THE LATE

JULIA A. PARKER DYSON.

EDITED BY

MISS E. LATIMER.

SECOND EDITION.

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TO
THE IMMEDIATE FAMILY;
TO
THE SURVIVOR OF THE DESOLATE HOME;
TO
WARM AND ADMIRING FRIENDS;
THIS VOLUME
OF
LIFE AND THOUGHT
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

B12B 19 FEB 1939

P R E F A C E .

To keep alive the memory of the gifted and the good, we must not suffer private feeling to become the sole depositary. We are forced to yield, what exclusiveness would prompt to retain; what the tenderness and delicacy of a fond affection would gladly appropriate to itself. But the reflection of excellence falls gratefully on the universal eye, and stirs to healthy action the universal heart. Common humanity asks every aid that can be given. Intellect grows strong by every proof of its superiority; virtue more lovely by repeated exemplification. We are bound to the good by the continued proofs of excellence they exhibit while living; but death gives increased value to the treasures they bequeathe. These may not be claimed as private right,—to humanity, to the world, they belong henceforth.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION	xi

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING.—SCHOOL DAYS.—VISIT.—PARENTAGE	1
--	---

CHAPTER II.

FRIENDSHIP.—LETTERS FROM BENNINGTON, VT.—REMARK. —STUDIES.—VISIT TO BOSTON	16
---	----

CHAPTER III.

LETTERS.—REMARK.—VISIT TO CONCORD, N. H.	30
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

NEW-YEAR'S GREETING.—WINTER.—BOOKS.—LETTERS FROM KEENE, N. H.	40
--	----

CHAPTER V.

VIEWS OF USEFULNESS.—NEW DUTIES.—GERMANTOWN, PA. —FIRST EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY	50
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

DIARY.—BOOKS READ.—VISIT HOME.—SICKNESS OF HER MOTHER	80
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF HER MOTHER.—LETTERS WRITTEN FROM HOME. —ADDRESS TO PUPILS	93
---	----

CHAPTER VIII.

REMOVAL TO PHILADELPHIA.—LETTERS TO HER BROTHER, SISTER, MISS B.	106
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

LETTERS.—LECTURES OF MR. GLIDDEN.—ESSAY.—CLOSE OF 1845	118
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

LETTERS.—VISIT HOME.—IMPAIRED HEALTH.—REMOVAL TO A WARMER CLIMATE	123
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

LETTERS.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTHERN LIFE.—EX- TRACT FROM THE JOURNAL	130
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

LETTERS.—MAY-DAY CELEBRATION.—POETRY.—LETTERS CONTINUED	136
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS TO MISS M.—REMARK.—TO MISS L.—TO HER BROTHER	153
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS.—VISIT TO VIRGINIA.—JOURNEY OVER THE AL- LEGHANIES.—ILLNESS	165
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

VISIT HOME.—MARRIAGE.—RETURN TO SOUTH CAROLINA. —SICKNESS.—DEATH	184
---	-----

MISCELLANIES.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF WOMAN	207
RIZPAH	211
TO MY MOTHER, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER DEATH	216
MOMENT OF SUCCESS	219
'TIS THE LAST OF EARTH, I AM CONTENT: DYING WORDS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS	224
THE HEROIC WOMEN OF ROME	226
THE BAPTISM	234
REFLECTIONS ON AUTUMN	237
TO MY MOTHER	240
THE OCEAN MONARCH	243
THE FLOATING CHURCH	247

REST IN THE LORD	249
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING	251
SACRED WORDS: OH, COME TO ME	255
LA PERLE	257
THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD	259
THE VARIETY STORE	263
TRUE RELIGION	292

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

To present with fidelity the form and features upon the living canvas, requires a long experience and most skilful hand. More difficult still, to make the written page give back a perfect image of mind and heart.

True it is also, that the writer or compiler of any form of biography must take a deep interest, whether friendly or unfriendly, in the *subject*. Some have written to give expression to unkind or unjust feeling; to rob the subject of public estimation; or excite sentiments most severe and indignant. But such instances are rare compared with those, who are prompted to the task of mental picture-writing from motives friendly even to undue partiality. This warmth and personality of feeling lends often to the written page a coloring too favorable for strict and truthful portraiture. The existence and influence of this partiality, so amiable and so unin-

tentional of wrong, is understood by the general reader, and it becomes practically a verity, that the distortions of enmity, as the captivated opinions of a warm and devoted friendship, fail to produce any lengthy illusion upon the general mind. Notwithstanding this regulating power, of a sober and pervading judgment, faults still live permanently upon the biographic page. Yet they exist in close proximity with excellences of the rarest character. The history of a human heart comes with an appeal strong, tender, and deep. The manifestation of individual mind stirs more or less powerfully mind in general. The fondness we mark in the young for biography over every other species of the historic, speaks plainly of natural tendencies, of that law of our common nature, which causes us to delight more in the particular than in the extended, which inclines us to learn from individual example, rather than from general precept.

The following biographical sketch has not been offered for public inspection without reflection upon its particular character, or irrespective of its moral bearing. Nor has it been offered without the knowledge that there is a multitude of books, yea, and of good books. But the uncommon abundance speaks of an uncommon demand. And should not the recipient of benefit be equally willing to contribute "the mite," if no more, in return?

The gathering up of scattered fragments, "so that nothing be lost," the search for the most desirable portions of an extensive correspondence to answer a proposed end, involve much labor and many trials of the heart; trials those alone can appreciate, who feel that nothing remains but sad memories, filling the soul; memories, that at the slightest suggestion sweep over the desolate places of the heart, with an overpowering might. Thus reading, thus transcribing, have these fragments of correspondence here given, been selected and consecutively presented, to tell of individual opinion, judgment, taste, character, and personal history. This, too, has been done under the added pressure of manifold cares and duties.

Speaking thus less in apology than in behalf of truth and justice, this volume of *Life and Thought* is offered to the kind attention of a generous public.

B I O G R A P H I C A L .

BIOGRAPHICAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING — SCHOOL DAYS — VISIT — PARENTAGE —
LETTERS.

It was on one of those beautiful days in autumn, that we first met, — a day to be remembered apart from all others. The chilling breath of the frost-wind yielded, for the time, to the bland zephyr, holding its parting revel amid the gorgeous forests, and along the imbrowened vales, ere its departure for a more southern home. The skies wore an aspect of more than Italian softness, while the sunlight had the rich mellowness of the spring-time. Charming the season, most beautiful the day on which we met, and circumstances were propitious for the cultivation of a most intimate acquaintance, as to mind and character. We had both, for the time, become inmates of one of the retired seminaries of our own New England. Some invisible attraction drew us often together, yet it was not perfect harmony of opinion upon all subjects, or answering

sympathy, that formed the basis of the devoted friendship, that in time bound heart to heart too strongly for death even to sever. Its memory makes the holiest possession of the living, while its brightness lingered in gentle radiance, tender and abiding, even in the dying hour. But we would not here anticipate the closing scene. For the present it is ours to live again in the past, to review the life of one who blended in mind and character those rare qualities that wake in the universal heart warm devotion, delicate regard, generous and profound admiration.

The entrance of Miss Parker into the institution was not a similar occurrence to that which may happen frequently in a public seminary,—the advent of an additional member, without any thing of particular importance beyond. She came already possessed of a highly cultivated intellect; full of that enthusiastic love and appreciation of knowledge that betokens the scholar, and promises future eminence. Possessed of so much of the truly social, added to fine conversational powers, Miss Parker soon became the centre of admiration. The difficult problem, each severe task of the intellect, was met most successfully; but her natural tastes turned with more zeal, and deeper interest, to the finished and elegant in literature. A warm and brilliant imagination threw its *couleur-de-rose* over the page of her favorite authors, imparting a charm to her conversation, and rendering sprightly and attractive the productions of her own pen. The school exercises of this period in the way of the weekly com-

position, would be interesting here ; but being produced for the occasion, and serving the demand, they have not been preserved. But those who were her class mates, as well as the more discriminating visitors, who were present on public evenings, well remember her beautifully drawn, historic pictures, so full of life and reality. The rounded periods, as they fell upon the ear, had all the charm of harmonious music.

The year glided away, leaving its memories rich and endless, which the distant clothes only in beauty and brightness. From its agreeable recollections, I may be allowed to select one, and introduce my readers, even as I had the pleasure to be introduced, to the home and immediate family of my friend. Many who will read this sketch, knew the subject of it from her earliest years: others have not this intimate acquaintance ; for those more especially are the incidents and impressions of this visit given.

In this biographical sketch, it may be proper to state, that Miss Julia A. Parker, afterwards Mrs. Dyson, was born in Acworth, N. H., April 28, 1818, the second and youngest daughter of Dr. Benjamin C. Parker, an extensively known and highly respectable physician, who removed here from Westford, Massachusetts. To his now present abode let me conduct the reader, — leaving a more particular description of the pretty little hamlet where it is situated to the more graphic pen of my friend. Her first letters appearing here, were mostly written from her cherished and picturesque home ; and if the reader has never looked upon its beauty, or shared its hos-

pitality, from its frequent mention a very intimate acquaintance may be obtained.

The season for the introduction we might well regret, were we mere *voyageurs* of pleasure. For it is not in the gentle spring-time that we make our pilgrimage, or amid the luxuriance of summer; but in the stern month of November. But amends for all this may be found in the social joys, that bereave this season of its otherwise chilling sternness. The festive day of a New England thanksgiving is at hand,—the time of all others most abounding in social delights. The gladness and hospitality of primitive days seem present. It is the time for the meeting of the absent,—for the strengthening of household ties,—for the twining into one wreath of beauty, the heart's holiest affections.

It was as pleasant as any day can well be, at the beginning of winter, that we left the seminary, in company with several pupils of the institution, making up a very joyous party. A few miles, slowly passed over, brought us to the boundary that separates the mountain land, clothed as to its summit in fadeless green, from the sterner "Granite State." Not a few playful strictures had been exchanged by the way upon the peculiarities of each State, as to natural scenery, manners, customs, etc. But the boundary is passed,—our own Connecticut River we found silent in its icy fetters, while the snow-covered hills of New Hampshire were before us. The chilly atmosphere, the leafless trees, the ice-bound rivulets had been the only indications of winter, with which we had been greeted until now. As we receded

from the Connecticut, only the hill-tops at first were white with a light fleecy snow, that required but one southern gale to dissipate ; but as we advanced, we found its investing mantle wrapping both hill and vale, hiding the rough features of the jutting granite crags, and wild ravines. The sun that shone so brightly at the commencement of our journey, had disappeared with a half wintry frown, and the darkness, added to the freezing atmosphere, made the sight of the village, as it appeared, doubly welcome. Glowing fires, with heart-felt warmth, each of our party knew to be in reserve. Our companions of the way lessened in number from the time of our entrance into the little rural village. Its last pretty dwelling reached, and we too were at the haven where we would be,—the early home and birth-place of my cherished friend. There the warm welcome and kindest hospitality awaited our arrival. Allow me now to introduce to those of my readers, who are not previously acquainted, the different members of the family, as they were presented. Dr. Parker, the father, met us on our arrival, extending to his daughter a kind caress, and welcoming her friend with generous warmth. A courteous and hospitable man, he appeared, with that ease and quiet of manner, so characteristic of the gentleman. The mother and sister greeted us, very tenderly, as we were ushered into the cheerful sitting-room. I was forcibly struck with the likeness my friend bore to her mother,—the same dark eye and general cast of features. But a grave, almost deepened melancholy seemed to cast its shadow over one, while youth

and hope, in all their brightness, lighted up the countenance of the other. What resemblance, and yet what contrast, was the mental exclamation. As I sought, again and again, the beaming, happy face of my friend, I thought time and care, however potent they may be, can never so fix their impress, where now each feature seemed lighted with the radiance of youth and hope.

I thought the sisters unlike, but a more intimate acquaintance has revealed many points of likeness, that were not at first so perceptible. The calmer thoughtfulness of the one, contrasted pleasingly with the ardent and impulsive manner of the other. Dr. Parker, jun., whom I had met before, was in appearance much like his younger sister. The mother's pale brow and dark eyes were his also, with much of the same thoughtful and seeming melancholy. But this appeared only at intervals,—the energy and far-reaching aspirations of ripening manhood, brought into the foreground of expression and character that enthusiasm, so characteristic of the sister. No one could fail to mark the strong mental, as well as personal resemblance. The youngest member of the family was a lad of some twelve or fourteen years, very retiring in manner, strongly attached he appeared to his horse, his dog, and gun; these were enough to constitute his world. A favored season of life indeed, when so little is necessary to happiness. Such appeared this pleasant family circle at this time. In its agreeable society several days passed with a delight that neither time, nor the sad changes death has wrought, have power to obliterate.

ate. I would gladly linger amid the enjoyments of these happy days. Their occurrences have all the vividness that belongs to those of yesterday. Memory has impressed upon them her own fadeless hues, and enshrined them for immortality.

Time passed, and we found ourselves returned to the academic halls again. Life assumed much the same aspect that it had worn before. Spring came, — a rich verdure clothed our hills again. The minstrelsy of birds waked to joy the forest and the grove. Spring is a happy season everywhere; but the transition from drifting snows and frowning skies, to the charming freshness and beauty it brings, is very sudden, in our northern climate. Those, accustomed to the warmer south, cannot appreciate this change, or share fully its happy influences. Many were the sweet effusions, *this* lovely spring called forth, from the happy, youthful band, whose silvery shouts were echoed by the hills rising around our rural seminary. When the Friday evenings came, the written exercises, for the time, seemed to dwell upon no topic so constantly or happily as the charms of spring. But notwithstanding all the incense poured out upon its balmy airs, all the invocations that it might abide for ever, like its predecessors, and those that have succeeded, it passed away, to give place to the riper luxuriance of summer. Her roses had not all faded, when the first adieu that had been demanded since our first meeting, was spoken, — sadly it was spoken; although the interval of separation anticipated was expected to be brief; it extended to years. That interval

was passed by my friend mostly within the quiet shades of her childhood's home, with an occasional absence for a few weeks or months.

From this time her own correspondence will give a more satisfactory portraiture of mind and character than can be otherwise obtained. Of her letters, it may here be remarked, that as a whole they are penned with rare felicity of diction, sprightliness of thought, and warmth of feeling; and were they presented entire, they would form no unimportant addition to this department of our common literature. But too well do we know they were not written for the public eye, and we feel scarcely at liberty to make such extracts as are necessary to this biographical sketch. They shall, however, be delicately and carefully made; restricted to such as shall illustrate character, mode of thought and expression, presenting to view, in some degree, her high intellectual attainments, and that unobtrusive moral worth for which she was distinguished. The selections will not be found to have been made from general correspondence; but rather the more marked intimacy of a devoted friendship, or family connection. These sources may afford less of the brilliant and fanciful; yet they are much better adapted to the object in view. In such correspondence the mind unfolds its own peculiar modes of thought; its hopes, its fears, its purposes, and aspirations are laid open to view. The heart's warm sympathies, fond devotion, and social susceptibilities are expressed without reserve. The cold, critical, calculating eye of the world is shut from view. The

soul reposes in ease, in fullest confidence; no concealment asked — none tolerated. It is from a source so healthful, and so reliable, that we give what may be termed an autobiography of our friend, embracing a period of fifteen years. The first extract bearing the date of 1837, the last, 1852.

The warmth of youthful feeling, the brilliancy of youthful hope, the perception and enjoyment of the beautiful, however presented, whether in nature or art, books or character, mark the first series.

Years pass; a deeper thought, a truer and holier feeling prevail. Life puts on the real, the earnest, and the manifold obligations of the responsible being are recognized and met in full and profound reliance upon the aid of heaven. Rarely do we meet with more enlightened Christian principles or truer devotion.

For the individual of warm and tender impulses, strong and constant attachment, this simple and unadorned biography, folds many a charm; — for *such* are touched by the manifestations of generous sacrifice, and place fidelity among the noblest virtues.

To those who look upon life in its true light, as given for action, rather than ease, for usefulness, rather than enjoyment, will see duty and truth triumphant. To that individual, more than all others, who loves to contemplate the influence of Divine grace upon the human heart, — now weak, and seemingly easy of extinction; yet while gazing, sees it grow stronger, and brighter, until its radiance lights up the whole being, purifying and sanctifying it for heaven and eternal happiness, such an one

finds here an exemplification, and blesses God for the gift of His spirit, — the Omnipotence of its power; for he sees the verification of his cherished and holy faith, — the changeless promise, “My grace is sufficient for thee.” “As thy day, so shall thy strength be.”

To a large circle of attached and admiring friends this history, in her own words, will be vivid as real life. The friend, the sister, the daughter, the wife speaks again. The present becomes as the past, — the oblivion of the tomb is no more. The pressure of an inexpressible sadness is lifted from the soul, and the heart again thrills with its accustomed emotions of trustful happiness.

———— Life here defies the hate
Of his arch enemy, death; yea seats himself
Upon the sepulchre and 'mid the triumphs of his ghastly foe,
Weaves his own wreath of happiness.

“ACWORTH, March 9, 1837.

“MY DEAR E. — I received your letter from the hand of our friend, Mr. F. — a few days since. With joy and gratitude I perused it, as a new pledge of my friend's affection. Yet let me ask, why did you not present yourself, instead of this consolatory bit of paper? — Why, my dearest, you cannot know the disappointment my heart experienced, when I was obliged to give up the hope of seeing you now, for months to come. I had anticipated so *much* pleasure, — wished so much to see you. But our wishes are traitors, and give us false intelligence.

“You have not, it appears, received my snail-paced messenger of February date; — how annoying to wait thus

long. I smiled as I sealed it, at the same time felt a presentiment that it would not reach you soon. But when it comes, remember its contents are sacred to you alone. I fear no violation of the confidence reposed, — to one I love, my whole soul stands revealed, — my heart is presented just as it is, even though it may blush and beg to retire to its hiding-place. How precious the kindred spirit where unlimited trust is reposed, — whose affectionate sympathies are so pure, — whose love is changeless, eternal.

“You mentioned *The Memoirs of Josephine*, published by the Harpers. It is on my list for perusal. In our judgment of that incomparable woman, we agree. But I shall never forgive the manner in which you presented her imperial husband, on one of our remembered ‘Friday evenings.’ He was *my* hero for that evening, — my choicest rhetoric had been used in his behalf, and the applause that followed was gratifying, for I felt it due to the subject, — the hero of a hundred battles should ever thus be honored. I had only left the reading desk, when I saw it occupied by my friend; my opposing genius rather, if you will tolerate right names, and the sage of Mount Vernon was announced as a theme. I listened with unmingled pleasure, while Washington stood alone, claiming the honors of mankind. My pride and patriotism were equally enlisted. At length came the climax, that cutting and uncalled for antithesis, — so withering to the laurels of my hero, I cannot, I will not forgive. But a truce to past differences, — we will yet be friends.

“My own reading for the past winter, has been occasionally, of the kind termed fictitious, which you dislike. Yet I must beg leave to differ from you, on the ground of its utility, as well as that of its moral tendency. I must deny the assertion of the poet, that

‘Eyes dazzled by fiction’s gaudy rays,
In modest truth no light or beauty sees.’

“I have just finished Fay’s ‘Norman Leslie.’ It is a beautiful and instructive work of the kind. The hero is not a character entirely enveloped in the mantle of perfection, — thus robbed of *all* faults; but excellent and not unworthy of admiration. It abounds in fine description of natural scenery, and presents withal, some striking traits of American character. Some day when time hangs heavily, or passes too slowly, turn to the chaste and enchanting pages of ‘Norman Leslie.’

“I have spent the winter very, very pleasantly, — with my books has the time been mostly passed; what very kind friends they are; my reading has been both entertaining and instructive. Never in three months have I accomplished so much. We received The Republic of Letters last autumn, a selection of the best standard literature and English classics; it has received an attentive perusal.

“Your allusion to the undefinable ‘West’ touched a chord that vibrates in such sweet imaginings; I am determined to visit that magic land, described as embracing so many paradisaical charms. I wish my home was even now there. By the way, I must tell you my very dear friend, M. B, is preparing for a flight to Illinois. In two months from this time she takes her departure. The bare thought is insupportable to me, since I cannot accompany her. She writes to ask me if I am ready to fulfil the promise made her to that effect. If not, she promises to go and plant the rose tree beneath my window, and learn the woodbine its wreathings; so that when I do come, I shall exclaim, ‘How lovely a spot for Romeo and Juliet!’ Romantic and beautiful girl, it fills my heart with anguish to think of parting with her, — how dreadful the word adieu! But her faith is plighted to a fair-haired swain from the flower-

bespangled prairies.' If I appear at the bridal, it will be 'less in joy than sadness.' But whatever I feel, I must express no more. Write me very often, until we meet again, my kind friend.

"Thine ever, JULIA."

We could not omit the closing allusion to one of the earliest friendships formed by Miss Parker. The "romantic girl" alluded to is now the more sober matron. Yet it is beautiful to stir the heart's sweet memories. Their friendship was a charmed episode in the life of each. If they met at the bridal, it was their last meeting on earth. Their bright dreams of social bliss and tenderness were not to be realized in this world. But in that glad realm, where all that is true, tender, and hallowed in affection shall live in perfected loveliness, may they at length meet, to part no more forever.

"ACWORTH, June, 1837.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — I confess the feeling in which I seize my 'youthful pen' to-day, is not the most gracious. The warm blood rushes to my cheek when I remember that three of my epistolary missives have brought no return. *Your* pen must be suffering from paralysis, or else you deem me among the things that have been.

"But strange as all this seems, I cannot doubt my generous, and, as I believe, my most devoted friend. Truly mine is a woman's trust, 'perfect and fearing no change but death.' Your letters, although often too long delayed, are the heralds of pure affection, speaking as from the heart. I believe them ever to speak the language of truth and sincerity. And in every thing, am I not disposed to make full

return? To doubt this one moment would be to know me not. The ocean yields to the powerful yet silently exerted force that creates its tides; the violet lends so willingly its perfume to the caressing breeze; even so does my ever trusting and responsive heart answer to thine. There is no feeling on earth that brings such bliss to the soul — that is so affluent in rich, exquisite enjoyment, as the consciousness that we are beloved, that we are capable in any degree of enhancing the happiness of others. I sometimes think that even you, who know me so well, think me of a nature cold and unsympathizing. I do not turn aside to correct all false impressions, but to you, at least, I would be known as I am. Believe me, then, when I assure you I would rather possess the devotion of a few faithful hearts, than feel my brow pressed with the gem-lit tiara of England's queen, or be the wearer of the Sultana's imperial gift that blazes upon her snowy neck. With my devoted band, I would lead up a *triumph* more glorious than those of the olden time. Those swelling the gorgeous train of fame's renowned conquerors were held in place by a stern necessity — mine should be *willing* captives alone.

“But while upon the tender subject, I must inform you that the exquisite morceau on ‘*Love*’ that has appeared in the New York and southern papers is certainly not mine. The signature deceived you. I think it very beautiful; and if I knew the fair authoress, I, too, would gladly render homage at such a shrine. I seldom write for the press. If I possess something of the ambitious in my nature, I have no confidence. When any thing in print from my own pen meets my eye, I *literally* feel my cheek *crimson*, and an allusion, commendatory or otherwise, is painfully embarrassing. I wish it were not so.

“I would like to say much upon literary and other subjects. Not a few, I confess, are at present calling for atten-

tion. ‘The glorious Fourth’ is at hand. It is to be celebrated with uncommon splendor in Claremont. The beauty and chivalry of the ‘Granite State’ are to be concentrated there. I have a beautiful dress, prepared for the occasion, trimmed so tastefully that even *you* would be obliged to admire it. I know you are not pleased with excessive gayety, neither am I fascinated, as you sometimes deem me, with festive scenes. I will concede more to your wishes than to those of any other individual living. But my sentiment must ever be, ‘Independence now, and independence for ever!’ *Comprenez-vous?* It implies only that self-respect you ever counsel.

“With devotion, ever thine,

“JULIA.”

The preceding is characterized, as will at once be perceived, by that warmth and devotion of feeling that served in its reflex influence to attach Miss Parker’s friends to her so strongly. And that independence, while it was firm, it was yet so gentle and respectful, that it must be regarded a pleasing, as well as a noble, characteristic. Joyous and innocently gay, her appearance in society was welcomed with gladness and admiration. Ever bland and gracious in manner, pleased to contribute to the enjoyment of others, there was with her ever present, a true self-respect that would indulge only in the truthful and sincere, that closed alike the lip and ear to flattery.

CHAPTER II.

FRIENDSHIP — OPINION OF BOOKS — LETTERS FROM BENNINGTON, VT. — HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF COMMON VEHICLES — REMARK — RETURN HOME — STUDIES — VISIT TO BOSTON — VARIOUS OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

“BENNINGTON, Vt., June 21, 1838.

“MY OWN FRIEND,—Is a blush, in your estimation, the token of conscious guilt, or innocence? I know it has been called the index of purity and ingenuousness,—so it may be sometimes. But if its origin be doubtful, or not always the same, whence comes it even now? for I feel it mantling my cheek. This, too, when the heart is calling from its most secret recess, where its choicest treasures are bestowed, the image of a most dear and cherished friend. And while memory also is boasting her treasures of bright reminiscences gathered from the happy past. I repeat, whence does the mantling blush now spring? the answer must be given:—it is from non-compliance with a most reasonable request of my best friend. I confess my fault with deep penitence. Will you accord me a pardon, all of ‘grace?’ I plead nothing in extenuation.

“My dearest friend, I need not tell you how warmly my thanks and gratitude are yours, for the kind assurances your letter contained. I love to think that in heart so unselfish and kind, one little spot is reserved for an affectionate and devoted friend. Surely *my heart* would not forfeit

its title there for all the world esteems and values. Thrice happy are they who find such a retreat from the noise and insensibility of the world. The world, with me, is another name only for the most chilling self-interest. Yet I know not altogether why I am the misanthrope I find myself. I have not personally felt either its malice or coldness. My bark has, thus far, been wafted gently and calmly along; neither assailed by storms nor shaken by tempests. I have met with kindness and sympathy wherever I have been. Yet have I seen merit undervalued, virtue despised, and goodness treated with scorn and contempt. I have seen the noblest actions attributed to the basest motives. The noblest spirits crushed and broken by its bitter envy and malice,—their brightest hopes darkened,—yea, and for ever destroyed. It is such injustice, such crimes as these, which induce a feeling of misanthropy, and make me loathe a world that has inflicted on me no individual suffering. I, too, have thought it very inconstant. This idea, also, is derived from observation rather than experience. Yet I have not judged by my own heart in this particular; for surely its trust once fixed, it would ask no change for ever. But pardon these sad musings, and these severe judgments, as you will no doubt regard them.

“To change the distasteful topic, let me answer your question relating to Bulwer’s ‘Pilgrims of The Rhine.’ I do not much like the manner in which the book is written. The fairies tried my patience exceedingly. Was it not strange that the author should have intrusted the destinies of an angel like Gertrude to the keeping of beings governed by *every thing mortal*? Had he given it to the rapt seraph to keep and protect, he would have been honored by such a jewel in possession. What a lovely picture of paradise she is,—how much too pure for earth,—how like a zephyr wafted gently to heaven. And Trevellyn, is he not

a noble spirit, — his love, how perfectly pure, and generous! It formed a part of himself, — the nobler part of his being. How his character was modified by its influence! Pride, coldness, sternness, fled at his approach, — nature herself yielded to its powerful sway. The legendary lore interwoven is full of interest, but deeply tinged with a dark superstition. . . .

“Do not suppose that my reading is confined at all to this species of literature. I read a tale occasionally, and only as a relaxation from some severer task. When I make use of this resort, I seek for one that has been pronounced good; frequently I find myself disappointed, acting upon another’s judgment: again, as in this case, I am much pleased. There is something in true genius, however directed, that excites deep admiration, and its contemplation ever makes me happy.

“Ever so truly, yours,

JULIA.”

How soon the sad lesson of the world’s heartlessness and instability forces itself upon the observing! How soon we are made to feel this, through sympathy with others, if not in personal experience! As we love human happiness, as we are deeply touched with human suffering, how devoutly are we led to wish that it were not so! But joy and sorrow are irreversibly linked with our earthly lot. The bright picture, that youth and inexperience color with hope and anticipation, must be darkened. But wisdom has here, the first opportunity to utter her forcible admonition, and hope, whose promises seemed limited to this world, points onward to a brighter. Thus has Heaven ordained, that through the insufficiency of “things temporal,” we at length are ena-

bled to rise to the comprehension of "the things eternal."

"BENNINGTON, Vt., July 12, 1838.

"MY DEAR E.,—A day of quiet bids me repair to my chosen retreat to fulfil an important part of friendship's mild and pleasing requisitions. Yes, I bless the gentle goddess, albeit we are separated by the unkind fates, who love to thwart her power, that she has left us the 'blissful alternative' of silent intercourse. The pen, with what enchanting power does she endow it! Inspired by her, with what 'mighty magic' does it throw open the portals of the heart—call out its best and purest affections, its holiest sympathies, and with sweet compulsion cause it to acknowledge the sovereignty of its mistress, and pay its vows unreservedly at her altar. Yes, I love to write my friends, and I *love* to acknowledge that I love.

"I have thought the feelings called forth, while penning a letter to a friend, were more pure, more sacred in their character, than the warm emotions that the presence of that friend inspired. The reason may be, there is more sacrifice, and *this is* the true test of love. Who can resist the tones, the accents of tender affection? What heart can fail to open the wellspring of strong and hallowed affection in the presence of a loved object? But in the stillness and retirement of one's own retreat; with no look of affection, to touch the thrilling chords of feeling; with no radiant smile, armed with 'all the artillery of love' coming to take captive the heart,—alone with memory and with thought, then it is, that feeling and sentiment reign in their purity.

"I was delighted with your description of scenery, as well as your graphic portraiture of manners and customs given. You must be pleased, yet through all, I smile to discover your extreme partiality for New England. Ah! is it dis-

tance that lends enchantment? if so, I wish I could view it from the same distant point. I should then be under the influence of a double spell, that of your presence, and a rare feeling of admiration for my own New England. Yet this same estimable old lady first smiled upon me, as I looked forth upon the world, has given me my education, with an abundance of pumpkin pies, and many similar demonstrations of her care and kindness, for which I am exceedingly grateful. I have been such a pleased, passive, happy child, that I do really doubt, if it has ever entered into her mind, that I am not *quite sincere* in all my *compelled* admiration for some notable traits of character, for which she is proverbial. I am sure she has never '*guessed*' that I could be so blind to my own happiness as to wish to leave her lovely bowers, her verdant mountains, and crystal streams, her profuse and delicate wild-flowers. Nor should I, were it not for that restless propensity within, that loves to have old things pass away, and all things become new.

"You remember that we used to have some animated dialogues upon the relative merits of our respective States, that seemed so near, and yet are so divided. I still retain my opinion, that New Hampshire is far superior to Vermont. With the exception of your blessed self, and some few delectable items added, the Green Mountain State has nothing of interest for me. A whispered voice seems to reply, these are sufficient to excite both love and respect. But away with the suggestion, I am determined to edify you once.

"I have been spending, as you know, some time in the renowned little village of B——, one of the prettiest, I am told, in the mountain State. From the little I have travelled, I know not how it has obtained the superlative, — but let that pass. I wish you to be informed, as to some matters relating to this section, and among the most novel, is their mode of travelling. If it is in your own State, and

that not a very large one, I doubt whether you know exactly how 'all sorts and conditions' of people live. Well, here every man of note, has a machine called in New Hampshire a cart; but here a 'wagon.' The dimensions are about nine feet in length, and four in width, containing in the first half, seats enough for the whole family. On the front is seated the man and woman; directly in the rear, the little responsibilities, given to them in holy charge. The last half is devoted to various purposes of convenience, usually some articles of household furniture, such as beds, chairs, tables, etc., vastly commodious. How I have learned to admire the ingenuity, the wonderful inventive powers of this people, the subserviency of every thing, even pleasure carriages to *convenience*. Perhaps, however, the praise of originality does not belong here; the model might have been obtained from a certain prince in Europe, who had constructed for himself a very elegant carriage, containing drawing-room and kitchen, well furnished, so that really it was quite like home. Now these Vermont vehicles are but a shabby pattern, drawn from the princely establishment, but the resemblance is not wholly lost. I admire these carriages inexpressibly;—they call to mind in all their freshness, the days of the Crusades, and I often imagine as I see them pass, I hear the children, as they approach the village, exclaiming in infantile curiosity, 'Father, is that Jerusalem?'

"There are other items bordering on the unique, which shall receive attention in due time.

"Ever thine,

JULIA."

Time has been called the consoler, — time is also the teacher, — the revealer. In the waywardness and inexperience of early life, how conflicting the feelings

and opinions that we cherish, compared with those of wiser years. The stricture here given upon New England, half playful, half earnest, will present a striking contrast with the general sentiment, upon the same topic as offered subsequently. Nor could it well be otherwise, with a feeling heart. That spot which gives us birth, must *ever* be dear. Those institutions, which shape our first modes of thought, must be venerated. Those conventionalities, which our inexperience may regard, as involving all propriety, must still be sacred, even when a more liberal knowledge tells us of over-estimation. If there is one thing more than another, in the many subsequent letters and essays of our friend, which inspires sincere gratification, it is the expression of that just and warm admiration, so richly due from every son and daughter of New England. Not that sectional cant, so offensive to the right judging and generous mind; but that beautiful filial tribute, that meets a hearty response in every magnanimous breast. A tribute so grateful in feeling,—so charming and beautiful in expression.

“ACWORTH, N. H., September 1, 1838.

“MY DEAR E., — Returned to my quiet home, life passes much as usual. Most of my time is occupied in study. I am translating Italian, the sweetest language in the world. Its home is under sunny skies, where nature lives in grace and beauty. Shall I ever visit that land, rendered immortal by arms, by art, and song? In imagination I pay my visits daily, and daily weave fresh lays for the tomb of my deplored Tasso. But there is a fascination about the

haunts where passes our real life. If by any spell I could call you into my presence, this, of all the world, should be the place of happy reunion. When the lip had bestowed its warm and passionate caress, — when words of rapturous welcome had been spoken, and I was fully assured of my recovered treasure, — then would I ask you to look forth with me upon the gorgeous panorama, that is spread out before the enchanted view. I would bid thee note the glorious hills that stand as the sentinels of our town, and beautiful groves that require but the presence of Pan and the white-robed Naidas, to render it classic ground. I would give ‘my kingdom,’ to have you here to-night with me, that you might see the gorgeous drapery of rainbow hues, with which old autumn decks himself, as if for enjoyment and pastime. But is it not bad taste for such an old man, and so sedate withal, to dress himself in such coxcomb finery? But we will let him have his way, since he makes himself so becoming notwithstanding his age. . . . When shall I indeed see you? I have consulted the oracle, but the rapt priestess gives no reply. Remember what is said of absence!

Truly thine,
JULIA.”

“ACWORTH, N. H., December 1, 1838.

“MY OWN DEAR FRIEND, — ‘With what a leaden and retarding weight does expectation load the wheels of time.’ Even so has it seemed to me almost a lifetime, ere I was greeted by your last blessed epistle. But since it came to my heart, laden with beautiful thoughts, and the delicate sweets of pure affection, — like the bee, which extracts the golden treasure from the lovely flower, yet robs it not of perfume. Yea, since it unlocked the fountains of memory, and called up from its depths a thousand bright remembrances, and awoke in my heart a response to every sentiment of tenderness and friendship it expressed. I forget its

long delay. I blessed you again and again, for such beautiful tributes of mind and heart.

* * * * *

“ You ask me for an account of my recent visit to the ‘ Queen city of the East.’ It shall be most graciously accorded. But I fear that it will be wanting in interest ; since I made no pencillings by the way, to which I may refer, to catch the enthusiasm which I felt at the time of beholding a consecrated spot, or a beautiful scene. A vivid impression is soon lost, or beheld in the dim light ‘ of things that were.’

“ I particularly enjoyed my visit to Charlestown. The location is both advantageous and delightful. The most imposing object of interest, is the Bunker Hill Monument. It marks a spot, hallowed by the blood of heroes and martyrs, to the cause of liberty. As I stood upon the holy ground, I thought, with a melancholy feeling, how little of that elevated and nobler patriotism, that fired the soul with ardor and shone like a beacon light on the dark days of freedom’s struggle, now pervades and actuates those who possess the glorious inheritance bequeathed at such a price. True, the ‘ Star-Spangled Banner ’ now proudly waves over the land of the free ; yet sad is the fact, that its bright folds are becoming soiled by the breath of the rash innovator, and the foul spirit of party feud. But a truce to moralizing. We ascended the monument, a chaste and enduring superstructure of granite, upon the summit of the ‘ holy hill.’ It is now raised to only half its contemplated height. The workmanship is admirable, and promises to rival the pyramids in duration. You ascend the monument, by an interior flight of spiral steps, winding around a large central column of granite. From its present summit even, the view is really grand. Charlestown lies below you, along which beautifully winds the Charles River, whose ripples as

they sport with the sunbeams, present to the eye an appearance of liquid silver. There was to me, a beauty and magnificence in this stream, lent, no doubt in part, by associations and the highly advantageous point, from which it was viewed. Beyond the river, the assisted eye takes in a splendid view of Boston, and still further onward, the harbor, the bay, and in the far distance, the glorious ocean. In countless numbers, appeared the swift-winged messengers of the deep. Here a steamboat ploughing the blue waves, leaving behind it a long, bright track of radiance; there a white sail took in the gentle breeze, and courtesied gracefully over the shining waters, like a fairy cloud in the summer sky. The whole scene was one of enchantment. How much you would have enjoyed it, and I too far more exquisitely, had you been at my side. I would like to give you a description of the Navy Yard, and all the wonders we saw there, and in the immediate vicinity, such as the dry dock, tremendous war ships, cannon-balls, mortars, and bombs, rope-walks, officers, sailors, sea-captains, with dimensions too large for Falstaff's girdle, and a thousand, etc. of which were I to enter into a description, I should kill you with very weariness. As we proceed to Boston, I will, at least, allow myself to imagine you in the company, where you indeed belong. We will drive down Bromfield street, and our home while there, shall be at the fine hotel, the B. House. We shall be at liberty to consult our pleasure here, in every thing. We need not be troubled by keeping hours like a clock. We will rise and retire at our own hours,—we will ride, walk, or play chess, or backgammon,—notice the fine ladies and gentlemen,—amuse ourselves with modern exquisites, or turn our attention to more important matters, trying every phase of enjoyment, 'from grave to gay, from lively to serene.'

"Let our first visit be made to the Capitol, a noble granite

building, the seat of the legislative majesty and wisdom of the Bay State. How beautiful the green court spreads out before it. Let us enter the vestibule, — notice overhead, as we enter, the American eagle, nicely cast in bronze, — advance to the opposite side, and view the finely executed statue of the immortal Washington. It is Chantrey's masterpiece in art. There it stands on a proud pedestal, — in his good right hand is the roll of the Declaration, — how exquisitely the folds of the Roman Toga fall around the noble figure. What perfection to be represented in marble, — what dignity, benevolence, mildness, and goodness combined, beam from that countenance and blend their rays in harmony! This is our own glorious Washington, our country's pride and benefactor. Shall we not bend the knee? no — it is perfection — yet in *man*.

“Let us enter the library, instead of ascending at once, to take a nearer and more imposing view of Boston than is obtained from the Monument. This library is certainly worthy a place in the Massachusetts State House. What a profusion of books, and how well chosen. Here is a splendid copy of Audubon. How I wish I possessed this treasure of natural history. An attempt to introduce it into my little room would place me in as laughable predicament as was the Vicar of Wakefield, when his pictures came home. How much we find to carry us back to the olden time, as well as to excite our interest in the present! If any State in our growing republic, can congratulate herself alike as to the past, and present, that State is Massachusetts. Her Warren, her Hancock, and her Adams, are they not all here? And with what pride may she not now point to her Webster, her Sprague, her Everett, and Story. But we linger here too long, — our company, no doubt, have surveyed the whole building, — how imperceptibly has the time passed, — we must return here another day. Our

walk homeward will lead us through the ‘Boston Common.’ Please observe particularly the little cool lake in the centre,—how intent the boys seem sending out their tiny skiffs. How much of happiness is manifested among that group at play upon the green. Do you think it would be delightful to be a child again? These at least are happy children now. This seems the chosen retreat of fashion and pleasure. What beautiful trees,—what grand, majestic trees. There is the Old Elm, encircled with iron bands for preservation. Here is the Jingo, brought from a warm climate. This is a delightful spot,—we must visit it often.

“This evening, I propose that we go to the Tremont; do not object, a favorite of mine is to be played. To-morrow we will spend a few hours at the N. E. Museum; afterwards we will walk in Washington street,—go a shopping,—for who ever heard of ladies visiting a city and forgetting this all important business?

“This morning is beautifully bright,—we will spend this day in Cambridge and the vicinity. It is a very pleasant ride from Boston; do you not think so? And what a well-chosen locality the colleges occupy. The Oxford of young America, and Cambridge united. The very air is filled with the breath of literature. It would seem that these groves, this thought-inventing shade, would be well suited for the lessons of Plato. It is a happy and vastly poetical idea, to seek the groves, as fit places for instruction. We must live in tender and respectful familiarity with Nature, if we desire to be truly learned. We must not forget Mt. Auburn,—the few days we have spent here together have excluded the thoughts of the last hours of life too entirely from the mind. Let us visit the city of the dead, and never more forget that we are mortal. Mt. Auburn is a quiet, delightful spot, in itself possessing a charm that seems to rob death of its terrors. Who would not forget the revolt-

ing associations of the grave, and calmly resign the spirit, for such a resting-place? Certainly, if life had been but a thorny maze, the idea would be a pleasing one. The leaves quivering in the breeze, are like the whisperings of departed loved ones; while the setting sun leaves his latest smile upon this sacred home of the dead. Quiet, lovely spot,—you will live in my dreams. My blessing I leave with thee, and when the summons ‘of dust to dust’ shall come, may a spot of kindred loveliness be my place of repose, and thine, my friend, may thine be near!

“But here again we linger too long. The city is distant five miles, and our company impatient. How delightfully could we pass weeks, even months here; but the fairy’s wand will this night appear,—she would promise me your presence no longer. I feel that she is a compassionate little being to aid my wishes for a few days even. Have we not been happy? Hoping again soon to meet and not so soon to part, receive for the time

“My most affectionate adieu,

“JULIA.”

The above closes the extracts we make from the letters of 1838. The last is more nearly the entire communication than any before given. Sprightly, imaginative, thoughtful,—we could give no more faithful portraiture than these extracts afford. Looking joyously and hopefully upon life, cultivating with care a sensitiveness to the beautiful and true,—happy, and imparting happiness,—cherished with warmth and tenderness, and cherishing in turn an equal devotion, we should love to linger upon this bright page of her history; for life, as it now passed

with our friend, forms one of those sweet pictures of quiet, charming enjoyment, upon which we dwell with exquisite satisfaction, when we find so little to regret in the retrospection.

CHAPTER III.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY — REMARK — RECEPTION — BRIDGE-
WATER TREATISES — VISIT TO CONCORD, N. H. — DESCRIPTION — STATE HOUSE — STATE PRISON — SOCIETY — ENVIRONS.

“ACWORTH, N. H., Jan. 1839.

“MY DEAREST FRIEND, — I have seated myself to answer your last kind letter. Yet how shall my feeble pen portray the emotions excited by the perusal of the sad tidings it contained? The deep tide of sympathetic sorrow that rushes over the heart, tells me how fondly I love you, — how electric the charm that binds us! Is it ever so, that stern, relentless death is bent upon the wreck of thy fondest hopes, — that he has indeed snatched away another rainbow promise, dissolving it in air?

* * * * *

“In reflecting upon similar events, how sadly have I been disposed to dwell upon the inscrutable ways of Providence, and the thought has come with a feeling of murmur, that those so admirably fitted, both by nature and cultivation, to appreciate and practise all that is pure and holy in virtue, noble in principle, and elevated in purpose, — those who possess all the treasures of mind and heart, that are rarely found in harmonious combination; and which link them to the affections of friends, by indissoluble ties, — those whose minds are so delicately organized, — so finely strung, — so

sensitively alive to all that is pure and beautiful. I say I have mourned that such as these must close their eyes upon this glorious creation, and be torn from those who have learned to live upon their smiles, and to whom they were the *light* of life. While those who are friendless and forsaken, — strangers to all that gives value to life, — aliens to happiness, and seemingly detached links in the great chain of human sympathies, retain their hold upon existence with a strange tenacity, and live, and live, until *age* has demolished the temple of life and laid it in ruins. Yet these sombre clouds that often obscure the perfection of God's moral government, are dispelled at once by a ray from immortality. Nor can we mourn the exit of a friend immoderately, when we follow the freed spirit to its new abode in the realms of seraphic glory. Behold it with new energies and expanded faculties, exploring the mysteries of creative power, drinking new draughts of happiness from the pure river of life, and touching its golden lute to soft and harmonious numbers, as it joins the celestial host, in anthems to heaven's King. And how animating the idea, that in those bright realms no disease or pain can ever enter, or touch that eternal life hid with Christ in God; or the fell destroyer ever extinguish that Promethean light that will burn with new effulgence as endless ages roll.

* * * * * *

“I have much to say, but my pen refuses to speak on any but mournful subjects to-day. How often we have smiled together, but have rarely wept. Have we not yet to learn, or do we not already know how sorrow binds the heart of friend to friend? Know me from henceforth so tenderly and devotedly thine, in joy and sorrow.

“Ever thine, in truest sympathy,

“JULIA.”

We have made this short extract from the first letter of 1839. It may seem to speak less of the writer than would warrant its introduction here; but for its delicate and touching sympathy, a place has been given. It reveals a heart alive to the holiest sentiments of friendship, — an acknowledgment of the wisdom and goodness of Providence, even when its appointments are all mysterious to our imperfect vision. The consolatory reflections offered, drawn from the greater exaltation, and happiness, in the spirit land, come to the heart most impressively. *Her own* words, uttered as from the realm of brightness, bidding those who mourn *her early death, be comforted*. That life so spent in acts of kindness and usefulness, — that life bearing testimony to noble talents, rendered nobler by exercise and improvement, — that life that bowed in meekness and trust, to the dispensations of heaven, — that life, that closed in manifestation of such strong faith, and confidence in God, speaks in certainty of the blissful spirit, — of sweet repose, in the bosom of the Redeemer.

“ACWORTH, N. H., March, 1839.

“MY DEAR FRIEND, — It is some time since I have been at the confessional. My letters have been upon any topics, rather than speaking of my occupation. My silence may result from a want of perfect satisfaction on this point. I am never idle, neither am I employed as I ought to be. I read and study, until this kind of occupation becomes a very weariness. Our retired village offers little to interest. *My true element* I feel would be found in a more active and useful mode of life.

“I have been occupied some time past upon the Bridgewater Treatises. Buckland’s Geology I have just finished. I agree with you in pronouncing it incomparable. I have dwelt upon its wonder-unfolding pages with a profound and most intense interest. I think Geology the most splendid and beautiful of the sciences. What new interest it lends to this world of ours! It spreads out this earth as a scroll to our admiring eyes, it lays open its hidden recesses, and lifts the impenetrable veil of ages. It initiates us into those mysteries that proud science has never deigned to unfold, even to her favorite disciples, until the dawn of our brighter day. Geology exhibits the plans of the Deity in most impressive light. What a history is that of our globe from the hour it came from the forming hand of the Creator, through all that long series of ages that have rolled away!

“What adaptation of means to ends is everywhere recorded, throughout this whole eventful history. How do the evidences of contrivance and design, manifested through all, impress us with the care and goodness of the Infinite. Tending to one grand result, what revolutions has He suffered our globe to undergo. What destructive agencies have successively swept over it, what torrents of devastation, accompanied with a vast wreck of animal and vegetable life. As often has it been remoulded into a more habitable and perfect state, replenished anew, with an increasing complexity of animal and vegetable life, until the abode was rendered complete, — and man, the last and noblest effort of creative power, was called into existence. The being of most transcendent excellence, the link connecting earth and heaven. The being in whom nature had concentrated the happiest results of skill, ingenuity, and experience, proclaiming him the lord of this fair globe. But what did I say? I had reasoned *a priori* when I said man was the completion, the perfection of the great work of creation.

True, Nature looked with admiration upon his manly form, his godlike features, his herculean strength, his powerful mind, and pronounced him very good. Yet as she scanned him with a critic's eye, the penetrating glance discerned in him a sternness of thought, a rigidity of features, an inflexible resolve, a high-born pride; she says, he shall be my type, but I will form a being, upon whom I will set the seal of perfection. I will remedy the defects I did not at first perceive, and *she* shall be the *crowning work*. I will give her a symmetry of form, with a more graceful, a delicate outline, and her features shall show the finest and most elaborate touches of my pencil. For her, shall be purloined heaven's bright sapphire, and yonder floweret, that bathes its fair brow in the stream of paradise, shall blush yet more deeply, when it sees itself outvied in her cheek. My purest alabaster shall be moulded for her brow. On her mind I will bestow still greater wealth. She shall have the refinement, the delicacy, the modesty, the humanity, yea, and the *soul of love*, that I had forgotten to bestow upon her lord. She shall be a paragon of virtue, — a being to be beloved. Her path shall be a radiant one, and I will make her as the bright star, whose mild, soft light can still the tumult of the soul, and rejoice the heart. Nature then said, I am content. While she thus spoke, a bright angel descended from heaven with a bright pearl in his hand, — saying one thing more, — and he placed it beneath the silken lashes of her eye; — *it was the pearl of sympathy*.

“But what a strange pen is mine! It lights upon a favorite subject, and never knows the desire to pause, until forcibly compelled. And now that the world is complete, social order and beauty established upon an imperishable basis, I turn to some more immediately personal considerations.

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“From the length of my letters you will infer an abun-

dance of time at command, added to extreme loquaciousness. To yourself, at least, I love to express all that I think, — all that I feel. While I act and feel thus, I am compelled to believe in the doctrine of contrarieties, — the attraction of opposites. To you, my friend of few words, but ‘well spoken,’ I confess, — who guards so carefully from view the interior workings of the soul, — to such an one, even to yourself, stands ever revealed, thought, feeling, motive. I am somewhat displeased at times, with your reserve, with myself for too much candor. But a natural tendency of disposition we may equally follow; and I presume the sentiment is correct, ‘That all nature’s difference makes all nature’s peace.’ In demonstration of the harmony of extremes, I confess myself

“Most admiringly yours, JULIA.”

Then follow some letters more strikingly illustrative of modes of thinking and characteristic feeling, than the preceding. But the prohibition, “*not to expose one word,*” guarded them fully at the time they were received, and fidelity to the departed, renders the prohibition doubly forcible. We pass them back, with many others, to the sealed casket of fond and silent memory.

“ACWORTH, N. H., August, 1839.

“My DEAR E., — Is it not time for you again to listen to the sound of my voice, as it is wafted to you by my little messenger bird? And will not its tones be pleasant to your ear, although they are neither like the music of birds, the singing of the rill, the whisperings of the forest boughs, the sound of Æolian strings, or moreover, like the harmony of the spheres, or any thing else sweet and enchanting?”

Yet will not the familiar voice be welcome if it comes in 'the deep, low tone,' if its breathings be the echoes of that glad sound, which comes up from the fountains of affection, as its waters fall into memory's urn, brightening the gems that lay therein? If it murmurs the feelings of a devoted heart, or tells of firm and constant friendship, turn not aside, but listen to it, even should it greet you at the twilight's gentle hour, when the soul is rapt in contemplation; or if it come when morning opens to you her rosy eye, or the field yields to you its offering of wild flowers, — hear it speak to you of one, who loves all these glorious things, and to whom they would be thrice lovely could they be contemplated in sweet companionship of my friend. Could we meet but for one hour, I feel it would give a new impulse to the dull motions of my spirit, and paint upon the clouds that surround it, the rainbow of peace. It would reanimate the sense of the beautiful, that slumbers within the soul. But when shall I see you? When shall I have the opportunity of knowing the happy impulse? Come soon and stay always, and we will be happy, 'nor mind the storms of life.' We will adore Nature together, and like true priestesses, we will interpret her deep and hidden mysteries. We will read the language of the stars, and the flowers, and make them the emblems of all that is pure and beautiful in human character. For us the noblest truths shall beam from the pages of philosophy, and then the poet shall sing in his richest and most enrapturing strains. Yes, Milton shall string his heaven-tuned lyre, while paradise and angels are his theme. Thomson shall make his Seasons roll, unfolding their beauties in charming and truthful verse. Cowper shall make us feel how pleasurable is his 'Task.' Shakspeare shall pierce the human heart with 'Ithuriel's spear' and lay it open to view. Byron shall lead us on a delightful pilgrimage. Mrs. Hemans shall bring us 'flowers, wild

flowers,' rare flowers, for us to weave, while Burns shall delight us with the charms of his Jean. What more can you ask or desire? Have I not promised to regale you with a rich intellectual feast? I have engaged all these children of song to tune their harps for you, and will you disappoint them? Can you do it?

* * * * *

"Since I saw you, I have spent some time in Concord. My first visit to the capital of my native State. I was quite pleased with the appearance of the town and the inhabitants, as far as my acquaintance extended. Concord is, comparatively, an old town, its streets beautifully adorned by majestic elms, which with their broad sweeping branches, give an antique and most agreeable aspect to the place. The State House is a massive stone building, surrounded by a beautiful green, and well inclosed. There is an absence of ornament about the building and its surroundings, and true democracy finds here a home no doubt. Visited the State Prison also, — examined all the details of the workshop, etc. ; was particularly gratified to see the cultivated patches of ground outside the cells. Here was a little corn, and there a few potatoes, and there a cucumber vine, — then some pretty little flower beds. Poor creatures! The moments of time devoted to them make their only recreation. I did truly pity them, although I knew them wicked. I fancied I could read in their hearts, signs of sorrow and regret for their past offences, and good resolutions for the future. As I thought of their friends, perhaps a weeping mother, an affectionate sister, a broken-hearted wife, and other tender ties, I could scarcely refrain from tears. And now that I recall this visit to the mind, the thought of these poor miserables fills me with pain. What a noble mission is that, going about 'doing good,' visiting the prison, teaching the outcast the law of love and obedience, alleviating human

suffering, pointing the wanderer to the path of rectitude, from which he has so far strayed. Beautiful, heaven-inspired philanthropy. I love its faintest image, and yet my life has manifested so little. I am not what I should be — what, by the blessing of God, I will henceforth endeavor to be.

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“I cannot close without telling you of a sweet little retreat a short distance from C., called Paradise, a favorite place of resort for the *beau monde* of the town, — the chosen spot for rural tea-parties, pic-nics, etc. etc. I paid some visits there, with agreeable company too, but it did not, however, answer to Milton’s description of Eden; and if it had, the lovely Eve would have been wanting to make it Paradise. The vicinity of Concord abounds in beautiful pine groves, through which wind smooth roads in every direction. Never was riding such a luxury as here. I thought it almost Paradise. But I would not weary you, my friend, with too much of the agreeable. Ever in kind consideration

“I am so truly, thine, JULIA.”

This closes the extracts from the letters of another year, — a year which Miss P. passed in the quietude of her early home, with the exception of an occasional visit, or a short journey. There was much time for thought and study. With a mind at once energetic and active, with a heart so susceptible of warm and noble impulses, we can well understand that this quiet and seemingly aimless mode of life could not be altogether satisfactory. The sentiments expressed in the preceding letter are just. But this life was not idle, or useless, — in retirement the character was acquiring strength for future

action. Life and its momentous responsibilities were being calmly and truthfully contemplated. It was the season of preparation, and there is abundant evidence that it was well employed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GREETING — WINTER — BOOKS — PHRENOLOGY — REMEMBRANCE OF FRIENDS — FAVORITE GROVE — LETTERS FROM KEENE, N. H. — DESCRIPTIVE AND PERSONAL — REMARK.

“ACWORTH, January, 1840.

“MY OWN DEAR FRIEND, — A happy, thrice happy new year to you. This greeting has flown on tardy wings, I confess. Yet it is not less ardent and sincere, on that account. To see my friends happy, or rather to be able, in any measure, to contribute to their happiness, is the deepest wish of my heart. I would be a fairy, or some spiritual being, ever hovering around them unseen, to shield those so cherished from the evils of our pilgrimage, — to distil upon them, from some nectared cup, all mild and gentle influences, and by the touch of my wand, reveal to them beauty and delight from every object. But alas! I cannot be a fairy. Yet I can be a friend, and the wishes of a fond and faithful heart are not the least radiant of earth's jewels.

“But I had hoped, my friend, to express all these kind wishes and sentiments for yourself individually, otherwise than by the dull interpreter that now speaks. I had hoped to speak to you, as in the past, rather than write. How eloquently do I feel that I could speak, inspired by your presence. But you continually refuse the opportunity and withhold the inspiration. Nothing could have been wanting

to my happiness, had you consented to spend this winter with me. I should have forgotten the cold without, — ceased to look upon the heaps of snow, ‘Olympus high,’ for all within would have been so bright. There is no sunshine like that of the heart, no warmth so genial as that of affection. I will hope still, I will not be unhappy. I am not so even now. True, I here witnessed the despoiling of nature’s fairest scenes, of summer’s proudest honors, with a heavy heart and sorrowing look. But now that stern winter is here, having fairly established his throne in our midst, notwithstanding he has done us wrongs not to be forgotten, in laying sacrilegious hands upon the bright garlands of our forests, and with such rude breath blighting the verdure of our bonny hills, I find his features less repulsive than I anticipated, and myself disposed to look upon them somewhat kindly. The thought of a winter like our own, ere it comes, is chilling to the soul. Yet the law by which the seasons roll all must admire, for its wisdom and the utility of its operation, not only upon the natural, but still more on the mental world. The mind is naturally disposed to dissipate itself over many a subject of forbidden thought, and exhausts its strength in excursive flights; and in those seasons when Nature puts on her beautiful garments, beauty and melody, attracting the eye and the ear on every hand, the thoughts are fain to fly from their own pleasure fountains, to drink enjoyment from the alluring scenes around us. But at this season, when Nature has laid aside her youthful attractions, — her wild gracefulness and beauty, — we turn from her more stern features to the cheerful fireside, the entertaining page, for that enjoyment we naturally desire. The mind is turned in upon itself, every thing disposes us to calm reflection and patient thought. Thus we learn our own strength and resources; so learning to discipline and furnish our own minds, that enjoyment may

not fail us when the world has no longer its accustomed charms.

* * * * * *

"I spend much of the time in reading and study. I have been laughing, weeping, and making merry over the pages of Waverley. I am now reading Chalmers' Treatise ; also the life of Schiller, the great champion of German literature, a character full of interest, marked by such love of moral excellence, such devotion and success in intellectual pursuits. Since reading his life, and a criticism of his work, together with some other of the German authors, I feel a very strong desire of acquiring a perfect knowledge of that language which has become the vehicle of such transcendent elevation and originality of thought. . . .

"I think of spending the remaining part of the winter in Keene, with two prominent objects in view, — to exchange the isolation of our little village for something more animated, and to pursue my literary schemes more successfully.

"Thine ever, JULIA."

"ACWORTH, May, 1840.

"MY DEAR E., — I have been waiting with much impatience for the arrival of the promised *phrenological chart*. It has been so long since we met, that I feel desirous to know whether all these multiplied kind feelings and warm affections are bestowed upon one who really exists, really partakes of humanity in its tendency, now to follow the right, and again to swerve to the wrong. To be assured, indeed, that you breathe the vital air, would be most gratifying. To test the fact by sight would add the most exquisite gratification ; but if this be not practicable, at this present, it would be vastly interesting to see the mental being turned wrong side out and fastened upon paper, where I could speculate at leisure upon its *capabilities, peculiarities*, and *eccentricities*, etc. . . .

“What privileged beings these same phrenologists are! Almost as liberally endowed as those curious magicians who boast such sway over men’s minds and *eyelids*. What can better confer on man the appellation, ‘godlike,’ than this power of reading with the fingers the disposition, feelings, and capabilities of man; yea, and woman too; for I ween it takes no little knowledge, no slight amount of sagacity to *read a woman right*. I must say I am rather incredulous respecting this thing, phrenology. Yet I confess it has some mighty arguments to support its pretensions; but my vanity and self respect will not allow me to believe its assumptions. If phrenology be a verity, fallen are all my air castles. My hopes are like the ‘baseless fabric of a vision.’ For I have a small head, which these modern philosophers frown upon at once, and although the posterior portion of the brain may not be largely developed, the residence of the intellectual faculties is in a narrow and extremely cabin-like portion of the dwelling. Really I cannot imagine how they can make themselves comfortable in an abode so little capacious. I can only account for it on this wise; that not having been largely supplied with the food by which spirits are nourished, they have never attained the stature of ‘perfect men,’ and are exceedingly puny and childlike.

* * * * * *

“Present me in kind remembrance to our friends, Mr. W. and lady. Yonder *lovely* grove, as I look in that direction, reminds me of them. I took them there, when on their visit to me, that they might rehearse to you its increasing charms. There is not one whom my heart acknowledges as a friend, I mean of those who visited me, with whom I have not spent moments, often hours of delightful companionship in that *sacred place*. Should this ever cease to be my home, that will be to me the loveliest place of all

the earth, — it will ever wear its present hue in my memory. Never can I love another spot as well, although it might be in itself a paradise. This grove was the favorite haunt of my childhood, and seldom does a day pass, without finding me seated on my mossy stone, beneath its leafy canopy. It has been sacred to calm and pure hopes, to meditation, to study, to friendship, and *love*. Smile not at this last confession. I use not the term in its common acceptation. The same thing, usually called love, I know no more of than the merest child; it has never reached my heart, much less entered it. The love of excellence is that of which I speak, of perfection, the love of ideal beings, that haunt my imagination. But this is a long digression from the subject of our friends, with whom this paragraph commenced. The important is still unsaid.

* * * * *

“I am reading Bancroft’s History at present. We may congratulate ourselves in at length producing a historian worthy to write our unequalled history. So successfully commenced, it must proceed with increasing interest. Fortunate is the country that produces such a historian, but doubly fortunate the historian who has such a history to write. The bare facts of American history far transcend in pathos and interest the reality, the fable, the poetry, that lend such charm to the historic pages of Greece and Rome.

“Have you read that inimitable work of Dickens, Nicholas Nickleby? Never did the pen of any writer present humanity with so much of meanness, selfishness, and vice, on the one hand, and such ethereal purity and excellence on the other. Does truth preside over these delineations? Can human character sink to such frightful degradation? *Pardonnez-moi*, but I can scarcely believe that such a character as Squeers can be based upon the real: if so, it would be delightful to see him, or any of his stamp, tied to a whirlwind that had started in pursuit of a comet.

“If you have not read the book, please do so, by my especial request.

“Ever thine, JULIA.”

Three times already have the despoiling frosts of autumn fallen upon the beautiful grove, here and elsewhere referred to as a lovely spot. As often has spring thrown her rich green drapery over it, since that admiring eye was closed to the beauty of earth for ever. Truly it is a charming spot in itself, but the genius of the place has departed. No visits now are paid, even after long intervals. Since thus bereaved, I have looked upon it once,—it was in the luxuriance of summer, but its drapery of foliage seemed only the vestments of mourning,—its shadows only funereal,—its echoes so full of sadness.

“KEENE, N. H., August, 1840.

“MY EVER DEAR FRIEND,—I write from the prettiest of the New England villages of late. I have informed you before, that it is for the prosecution of my literary schemes especially, that I came to reside here for the time. To review some particular branches of study, and to practise the colloquial use of the French and Italian languages. Very great facilities for these purposes are offered here. A very good representative of the revered Miss Grant presides over one department of the institution. I have heard her pronounced the finest scholar in New England; but this must be understood as extravagant praise. She is certainly a very superior lady. A model teacher she may safely be pronounced.

* * * * *

“Keene is the most delightful town in New Hampshire,

— bordering upon the Connecticut, — the centre of much wealth and refinement. The society very attractive. Yet I am not desirous, even, of participating in its advantages, my time being so much occupied. I meet with much attention and kindness. But this very kindness often makes me sad, by awakening the recollections of the loved absent. I have no fondness for this gay and noisy world. It has, within its wide extent, no home for my spirit. All that is essential to my happiness is the consciousness of *the* fulfilment of duty, — a place where I can commune with my own heart, and be still, — the society and friendship of the little band, that like perennial plants are firmly rooted in the best soil of my heart. Give me these three blessings, yea, and a fourth, communion with the glorious dead, in the works they have left behind, and earth can have no bolts strong enough to shut out happiness. How dear to me is a familiar face, — how sweet the tones of a familiar voice! I do not love strangers enough to make the least effort for a new acquaintance. This I feel to be wrong. The kindly and social feelings of our nature should be diffusive, — ready to fix themselves upon worthy objects, at least, so moralists say. Yet I confess I am one of those, who would rather have a friend all the world to me, and myself prove all the world to that friend, than to possess the capability of loving thousands and receiving the love of millions. Selfish and misanthropic that I am, how little calculated to gain the love of the many, or the friendship of the few! But Heaven and my conscience shall be my motto, and you will be my friend, — my sister, enough, — enough.

* * * * * *

“ I do not approve the opinions offered, in your last, on the subject styled fortune. I cannot subscribe to the sentiment, that we are led about by those vengeful beings, called ‘ the fates,’ as the criminal is led to the gallows. I believe

we may mark out for *ourselves* a certain course ; pursue it in defiance of what is called fate, attaining the end in view. Although launched upon the ocean of time, we are not at the mercy of its waves, but may provide ourselves with compass, cable, and sails, steering our course to the port we desire. Yea, an unconquerable resolution will be to our vessel like the mighty power of steam, bidding us defy the storm and the calm, the winds and the waves.

* * * * * *

“Excuse aught of differing opinion. What is wrong, pardon. If we do not think alike, we do not differ. Remember me, with all faults of head and heart, in love.

“Yours ever, JULIA.”

“KEENE, N. H., October, 1840.

“MY OWN KIND FRIEND,—Think me not forgetful if I have delayed an answer to your favor of the 2d inst. My delay has been simply for the absence of that information you asked, and which I was most desirous to give in answer.

* * * * * *

“It is a most beautiful day,—one more so, I believe the autumnal sun never looked upon. Yet I am strangely disturbed and impatient. This is Wednesday. Monday was fixed upon for my return home. I have been waiting, all in readiness, ever since. My brother was to come for me. I cannot account for the delay. Do you know of any thing like waiting? The penalties of Tantalus, of Ixion, of the Danaides, bear no comparison to it, for drying up the very life-drops of patience.

“I feel myself a mysterious trifle! I wonder if there is in the wide world another such anomaly. A simple counterpart to the strange combination of materials that make up the individual being called ‘Julia.’ Should I find such an one, I am sure I should feel more of affinity than fond-

ness for the strange being. Had I any 'sway over the powers unseen,'—could I receive the deepest wish of my heart,—it would be to possess a calm, *contented* spirit. My prayer would be for utter indifference to any thing that might lead to one anxious feeling, to one single hope for higher enjoyment than the present affords. The guardian spirit, whose mantle of love is over me, grant, oh grant this boon ! . . .

“How wilfully strange are these eyes of mine ; they prove themselves utterly devoid of taste, by turning from this nice sheet, thus far adorned with thoughts and ideas of rare beauty, to that old elm before my window ! Its leaves are falling in showers before the autumnal blast, and the pride of its summer hours is fast being stamped with the eternal motto of the wise man's seal—Vanity ! Long, long will it be ere the genius of leaves and flowers shall again come to hang upon it his garland of beauty. Ere that time, what pages in the book of *our* existence shall be turned over ? Will this year be as its predecessors have been, or will it be an eventful period, fraught with thrilling incidents to give variety to our pilgrimage ? Ah ! who can tell ? He alone knows whose eye beholds the falling leaf and the fading flower. With Him, let us leave ourselves, praying that these sad tokens of the presence of these melancholy days may not be the emblems of our fate. . . .

“I am now in my own cherished home once more ;—the shadows that rested so darkly upon my spirit when I commenced this letter have departed. May they not soon return ! There is no pleasure more sweet than to return home after an absence, however short, to the roof that sheltered our infancy and childhood, to the embrace of those who know not in their own feelings that word so fearful, change. Then let me in all truthfulness subscribe myself

“Thine so truly, without *change*,

JULIA.”

Another year thus passes in review. The first and last extracts being given, speak eloquently of the influence of nature, in her varying features, upon the heart. No one was happier than our friend, in contemplating its quiet and cheerful aspects, and the lessons taught by its changes found in her an attentive and rapt listener. To her there seemed a peculiar charm in the bold Alpine scenery of her native State, and this is perfectly natural. That which meets our childhood's gaze must impress us deeply and permanently. Happy are those whose childhood and early life pass in free and unrestrained communion with nature in her boldest and more impressive manifestations. There is a symmetry and strength of mind and body, that is born of bold mountain scenery. Nature in her sternness and grandeur, affects us more deeply and healthfully, than in her softer and milder features. The Tuscan peasant, and the Swiss mountaineer, may be equally her children, yet how widely different.

How strong and predominant the charm, the attachment felt by the inhabitant of a mountain region for his birth-place, his own, his native land. It is a characteristic so striking, that it has never escaped observation. To what is it due? To a high and holy communion with nature, in her loftier moods.

CHAPTER V.

GREETING FOR 1841 — VIEWS OF USEFULNESS — NEW DUTIES ASSUMED — GERMANTOWN, PA. — FIRST EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY — LAUREL HILL — SABBATH — WESSAHICKON — BOOKS READ — PLACES VISITED — SCHOOL — INTEREST IN PUPILS — RELIGIOUS DUTIES — MEMBERSHIP WITH THE CHURCH — CHRISTMAS — CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

“MY OWN KIND FRIEND, — A happy, thrice happy new year to you. May your guardian angel hover over you this year, with [the wings laden with heaven’s choicest gifts, and his robe of innocence and mantle of wisdom fall upon you, while each shall bring you brighter and holier revealings from the secret chambers of destiny. May these and a thousand more wishes equally kind be realized by my friend of friends.

“I am here, in my own home, — your tardy messenger having reached me safely. You never need be alarmed for the fate of an epistle directed to Acworth, for the thread of my existence is fastened upon the foundations of *our* ‘everlasting hills.’ The services of Samson or Hercules would be powerless to draw it from them; and as for the scissors of the Fates, if they were ten times sharpened, they would find themselves foiled in an attempt to sever it. I am bound to the spot by an invisible charm that the rust of time will only overcome.

* * * * *

“I was deeply interested in the history of your celebra-

tion, both from the paper and the particulars contained in your letter, wherein you dwelt so eloquently upon the love of country, and admiration for its noble and *fearless* defenders. . . .

“Since writing you I have read for the first time that most delectable production of Scott’s pen — *Ivanhoe*. It has not a few touches of the superlatively beautiful. What a fair creature is the peerless Rebecca, and how faithfully drawn the miserly Jew, her father. How deeply the heart is touched by some passages in his history. How fearfully these eighteen centuries has the displeasure of High Heaven been manifested against this offending race. What a splendid thing a tournament was, — would that they still might be seen. Yet it was a foolish, although a very brilliant pastime. Minstrel and ‘gallant knight’ and his fair lady of those chivalrous days, is not their type almost lost ?

“Of life as it passes with me this winter, the detail would be too monotonous to interest you. A portion of my time is spent in looking after household matters, the remainder in sewing and reading, with an occasional visit abroad, but oftener with company at home. You will think this all very dull, — so indeed do I, yet the very quiet, or very exciting, suits me best. It is difficult for me to occupy medium ground in any thing, so with characteristic candor and warmth,

Believe me,

“So truly thine, JULIA.”

This one extract from the correspondence of 1841 is all we give for the year; for the remaining part our selections are from her Journal. Of this year we would give something more particular and minute than the preceding, — a year that introduces Miss Parker in a new capacity, — that in which she

is most widely known. After a lengthy and thorough preparation, we see her take a distinguished position among those who voluntarily surrender themselves to the pursuit and spread of knowledge. It had been for years a favorite design of Miss Parker to engage in the business of teaching, and to that end much of study, reading, and reflection had been directed. Not much encouraged, it may be, by her immediate family and friends; yet resolved upon a life of usefulness, this occupation, in her judgment, opened an appropriate and congenial sphere for exertion.

With acquirements of the first order, a noble zeal in behalf of education, firm in control, and apt in communication, we might beforehand have predicted much success. A vocation so important, — supported in her case by every prominent requisite, — entered upon from the most generous and worthy motives, becomes an object of interesting contemplation to every liberal mind. To such enlightened agency does society owe its healthiest tone, and individual character takes its happiest direction under such kindly influence.

Our common country owes a debt of profound gratitude to the daughters of New England, for the generous and noble self-sacrifice they have manifested in behalf of education. Forgetting or heroically triumphing over the allurements of ease, the charms of a life made busy by trifles alone, and relinquishing the paltry aim for fashionable distinction, we see a noble band going forth upon their labors of love, following such predecessors as a Hale, Willard,

Sigourney, and Lyon. Scattering the seeds of happiness as pure as pervading, — a happiness springing from intellectual culture and moral excellence, — a noble band, — and noble successors. In the first rank, as before said, we may justly place Miss Parker. Those whose felicity it was to receive her instruction, who felt with each lesson their love and appreciation for knowledge increase, who imbibed something of the enthusiasm that characterized zeal for improvement and excellence, — these can best appreciate the justice of the position thus accorded, and testify to the fidelity with which it was sustained. In writing upon the subject of her anticipated vocation, Miss Parker remarks, with much truth, “Many young ladies, I am sure, would prefer the ease and comfort of my happy fireside, to the arduous and responsible duties of a teacher. But such is not my nature. Although I am happily situated, my every desire met, even anticipated, — surrounded by dear friends, cherished with tenderness, yet do I feel my life is passing in too much of uselessness. I am determined no longer to be a cipher in the world, living for my own pleasure, and with aid from above, I would devote my life, from this moment, to usefulness, to the good of others, to my own individual advancement and excellence. My friend, I can never lay me down on the bed of death, and taking a retrospect of life, feel that I have lived in vain. O God! in mercy spare me such reflection in that hour.”

With sentiments so just, with motives so generous, with a due appreciation of the difficulties and

responsibility of a teacher's life, did our friend devote herself to the vocation. In the quiet and delightful country suburb of Philadelphia, as it then was, opened the scene of experimental trial in the newly assumed profession. All was well chosen,—the place, the people, the school. Germantown, the locality, is coeval in age with Philadelphia, of which city it now forms a part. Its name indicates the original settlers, over whom fell the investing mantle of Penn. Its population bear an impress so desirable, and yet so rare, of great simplicity, in the midst of the corrupting influences of a large city, of a true intellectual refinement, without a shadow of the arrogance of superiority. As I recall the massive and superlatively neat dwellings, the beautiful gardens found ever in the rear, the flowers and fruits, the shaded lanes and pretty churches, all shrined amid embowering trees, it seems a kind of terrestrial paradise, where the every-day weariness of life was less felt, than in any retreat I have known. Of the pupils it may in truth be said, they were generally most gentle and charming girls. Their gentle smiles, their bright eyes so full of pensive thought seem to rest on me while I write, making the past again the agreeable present, and the far perspective of the future revealing them as the brightest ornaments of a most refined and intellectual society. Such the scenes, and such the persons, where Miss Parker found herself, after leaving her quiet home, in prosecution of her new vocation.

From her diary we make some extracts. They speak now of her interest in the business in which

she had engaged, — her opinion of books read, — her impression of persons and things, with those exercises of mind and heart, in relation to the highest duties of a moral, of a responsible being. The memorials given for the next four or five years may be fewer from her own pen, yet we know, if written out, there would be seen some beautiful pictures of quiet enjoyment. The impression that the current of life was turned in the direction of greater usefulness, contributed to a higher satisfaction than can ever be known, when we feel ourselves the central point, whither tends every wish, and every exertion. There would be, too, delineations of sorrow, such as the heart had never known before; all tending to promote that purity and elevation of character, — that trust in God, — that acquiescence to His will, that makes the true life here, and prepares the soul for that better existence that lies beyond the troubled present.

Opening the diary for memorials of these days, we feel its contents more sacred than the letters from which the extracts up to this time have been made. *They* were designed, at least, for the perusal of the one to whom they were addressed; but no eye except hers rested upon the pages of the diary until death had consigned its keeping to another. Although associated with the lamented writer at this period daily and hourly, this was nevertheless a sealed book; and now while we peruse it for the first time, each page truly seems the folding back for view the heart's true record, the disclosure of the mind's treasured wealth of thought, and depth of

feeling. The first extract we make bears the date of June 14, 1841.

“This day commenced my duties as a teacher. This station I feel to be a most responsible one. I desire to place my trust in God, relying on him for aid and success.”

Thus opened the diary upon the newly assumed duties,—brief and full of meaning. “Trust in God,”—how much this resolution embraces. Who has greater need of heavenly aid, than the individual whose vocation bears so intimately upon the happiness and excellence of the young,—that vocation that addresses itself to the heart when most impressible, that gives direction to thought when its course may be most definitely marked and most successfully controlled.

“*June 16.*—Have visited to-day the Laurel Hill Cemetery. It is indeed a lovely spot,—its location on the banks of the Schuylkill is beautiful in the extreme. But ah! I would not think of sleeping the sleep of death in a place so thronged with the careless, the gay, and the pleasure seeking. Far different were the feelings that came here from those I experienced at Mount Auburn. There the ground seemed holy, sacred to the ashes of those who were no more. There was a calm and quiet beauty about that home of the departed, that seemed to rest like a sweet and blessed influence upon the soul. It was a place where all unholy passions might be hushed to peace,—a place in which to shake off from the care-worn spirit, the dust of this everyday world,—to look forward to its release from all earthly bonds with delightful anticipation, and gird itself with those virtuous resolutions and desires that are like armor in the

rough ways of life. There was a quietness and seclusion, too, about the tombs and groves, that made me feel as if I could not only with calmness, but with pleasure, have this spot for my last resting-place. The deep solemnity of Mount Auburn was entirely wanting at Laurel Hill. I walked through its grounds as I should have done elsewhere, unaffected by the thoughts and associations which the presence of a burial-ground naturally inspires."

We remember this visit. It was a beautiful day in summer that it was made. A great number of persons in carriages and on foot were to be met in and about the grounds. There was on that occasion a seemnig want of the quiet, the serious, and the thoughtful, so natural, so appropriate, when in the immediate presence of the dead. But subsequent visits have left a different impression.

The great cemetery of Boston is more diversified in natural features, and more spacious; but the decorations of the grounds, and appearance of visitors are very similar, as now presented to the observing eye in these places consecrated to the dead.

"*June 18.* — Spent a few hours to-day in the Germantown Academy, inspecting its conveniences. It is a time-honored place of learning, built previous to the Revolution, with something of a library, and very considerable botanical, and mineralogical collections.

"In the garret were the fragments of a rude electrical machine, said to have been used by Franklin in his first experiments upon that subtile fluid.

"All that relates to that great philosopher and his discoveries is ever full of interest."

“*June 20.* — Went to church, — heard a good sermon. I feel entirely dissatisfied with myself this day. I have not worshipped God with sincerity and truth. That homage that he alone will accept I have not rendered. My thoughts and affections have been *elsewhere* than on heavenly things. ‘Create within me a clean heart, and renew a *right spirit* within me.’ Oh, I am all weakness, lend me thine aid.”

“*June 26.* — A day of much leisure. Returned calls. Read in ‘Old Mortality;’ also some of Mrs. Jameson’s sketches of celebrated women, Maria Letizia, the mother of Napoleon; Zingha, queen of Angola; and Metamba, of Donna Catalonia De Erauso. This latter was a most astonishing character. I will not say woman, since she not only wore the garb of the other sex, but was destitute of every feminine quality; she possessed the most undaunted spirit I ever read of. Fear was a word of which she knew not the meaning. Her whole life was a series of bloody deeds and fearful crimes. She was a monster of wickedness. To read her black history, and know her to be a woman, is enough to fill the heart with shame and horror. But I will not write of her.”

“*June 27.* — The holy Sabbath has again dawned upon me. Again have I enjoyed those privileges I have so often abused, again felt those temptations that have so often subdued me, and as I take a retrospect of my thoughts, words, and actions this day, what do I find to be the account they have borne to Heaven? Ah! I dread to answer. Yet I will not deceive myself. With deep regret I confess that this sacred portion of time has passed away, even as many other Sabbaths have passed, in vain. Although I have this day enjoyed rich opportunities for improvement, I feel that my soul is scarcely nearer heaven than before; not one link in the chain that binds my thoughts to this fleeting world and its vanities has been severed. Am I indeed any better

prepared for the solemn duties and responsibilities of life than on the preceding Sabbath?

“Oh! it is a fearful thing to thus misimprove our privileges. Oh, my Heavenly Father, give me clearer views of my obligations to thee, and grant thy Holy Spirit to incline my heart to the way of thy commandments.”

We are impressed from the perusal of each page of the journal with the constantly increasing interest in spiritual things. We mark the influence of self-examination, revealing much that was at variance with the gospel requirements. We can recall, too, the conversations of this period, how often they turned upon the solemn and impressive obligations of Christianity.

“*June 28.* — Another day has gone. Nothing unusual has diversified it. The school duties completed, read portions of the life of Madam De Staël. She was a most interesting woman. I love to read of the splendid qualities that made up her character. What a compliment, that Bonaparte dared not have her in his dominions by reason of her powerful influence.”

“*July 3.* — Went to Philadelphia to-day; saw many interesting things. Visited the Chinese Museum. This, I found a most enchanting place. On entering the magnificent saloon, the effect was truly indescribable, it seemed the work of magic.

“Spent several hours here most delightfully. It is China in miniature. I have seen Fairmount, too, with its useful and artistic decorations. I gazed upon the whole with feelings of rapture. A white day in my existence is this. The memory of this most enchanting spot will never be effaced. My memory shall treasure its wealth of beauty and utility until I cease to love the charms of nature and art.”

The Chinese collection referred to, is the one made by Mr. Dunn, a man of great enterprise and taste. It was designed to be kept permanently in Philadelphia, but after a lengthy exhibition was removed.

“*July 5.* — Read from the Memoir of Margaret Davidson. Was intensely interested. Such astonishing powers of mind, developed at so early an age, I never conceived of before. The inimitable pen of Irving has embalmed her sweet memory for ever. She was, indeed, all that was lovely, as well as intellectually great. A sparkling gem in the constellation of American Literature.”

“*July 8.* — Visited, with some friends, for the first time the banks of the romantic Wissahickon, about two miles from Germantown. Nature never formed more wild and charming scenery than skirts the borders of this stream. It seemed like my own New England. It made me so think of my distant home and cherished friends. May their lives be precious in the sight of Heaven. May temporal and spiritual blessings fall richly upon them, and may *we all meet again on earth.*”

“*July 10.* — Spent an hour this morning in the school-room relating to the young ladies some of the prominent characteristics of Margaret Davidson. They seemed much interested.

‘Lives of goodness must remind us
We can make our lives sublime.’”

Quick to observe the favorable moment for fixing the good impression, Miss Parker was equally ready, from the well-stored mind and heart, to call forth the fair example, or enforce the pure precept, — and all with such feeling and felicity, as to command the

most reverent attention. The susceptible were thus happily led along the path of excellence, and the dull warmed to a new life of thought and power of comprehension.

“*July 11.*— Sabbath evening. Have attended public worship to-day. Am I better for such blessings? I fear I am not. Sabbath after Sabbath passes, and I feel a sinful, erring creature, no nearer Heaven in point of holiness. When shall I live the life of the righteous, and grow in grace day by day? Oh for the gracious and sanctifying influence of God’s Spirit, to effect in me that change that alone can fit for heaven.”

“*July 13.*— The hours of comparative leisure of late have been mostly given to the perusal of Irving’s *Astoria* and the *Episcopal Manual*.”

“*July 15.*— Visited at Mrs. H——y’s. Had a most delightful visit. Her mansion offers much of elegant hospitality. Called on Mrs. L——; met a most agreeable lady from Virginia. This day I will mark with a white stone. Yes, I have been very happy.”

“*July 18.*— Attended church this morning, — heard a most beautiful discourse from Luke vii. 37th and 38th verses. In the sermon it was remarked, the deep feeling and tenderness of woman is ever lovely; yet never so much so, as when her tears are the tears of penitence for her transgressions, and gratitude for her mercies. He remarked very beautifully on the goodness and benevolence of the blessed Saviour and his sympathy for the greatest sinners. Will he be my friend? I, the chief of sinners? Have discoursed much on several points in theology, but reason is weak when we would call on her alone to explain the things of God. I feel that my darkened understanding can alone be enlightened by throwing myself on God’s mercy and

imploing his aid and direction. Sanctify me, O Lord, and lead me in the path to heaven."

"*July 19.* — Have resumed to-day my lessons in Italian. It is the sweetest of all languages."

"*July 23.* — Life passes with much of monotony, but this is inseparable from the occupation. Yet I feel that I am not entirely useless. This thought alone should make me happy and contented, in the circumstances in which a kind Providence has placed me."

"*July 24.* — Read some extracts from the Biography of Madame De Staël in school this morning. I cannot contemplate a mind like hers without the most ardent longing to turn aside from the beaten track of life, and explore those rich fields of observation, those secret recesses of thought, that the gifted *few* alone may enter. I feel immortal longings rise within me. I would consecrate my life, yea, my whole life, to improvement, — to the perfection of my whole nature. Would that I were the favored child of knowledge, placed in the midst of her treasures, initiated into her deep mysteries. Surely I would be what I am not."

Perhaps no extract we make can reveal more truthfully the desire of the heart and the aspirations of the mind than the preceding.

"*July 25.* — Commenced the life of Hannah More to-day. I love to read the biography of those gifted ones whose deep and penetrating minds were sanctified by holiness and illuminated by light from heaven."

Miss Parker's reading at this period, as heretofore, was extensive and varied. But upon no pages did she dwell with greater interest than those from the gifted pen of her own sex. The vigor of thought

which characterizes Madam De Staël, the calm, forcible, and just reasoning of Hannah More, gave their writings peculiar attractions.

"*July 29.* — Was particularly struck with a few lines in the 'Editor's Table,' in the 'Lady's Book.' The writer speaking of the advancement of society, remarks, that in nothing is it so strikingly manifest, as in the fact, that during the last fifteen or twenty years, more has been written on the subject of female education, than all that has been written previously by any nation, or in any age of the world; — and that, too, in a style, and from motives so entirely different. One being to make her the theme of ridicule and satire; the other from a desire to elevate her as a social and moral being, preparing her for the high destiny assigned her by heaven, to be the gentle minister of virtue, the guide and director of mind from its first opening, and through its successive developments.

"Was also much impressed by reading the death of William G. Clarke. Truly we ought not to mourn the early departure of such minds; they have returned to their native heaven."

"*July 31.* — A rainy day, — have had a quiet morning at home *alone*. I love to be much *alone*. And yet not so, but to be with those glorious minds with which *I*, even *I*, may hold sweet communion through the works they have left, as rich legacies to those whose spiritual natures have been cast in a less ethereal mould. Have read Macaulay's Criticism on the works of the immortal Milton. I greet every thing with rapture that can give me a more clear or just conception of his splendid genius. I bless the Dispenser of good, that among his noblest gifts to the children of men, has been the genius of Milton. For this the lover of a purely intellectual feast, can never be sufficiently thankful.

This essayist makes some interesting remarks on the poetry of the early ages ; he thinks them every way more favorable to the cultivation of poetry.

“ Language is then better fitted, as a vehicle of poetry, inasmuch as it deals more in particular images, than in general terms. To analyze human nature, requires much knowledge ; but the business of the poet is to portray and not to dissect. He may describe human actions, without ever being acquainted with the springs of human conduct. Nations in their infancy are like children, full of credulity and imagination, and every image that is produced to the mental eye, has the effect of reality. The Greek Rhapsodists could not recite Homer, without often falling into convulsions.

“ It produces an illusion that the light of knowledge dispels. Thus the most splendid proof of genius is a great poem, produced in a civilized age. He speaks finely on the effect of images on the mass of mankind, both in religion and politics. It is the basis of idolatry.

“ Never in any age or nation have the *multitude* worshipped one pure, spiritual, indivisible Being. Although this was the theory of the Persians and the Jews, yet there was ever a struggle between it and this innate propensity of the heart. There is much of philosophy in the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapid spread of Christianity. While the incomprehensible and infinite God attracted few worshippers, the incarnate One, who knows the sufferings of mankind and alleviates their miseries, who suffered and died for their salvation, failed not to attract the attention of all, and to affect the hearts of the most obstinate.

“ Thus it is in politics. Within the last year I have noticed the astonishing effects of this principle, in the election of our late President.

“ A log cabin hoisted upon a pole had more sway over

the minds of the vulgar throng, than the most brilliant essay could have had on the commanding and amiable qualities of their hero. This was well understood by the master minds who set in operation the great political machine by which our recent revolution was effected.

“ Read also Macaulay’s criticism upon Byron. This I think very fair and just. No man has ever analyzed better the mysterious nature of this strange man. I could never join in the wholesale condemnation of this truly wonderful genius ; but while I read his dark story, I feel to pity rather than censure his errors.”

A high and almost holy admiration of genius was a characteristic of Miss Parker. This admiration was never marred by difference of creed or defect of character. It was the *gift of power* that riveted the sole attention. The godlike genius of Milton precluded all possibility of his ever being contemplated by her as a man of misfortune, while the magnificent grandeur of Byron’s intellect shut from thought the defects of the moral being. The man was indeed forgotten, — the genius only present.

“ *August 7.* — Have spent a happy day ; — gave our pupils portions of the Biography of Hannah More. I trust to present to their consideration those traits in the character of this excellent woman, that the emulation of them may conduce to their present and eternal good. Heaven bless my efforts, and grant that the instruction communicated this morning may have a bearing on the future destiny of these immortal beings. Oh ! when I stand at the judgment-seat, may it be my happiness to know that some *one*, at least, may have been led in the path to virtue and Heaven, by

my instrumentality ! But how much I need to have the motives of my actions purified by Divine grace, and colored by the far-reaching future, rather than the narrow present."

August 9. — "Have attended church to-day. Read in Hannah More's Memoirs. With what base ingratitude, with what malignant barbarity, were the noble and disinterested efforts of this most excellent woman, in behalf of the poor and ignorant, repaid. *Such* treatment and to *such a woman*, should learn us that kindness may be treated with neglect ; and the motives of our best efforts in the cause of humanity, may be wickedly misrepresented. But like her, may I ever persevere in my aims, to benefit my fellow-creatures, and leave the result with God. Would that I could imitate her in her *humility*, and practise her non-conformity to this deluding world."

"*August 15.* — Did not attend church this morning. Read Dr. Grant's History of the Nestorians, — a wonderful book truly, and deeply interesting to me. Are they indeed the lost tribes of God's chosen people ? Yes, there is no reason for doubt. Every circumstance relating to their present condition, location, habits, religion, etc., is a convincing argument to identify them with the lost tribes of Israel. They are truly a peculiar people, preserving themselves entirely distinct from the nations ; keeping alive, without any intercourse with the rest of the Christian world, the spark of true religion that they received from the apostles ; hungering and thirsting after knowledge, and a more thorough acquaintance with the principles of the gospel, they have so long believed.

"They fasten themselves on our interest. Oh ! *methinks* that *now* I should love to go and instruct this interesting people. What a noble field for the laborers in Christ's vineyard. Who can calculate the effect of this wonderful dis-

covery with regard to their identity with the lost tribes, on the whole Christian world.”

“*August 22.* — Have attended church and enjoyed the exercises exceedingly. A new organ. What a powerful aid to devotion is sacred music! It lifts the soul to heaven. Have completed to-day the Episcopal Manual. I find my love for the service and worship of this church increases. I do most earnestly desire to be a member of some church. I know my duty, help me Lord to fulfil it, in that way that is most in accordance with thy holy will. Enlighten and direct me, O my Heavenly Father! I desire to live *no longer* disobedient to thy blest commands. My influence, by thy blessing, shall be wholly on the side of religion.”

The journal, at this time, speaks often and feelingly of increased religious sensibility, of unpromising self-examination, and sincere regret for omissions of religious duty. The heart seems deeply moved by the operations of that Spirit that guides into all truth.

“*August 29.* — Sabbath. Went to church: sermon from the text, ‘Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.’ Wish I could feel more deeply on religious subjects. Alas! my heart is ice. It has no susceptibility on these momentous and deeply interesting themes. How shall I obtain a closer walk with God? How shall my soul become filled with a pure and exalted love, to that kind Being whose mercies are to me so boundless? The Sabbath is not to me what it ought to be to the Christian. It should be a day of close communion with God and my own heart; and a time to gird up the soul with new armor for the active and trying duties that the week brings with it. Oh for the influence of the Holy Spirit, to lead me to the feet of my Saviour. There alone can my troubled spirit find rest.”

"*September 4.* — Finished reading Hayley's Life of Cowper. He was truly a most singular and wonderful being, yet interesting in the highest degree. The web of his fate was comprised of dark and gloomy threads indeed; yet it was relieved by much of softened beauty and brightness. Why should he have been so often wretched, who, of all men, had so many true, disinterested, and devoted friends? Indeed I never read of such friendships. I could scarcely believe they were not the work of fiction. How darkly shrouded must have been his mind with the sable mantle of melancholy, that the magic of such affection should have been powerless upon it. He was truly a good man; yet he has left us in his mournful story another proof that

'The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.' "

"*September 5.* — Have been to church to-day. Heard a sermon that I shall never forget. It was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Nevil of Philadelphia. Text, 'It is finished.' Never did I hear such a powerful, so convincing, so awakening a discourse. How often have I heard the story of my Saviour's death and sufferings wholly unmoved. Yes, even felt weary of it as a worn-out theme. But to-day I have *seen* him nailed to the cross for my transgressions, and heard him cry, 'It is finished!' and *felt* in some good degree the height and depth of his love and mercy.

"Have again witnessed the solemn celebration of the Lord's Supper. Would that I could say that I had partaken of it. What is it that keeps me away from the table of my Lord? Would it not be the highest privilege my soul could desire, to sit down with the people of God at this glorious feast? I feel that I do most earnestly desire it; yet I know I am not worthy. When shall I be more so? Is it not the darkest ingratitude to my Saviour to neglect to obey his *last* command, 'Do this in remembrance of me?'

Lord make my way plain before me, and give a desire to obey all thy commandments."

"*September 6.* — Closed school to-day for a vacation of a few weeks. Although I love those with whom I have been so intimately and tenderly associated, yet I am delighted with the prospect of a short recess for rest and recreation. Oh for some quiet, world-distant nook, to which I might retreat, where the wayward passions of my soul might be hushed to rest! And yet not so; I love to be useful to my fellow-beings."

"*Philadelphia, September 8.* — Came to town to-day. Have a delightful boarding place, but I do not love strange faces."

"*September 9.* — Have attended church to-day."

"*September 13.* — Have been to see the splendid panorama of Jerusalem. This was a rare source of pleasure to me. Indeed I feel as if I had stood within the limits of the holy city. How rich and interesting in associations! Its history, how varied and full of incident! and yet its present aspect as a whole is miserable. It bears on its face the sad effects of the changes that have swept over it. The crescent that surmounts the splendid mosque of St. Omar shows under whose dominion it groans. As I looked upon it, I could not but feel how natural it was, in view of its coming sorrows, Christ should shed over it tears of compassion. When will the Jews be restored to this much loved city, and the proud Moslem cease to lord it over the spot, so hallowed and sacred to all believers?"

"*September 14.* — Panorama of Thebes to-day. This surpasses Jerusalem. It is magnificent. What stupendous ruins! Time, what hast thou done! Yet thou hast spared enough to give us some idea of the splendor of this ancient city. It must, indeed, have been built by a highly civilized people. Where are they now? Their ruined monuments,

towering aloft in solitary grandeur, mournfully answer, 'Where?' The wild Arab roams among them, utterly unconscious of the genius of the place. Alas! how little we know of the past. Nations have arisen, flourished, and passed away; while naught but the crumbling stone and falling tower remain to show that they have been, but are no more."

"*September 15.*— Read 'Stephens's Travels in Central America.' How happy I am while reading a book like this. I have lived to-day only with the past. I envy the author the terrible dangers he passed; for what comparison do they bear with the satisfaction and interest one must feel in exploring the time-worn monuments of a people who have ceased to exist, and who have no place on the page of history."

"*September 19.*— Went to Dr. Bethune's church this morning. Heard a very good sermon by a clergyman, who supplies his place until his return from Europe, whither he has gone for his health.

"This evening, accompanied E—— to the Unitarian church to hear Mr. F——. He is a splendid reasoner; calm, dispassionate in his manner, clear and comprehensive in his views. But what, alas! can such sermons effect on the common class of mind? Merely nothing. They would be nicely adapted to an audience composed of pure, spiritual beings; but to man as he is, they would be like the sunshine playing upon the water, but never penetrating the dark depths below."

"*September 20.*— What a useless day! Indeed I do not know what has become of it. It has gone and left no trace behind; no advancement in virtue and knowledge. Nothing could induce me to live to so little purpose as at present. Yet thousands live thus, just as if it was all of life to live."

I have lost a day, said the imperial master of Rome. With regret was this confession made by the pagan ruler. How shall the more enlightened meet the fearful account, not of a lost *day* merely, but weeks, months, and years, yea, a whole life sacrificed to idleness and vanity?

"*September 21.*—I have had what I have long desired, an opportunity of meeting Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. She is a woman for whose character I have much admiration."

"*September 23.*—Have been to see the Horticultural Exhibition to-day. There was a rare collection of fruits and flowers, and I should have taken a world of pleasure in looking at them, but for the crowd of gazers. From my soul I abhor a throng. Of course my stay was the briefest possible. If Gabriel himself was set up for exhibition, he could have no attraction for me if I must see him through the chinks of a multitude."

"*September 25.*—Visited Sulley's gallery of paintings. Admired some of the pieces very much. What a picture of my Saviour I saw there! Such a countenance of agony, of anguish, of intensest sorrow met my eye. I could not look at it again, it would melt my soul."

"*September 26.*—Sabbath. A lovely day. Went to Dr. Tyng's church this morning, but did not hear him. It was a great disappointment. Heard quite a good sermon, however, upon self-denial. True, it is only the *right kind* that will avail us aught. All the world practise self-denial from various motives. To how much inconvenience the worldling puts himself to gain the applause of those around him. After all, the self-denial of the Christian is much less than that of the sinner; but it is different in kind, and more easily practised. While that of the latter is perfect slavery, that of the former is consistent with the purest freedom."

“September 30.—Returned to Germantown to-day. How really dull the country now seems. I shall soon like it, however; one is exposed to fewer temptations, consequently it is easier to lead a consistent life.

“How charming is this night! the full moon shines gloriously, and every thing looks so beautiful in the soft light. This is the last day of September, yet the trees and shrubbery have lost none of their summer magnificence. How different is this from my own New England! There the forests, on which I have gazed from infancy, are now in all the glory of their autumnal hues. Oh, my home, beautiful art thou now to my fancy; would that I could fly to thee!”

“October 3. — A more dreary day I never knew, — raining all the time. Have read in Degerando’s Visitor to the Poor. Like all that this splendid author has written, it does honor to the mind from whence it emanated. Our duties and obligations to the poor, — their wants and necessities are presented to the mind in a striking and impressive manner. Strange that we feel so little for the children of want and sorrow. I think our coldness arises less from selfishness, than ignorance of their condition.”

“October 4. — Commenced school again to-day. How vastly responsible is my situation! I feel that, humble as I am, the consequences of my words and actions may have a bearing through eternity on the destiny of others. Solemn thought. Give me thy aid, O my Father, to discharge my duties faithfully. May thy blessing rest upon my humble labors for the good of others. May my motives and springs of action be pure and right in thy sight, and even I be the instrument of advancing in some degree the interests of my fellow-beings.”

“October 15. — Another week has ended, a week of toil, and the Saturday night has come. Welcome to it. In the retrospective of the past week, I find much in thoughts,

feelings, and actions, to condemn. I am many leagues from perfection. When shall I learn to be amiable and good? Never until I put on immortality."

"*October 23.* — Gave to the young ladies of the school a biography of Patrick Henry. Truly he was a wonderful man. A masterpiece from the hand of nature, and so perfect, as the author remarks, that she would not allow art to touch him. He was an orator formed after no model. Yet from Demosthenes to the present time, no man probably has possessed in an equal degree that gift of genius, — the power of perfectly entrancing an audience, and holding them spell-bound by the fascinations of eloquence. His was like the mountain torrent, carrying with it the flowers and the verdure of the soil over which it forced its irresistible course. No man ever exercised such despotic sway over the hearts and feelings of others. Now would he melt the soul of the hearer into pity and compassion; now excite the fiercest indignation, and anon convulse the listener into laughter.

"He was a man of whom every American heart should feel proud; indeed, had our land numbered no Henry among her sons, I believe we might yet have been the vassals of Great Britain. He set in motion, by the force of his own intellect, the mighty machinery that crushed beneath its weight the British lion, yet raised him to the temple of fame. Where are the men of the present time that are worthy to be placed in comparison with this master spirit of his age, or with that splendid constellation of truly great men, and pure patriots, that graced the Virginia House of Burgesses."

"*October 24.* — Have been to church to-day. Heard a good discourse on the forgiveness of our enemies. I sincerely hope I may have grace to enable me to put it in practice. A moment's reflection on the innumerable provocations we daily give to our Heavenly Father, and his pa-

tience and longsuffering towards us, should at once disarm us of those unhallowed feelings that rise in the soul at an imaginary or real injury from our fellow-creatures.

“How beautiful, how Christ-like is the spirit of true forgiveness. ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,’ unveils the Divinity — God manifest in the flesh. How ardent should indeed be our prayer for the indwelling of this same spirit of free and perfect forgiveness towards those who have in any manner injured us. Especially should we practise this most excellent of Christian graces, remembering we have so much for which we hope to be forgiven. We are permitted to ask only in this manner, forgive us our trespasses as *we forgive those* who trespass against us.”

“*November 8.* — Sabbath again. Went to church to-day; heard an excellent sermon on gratitude. How little we think of our manifold blessings, or the source from whence they flow. We must be sinful beings indeed, to make it requisite that the Author of our mercies should remove them from us in order that we may have some just appreciation of their number and magnitude. Yet it is even so.

“Heard a missionary sermon this afternoon. I wish I could become more engaged in the important subject of missions. It is a glorious, soul-ennobling work. It is the cause of humanity, and worthy of the noblest faculties of the soul. The efforts of the friends of man, ignorant and unenlightened man, are changing the moral face of the world. Never was an age so interesting as the present. I am thankful that I live in this era. Yet it will be in vain if I do nothing to aid the moral elevation of my fellow-creatures.”

“*November 15.* — Commenced to-day the Memoirs of Mrs. Hemans. I love to read of her character. She was all that was lovely and interesting. Oh that she had not

died so young! But alas! *early death* is the destiny of genius. It is the price it pays for its glorious gifts. Had this sweet poetess been longer spared, what might she not have accomplished, and yet perhaps it is well that it should be thus, since she has left nothing behind her that Purity herself would wish effaced. Of how few can this proud eulogy be said. How often does genius, which soars eagle-like to heaven, stoop from its high sphere to soil its bright wings with the clay of earth.

“What a dealer she was in the affections! Upon whatever subject she wrote, from whatever point she started in her poetic flights, she was like the dove, that found no resting-place but the bright green spot of the heart’s affections. What an uncongenial world is this for a soul like Mrs. Hemans! How few sympathies, how many rude shocks it would meet, how many vacuums that imperfect humanity would fail to fill! She should ever be spoken of

‘As a bird from a chain unbound,
As a wanderer whose home is found.’”

“*November 16.* — A letter from my dear brother to-day. Truly, I love him with the heart’s deepest devotion.”

“*November 20.* — Wrote to M—— to-day. Truly, I love to write to my friends. The weather exceedingly gloomy; it has a sad effect on my spirits. How mysterious a thing is the mind! A word, a look, a sound, a bright or gloomy sky have power to thrill it with strange emotions, — to light it up with the day-beams of gladness, or shroud it in the mantle of sorrow. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made.”

“*November 21.* — Have been to church this morning. The more I become acquainted with the doctrines and services of the Episcopal Church, the better I love and enjoy them. Certainly a *sincere* and *trusting* soul, offering to

God its desires in the beautiful and appropriate language of its Liturgy, must be acceptable to the Majesty on High."

"*November 25.* — This is Thanksgiving day in my dear Granite State. Oh for thy wings, thou dove, to bear me thither to the arms of my dear family!

"A seat at their luxurious board, what sacrifice would I not make for that one privilege. Yet not that I might share the dainties that a fond mother has undoubtedly provided,—oh, no! there is something far dearer in the looks of those my childhood loved, in the kindly exchange of the heart's best feelings, in the warm sympathies of *tried* friends. Alas! it cannot be. Well, let me be content, it is best that it should be thus."

"*November 28.* — Sabbath. Heard a very good discourse this morning upon the value of pure religion.

"Alone, this evening, as I love to be. How much better I should be if I was more frequently alone, with my own heart, and my God! It is only then I feel that I grow better, that I reflect what I am, and whither I am hastening. I believe that it is only in solitude that we live as we ought,—not that it is wrong to indulge in society, when properly selected, I think it conducive to improvement; but we make it too much a means of passing enjoyment, rather than that of moral advancement. I have felt much this eve the importance of leading a holier life,—such a life as will fit me for a nobler state of being.

"How little we think of the dignity of our natures, the importance of consistency in daily conduct, of pure and elevated aims in all our actions."

"*December 10.* — Commenced reading Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Have been much interested. I love to read the life of a distinguished man. It is pleasant to dwell on those specimens of humanity, who have traced out for themselves a glorious path to fame, and done honor to the race.

“What so noble, so commanding, as a mind that can originate beautiful thoughts, — thoughts that penetrate other minds with an omnipotent power, and unseal the passion fountains of the soul, kindling in the before torpid spirit an inextinguishable love of excellence, a thirst for higher things than the dull realities of life! Such a mind is indeed a ray from heaven, a spark of the Infinite and Eternal Spirit.”

“*December 12.* — Sabbath. I have this day resolved to connect myself with the Episcopal Church. Oh may I be enabled to try my own heart, and examine myself by the tests of God’s word! It is a difficult thing to be a consistent Christian in this world of temptation. But our Heavenly Father has promised the Holy Spirit to those that rely on him.”

“*December 13.* — Read Johnson this evening. What a treat the conversation of such a man must have been. So rich in argument, so profound in observation, so nice in judging. There is scarcely a subject connected with man, or his duties as a rational and accountable being, on which Johnson has not by his writings, or his conversation, given us new, enlarged, and interesting views. Truly his mind was gigantic. He was a mental Hercules. But what an exterior. With all his greatness and affluence of knowledge, it astonished me that he ever had a friend. Yet there were many that professed themselves his sincere admirers.”

“*December 14.* — There is much of dull uniformity in the life of a teacher: yet I would not be useless. I often think of Johnson’s remark, while himself a teacher, “*Vitam continet una dies,*” — one day contains the whole of life. But enjoyment is not the great end of existence here. Oh, no! that is reserved for a higher state of being.”

“*December 18.* — Saturday, — a quiet, happy day.”

“*December 19.* — This is a day in my life that I shall

never cease to remember, a day in which I have publicly consecrated myself to God and his service. Solemn transaction ! I trembled to do it for my sinfulness. Yet I felt to bless God for the opportunity and privilege of uniting myself with his people.

“ Almighty and everlasting God, may the solemn consecration which I have this day made of myself to thee, in thy house, be accepted through Jesus Christ my Lord. And grant, O merciful Father, that I may hereafter lead a righteous, godly, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy name. May I ever keep in mind that I am no longer to live to myself alone, but to Him who hath loved, and died for me, — that the great end of existence is doing good and preparation for heaven. Help me, O Lord, ever to wear the armor of religion, and to overcome, through thy assistance, the sinfulness of my own heart, and the temptations of the world. May I never forget the divorce I have made between myself and this vain world ; and may its allurements no longer have dominion over me. Give me, most merciful Parent, a clean heart, right motives, the forgiveness of my sins, and the constant assistance of thy Holy Spirit, while journeying through this vale of tears. Be pleased to grant these requests in the name, and the merits of my Saviour, to whom with thee and the Spirit, be all honor and praise forever, Amen.

“ We have had to-day two excellent sermons from the Bishop. Subject this morning was ‘sorrow.’ This evening the story of the good Samaritan, and its application. They were treated in a masterly manner. How much I prize such sermons. The Bishop seems a very devout, good man. The blessing of such a man cannot be in vain.”

“ *December 25.* — My first Christmas in Pennsylvania. I have enjoyed it. To-day I have been to the communion for the first time in my life. I felt thankful that the privilege

was granted me ; but could not feel that love to God and Christ, and that appreciation of the inestimable blessings of redemption that I desired. The exercises of the church appeared unusually solemn and impressive to-day. The person that feels no devotion from the language of the Liturgy, must indeed be cold and languid in religion."

"*December 28.* — Finished the *Life of Johnson*. How solemn is the closing scene in the life of a great man ! What a leveller is death ! The man of lofty and expanded intellect, and he to whom Nature has been the least bountiful, are brought to the same equality."

CHAPTER VI.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE NEW YEAR — THE JOURNAL — RESUMING SCHOOL DUTIES — BOOKS READ — BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON — THE SABBATH — BIRTH-DAY REFLECTIONS — LETTER — JOURNAL — VISIT HOME — RETURN TO GERMAN TOWN — SICKNESS OF HER MOTHER — CLOSE OF 1842.

“*January 1, 1842.* — Another year has fled and another is begun. How swift are the footsteps of time ! How wise that his steps are counted, and parcelled out into days and months and years ; otherwise we should be insensible to his progress, and carried along all unconsciously, to the boundless ocean of eternity ! The close of such periods of time may be compared to eminences in the journey of human life, to which we may ascend, and view the path we have left behind us ; contemplate the difficulties of the way, the temptations to which we have been exposed, the dangers from which we have escaped, the thousand windings that have attracted us from duty and happiness, and from such a view to gather up wisdom and instruction for the remainder of our pilgrimage. How fleeting a thing is life ! It has no hold upon the present, which is ever like the lightning’s flash, and ere we can say it is here, it is gone. The future is merely a shadow which it casts before, on which it is the summit of folly to place dependence.

“ With me, the past year has had few vicissitudes ; its current has passed rapidly, although smoothly and evenly along.

True, it has removed me from the circle in which I was accustomed to revolve, to one of more arduous and responsible duties. It has removed me from the loved haunts of my childhood, and the heart's tried and earliest friends, to a land of strangers, — a land whose every feature reminds me that I am far from the familiar scenes of home, yet my enjoyments are not lessened. For though some choice ingredients have been taken from my cup of happiness, others have been added, so that the sum total of my pleasures remains nearly unabated.

I find on reviewing the year, that it has been crowned with the goodness and lovingkindness of a beneficent Creator. Mercies have constantly flowed on every hand, and I have abundant cause for gratitude, that no wasting sickness or death has invaded the cherished band with which I claim affinity; but that prosperity and peace have marked our lot. Father in Heaven, I thank thee for these thy rich blessings. May they be continued, though we are undeserving; and the year on which we have entered bring the same tokens of thy fatherly care and kindness. May our past offences be forgiven for Christ's sake, and our future lives wholly devoted to Thee. Oh may our whole trust be in Heaven, and wilt thou take us this year under thy guardian and protecting love. May no moral or physical ill fall upon us; but may all our goings be ordered by thy wise Providence, for thy glory and our eternal good. Wilt thou grant us the constant assistance of thy Holy Spirit, and a firm reliance upon the merits of our Saviour, and thine shall be the praise for ever more, Amen."

So closes the first year whose record we have gathered mostly from the Journal. Almost without note or comment, have the extracts been given.

These are sufficiently minute, requiring but little

explanation to render the narrative full and satisfactory. Through another year we continue the history, aided mostly by the diary alone.

“*January 3, 1842.*—It has seemed difficult to resume my duties in school to-day after this short recess. But habit will soon restore me to my usual feelings. How wise an arrangement is this, the power of adapting ourselves to circumstances. Were it otherwise we should be miserable indeed; we are so constituted physically and mentally, that pleasures and pains cease to affect us as such, as they lose their novelty, or at least in some considerable degree they lose their power. But joy is more evanescent than sorrow, and not only so, but very dependent upon it. For almost all our enjoyments consist in relief from pain, and we become insensible to them when we cease to remember our former griefs. Is not this because the indulgence of pleasure long continued would be dangerous, in causing us to forget the mutability of the world in which we dwell, and because sorrow is so salutary in its ministry, by pointing to a world where hope’s flowerets bloom not to fade? Every thing around us is a monitor, with a deep-toned solemn voice, were our spirits less encumbered with the cares of this busy and engrossing world.”

“*January 20.*—Commenced reading Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*”

“*February 22.*—The anniversary of the birth-day of our immortal Washington. In answer to a petition from the young ladies of our school, we have given this afternoon as a holiday,—the morning having been spent in rehearsing some of the uncommon merits of his character. This cannot be too often done in these days of party zeal and animosity,—of selfishness, pride, and ostentation.

“To go back, even in imagination, to the simple spirit-

stirring days of our forefathers, investing ourselves with their spirit, is like visiting a refreshing and fertile country, after a long pilgrimage in the desert. Will the days of Washington ever return, and his spirit animate the hearts of the American people?"

"*March 7.* — Sabbath. Felt very desirous to attend church, but was prevented by unpleasant weather. How many mercies have I experienced since the last Sabbath dawned upon me.

"I have been preserved through an attack of sickness and raised again to health. Mercies have encompassed me on every side, and I feel that I have great cause for gratitude. Surely there is an over-ruling Providence that is graciously unfolding my destiny."

"*April 20.* — Alas! how have I neglected my poor Journal. How difficult it is to practise thorough self-examination, to scrutinize the motives of our conduct, the principles by which we are governed, and to try our weak and imperfect characters by the tests of the gospel. It is humiliating to our pride to acknowledge to ourselves all the frailty and sinfulness of our motives, to lay open our hearts to our own gaze; — how much more to the searching glance of the All-seeing eye. How can *that* eye look upon me with complacency? I have done much this day and this week that is wrong. I desire to feel penitence for all my manifold offences, and humbly resolve a more holy life, God's grace assisting me.

"But I fear often in my eager desire to conciliate, that my repentance springs rather from a sorrow for the evil and unhappy consequences of an action, than for the action itself."

"*April 28.* — My birth-day anniversary. I have been reviewing my Journal for the past, and I find from this, and my own recollection, that God has dealt very mercifully

with me. My earnest prayer for a more active and useful life has been granted, my opportunities for doing good have been increased. I find myself surrounded by many agreeable circumstances. My health, and that of my dear family, has been preserved, and the dew of my Heavenly Father's blessing has constantly and abundantly descended upon my path. This year of my life will be remembered with peculiar pleasure. I have *passed none more happily*. It has united me externally with the people of God, and given me the privilege of enjoying the rich feast of my Saviour's dying love. Not only have I been brought to make a public profession of religion, but I feel that I have been providentially placed in those circumstances where my mind has been enlightened, and my views corrected and enlarged upon the important subject of Christ's church, and I can but feel that I have been led into that branch of it that is truly apostolic in its origin, and under the peculiar care and protection of God, and that has received, and will continue to receive his richest blessings. For this I can never be sufficiently grateful. Most merciful Father, grant that I may never by an undue attachment to this sinful world, or an unholy life, bring dishonor on the church, and the religion I would adorn.

“How different my situation from my last birth-day. I was then in my own home, surrounded by the much loved friends of my childhood, — free from care. Now the trials and responsibilities of a teacher are resting upon me, and an influence is being exerted for which I must answer at the bar of God. But for all this, I thank my Father in heaven that he has placed me here, — that he has extended my sphere of action; above all, that he has given me the love and companionship of a kind and gentle friend, to sympathize in each joy and sorrow. For all these mercies, and thousands that descend upon me, unheeded and

unnoticed, I desire a grateful heart. May the coming year, if it is spared to me, be spent in the service of my Preserver and Benefactor. Thou who art the Author of my being, wilt thou grant thy blessing upon the year on which I have entered. I would consecrate it to thee. I would throw myself on Thy protection. Wilt thou mercifully unfold my destiny, and whether life or death, sickness or health, prosperity or affliction, be my portion this year; wilt thou be my friend and support; and may I, in all things be willing to say, ‘Thy will be done.’”

We interrupt the continuous extracts from the Journal to give place to a letter addressed to her youngest brother, as expressive of her interest and affection, — as expressive, too, of her just estimate of religious principle in its bearing upon the character.

“GERMANTOWN, May 4, 1842..

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,— Since I heard that you had left home, I have thought of you very much. I feel more anxious for your welfare than you can imagine. Of the depth of a sister’s love you can never fully know. Life has no surer test for the principles of the mind or heart than the first engagement with the world. Then it is that we feel we *stand alone* beyond the reach of the judicious advice and friendly counsel of those who have no interest in deceiving us. You, my dear brother, know very little of the temptations that beset the young man on every side. They will fall in *your path*. Do you feel that you have strength to resist, and always to do right? To take the course that conscience would approve, that a retrospect of life would render pleasing? If I knew that you were governed by Christian *principle* — the only principle that can stand the harsh encounter of a world like this — I should

have no fears. But without gospel principle, what is man? He is like a ship in the midst of the ocean, stripped of her rudder and pilot, the sport of the wind and waves. Be determined *to be something*, and *to do something* worth living for. Remember, it is in your power to be whatever you choose. Prove yourself worthy the capacities with which a beneficent Creator has endowed you. Be thorough in your studies. Never be ignorant of a subject through fear of showing that you are not already acquainted with it. This is a kind of pride that has nothing noble or praiseworthy in it. Among your various studies do not neglect the Bible. It is the word of the living God, how shall we escape if we read it with inattention? Will you not read it, my dear brother, daily? When the sorrows of the world come upon you, or you reach the close of life, you will not then regret compliance with this proper request. Perhaps you will feel disposed to think lightly of the counsel given, — think it too serious or uncalled for; but it is certainly *sincere*, and from the overflowing of a full heart.

“Ever your affectionate sister,

“J. A. PARKER.”

[The Journal.]

“June 19. — Sabbath. A few moments before church with my journal, the repository of so many of my soul’s most secret thoughts. How strange that almost two months have passed without any record of my feelings. Yet I regret not that many of them have left no trace behind. I ask no power to draw such from the wave of oblivion that has passed over them. There let them dwell. Yet there are some I would gladly remember, — some regrets for the past, some resolutions for the future. And why? Not that the former have availed much towards my moral improvement, or the latter been inviolably kept. Ah, no! but to show me

my own weakness and inability, — my constant need of that “gift of strength” that can alone enable me to fulfil in a proper manner my duties to God and my fellow-beings. How painful the review of the past, that finds nothing done aright, when both word and action spring from wrong motives, where besetting sins still exercise strong dominion, where thoughts and affections are wrapped in the coils of this unsatisfying world! But blessed be God that there is forgiveness with Thee; that there is a fountain where the soul may wash itself from the stains of earth, a robe of righteousness that it may put on, whose moral purity even the pure eye of God may behold with approval.”

“*July 4.* Holiday. Spent the day very pleasantly with Mrs. P——, a fine specimen of a transplanted New England lady. I have much admiration for her.”

“*August 5.* The school, for the present season, has closed. I can scarcely realize it, except from the perturbation of heart, resulting from the arduous exercises of the day. Our pupils have acquitted themselves most nobly. I am to be reprieved for a time from the cares and responsibilities of a teacher’s life. Yes, and the pleasures too; for such it can boast. But the question will come up, how have my duties been performed? Conscience answers, feebly and imperfectly. Gracious Parent, grant that whatever has been wrong in influence, precept, and example, may be counteracted by thy Holy Spirit, be sincerely repented of, and blotted out of the account that I must render to Thee at the last day, by the blood of Christ my Lord.”

“*August 14.* — Sunday. Yesterday reached home — my own dear home. My dear parents, brothers, sister, all here, — not one link in the blessed chain broken or lost. Be thankful my heart, — rejoice in the goodness of a merciful Providence. Another year has fled. Death’s arrows have

been no less busy than they are wont to be, and yet none of us have fallen before this insatiate archer."

The letters and the Journal at this period speak often of the pleasure of this brief visit home. One circumstance arose to overshadow this happiness,—the declining health of her mother. It had not been firm for years, and as the chill winds of the late autumn came, there was a marked change, and fears of a more speedy form of consumption were entertained. Previous to this unexpected development, Miss Parker had returned to Pennsylvania again. The mid-winter brought the certainty of death. When it could no longer fail to be communicated, the reception of the sad intelligence is thus referred to in the Journal:—

"*December 16.* — It is long, very long since I have penned a thought for my Journal. But now my poor heart is overflowing, and I would fain pour out my grief. This evening, I have had the fearful intelligence that my dear mother is beyond the hope of recovery, and I far away. Thus forbidden to minister to her wants, to stand beside her couch of suffering, and take a long last look of those features that have ever beamed upon her child with unutterable tenderness and affection,—to listen once more to the tones of that voice that is soon to be silenced in death. Oh! must it be thus? Can I not fly to that dear home that contains all that I most deeply love, that is to me the one spot of all the earth? Must it be that I am never to behold that face and form so beloved, to receive from those lips no parting blessing, no parting advice? Gracious Father, canst Thou not, wilt Thou not spare her a little longer, that I may meet her

once more on earth? But hush, my full heart. There is a directing hand that marks out all events in wisdom and mercy, that sends afflictions as well as blessings for thy good. I fully know this, but I cannot *feel it*. Oh that I could say from the soul, God's holy will be done! Oh that I could feel resigned to this most heavy stroke of his Providence, that I could feel that my dear mother is bidding adieu to a world of cares and anxieties, of sorrow and distress, for a peaceful and everlasting home, where tears, partings, and farewells are unknown! Why should I wish to keep her from a mansion of rest, which a kind Parent has prepared for his sorrowing children, wearied with their earthly pilgrimage and longing for a heavenly home? Rather let me mourn that I am to be left alone, with no mother to love or counsel, to fold me to her heart, when all others have grown cold or forgetful: —

‘O life, thou art a heavy load,
A long, a rough, and thorny road,
To mortals such as I.’ ”

“ *December 25.* — Christmas and Sabbath, — a day of loveliness and beauty without, the welcome anniversary of the birth of the Redeemer. Oh for a heart of gratitude and love for the inestimable gift of a Saviour! Without Him, where would have been the only hope that can illumine the soul in this benighted world, and cast a cheering ray into the far distant future? What a mockery were life, and the aspirations of the spirit for a wider scene of things, if the heavenly words had not reached us, ‘In my Father’s house are many mansions.’ And friendship, too, and love, those fearful words in our present state of being where every thing within and around us is stamped with change, decay, and death.

“ Oh! would they not have proved a cup of gall to the

thirsting soul, instead of a refreshing balm, had we never known that Jesus had smiled on human affection, and pointed to a world where it should be transplanted and bloom in perennial and unfading beauty! How does it teach us the sinfulness of the heart, to know that it can ever, yea often forget the price at which our salvation has been purchased! To-day I have again been permitted to partake of the symbols of the great sacrifice once offered for sin. Just one year since I first knelt at this same altar, and openly professed my hope of eternal life through that Mediator by whom alone we can be saved; openly renounced my allegiance to this sinful world, and placed myself with the children of God.

“Many times have I shared in this rich feast of dying love. How have I improved them? Am I really better prepared for a future state of holiness and happiness? Are the ties less strong that bind me to the perishable things of earth? Alas, how hesitating are the answers of conscience! How much cause do I find for penitence and humility in broken resolutions, deadness to faith, and ingratitude to God! Heavenly Father! if thou dost spare me to behold again the dawn of this day, may I have less occasion for regret; may the coming year witness my renewed diligence in Christian life; and above all, may I never forget That Thou alone art my strength and portion for ever.”

“*December 31.* — Thou old year art about to bid us farewell for ever. What report dost thou bear to heaven of thy dealings with me? Canst thou write in that book, wherein are registered in fearful characters the thoughts and actions of mortals, aught that I may greet with joy when I render up to my Sovereign the account of the talents intrusted to my keeping? Oh! say what tale hast thou told of me? Wilt thou, merciless one, bear with thee every unholy thought, every unworthy motive, every

thoughtless word, every sinful action, to terrify my disembodied spirit, when it shall wing its way to that dread tribunal? Mortal, murmur not, that I am thus relentless. I am the messenger of heaven, sent to thee in mercy. On the scroll I bear, thou wast free to inscribe characters of good and evil. I have no license from my King, to efface ought that thou, as a moral agent, hast written. It will stand indelible, as the decrees of the Eternal. Oh faithless memory, why have I not more frequently been warned of this solemn truth! Oh that I could stay thy flight, thou fleeting messenger, if perchance I might by tears of penitence efface what I have thoughtlessly inscribed! Child of earth, my visit is ended, my embassy accomplished! Dost thou fear to meet me in judgment? What then will be thy reckoning with all my predecessors? Dost thou fancy because their records have been forgotten by thee, that the wave of oblivion has passed over them? I tell thee, no. They are still as legible by the light of eternity, as when first impressed by thy hand. They are open to the piercing glance of the Almighty, even thy secret sins in the light of his countenance.

“Oh! will the rocks and mountains in that day refuse my invocation of despair? Cease, sinful one, the precious words are still before thee, ‘The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sins.’ If thou dost sincerely repent of thy past errors, and fully resolve, in the strength of God, to live a more holy life in future, that blood will be the oblivion wave to wash away past transgressions. Go in reliance upon Divine mercy; beware of staining with guilt the spotless page about to be presented to thee; — remember that every word is to stand as a witness for or against thee, and it may perchance be the last record thou will be permitted to keep. Oh! keep it with watchfulness and prayer; and be sure you write what you shall read with joy. Adieu.”

So closes the year 1842. This last extract from the Journal speaks of uncompromising self-examination, — of the deeply penitential, — of faith in the efficacy of that blood “that cleanses from all sin.” The *heart's* history is ever the true history. The inner life is ever the true life. From the “troubled fountain” of thought and feeling, it is admitted, spring the actions which constitute the outer life; but these are so influenced by compelling circumstances, by persons and things foreign to themselves, that the *action* is modified, and often bereaved of its individuality, of feature and character. It is not what we *do*, but what the heart *approves*, and would gladly *accomplish*, that makes our *true history*, and constitutes *our character* in the sight of God.

CHAPTER VII.

PROSPECTIVE BEREAVEMENT—DEATH OF HER MOTHER—
LETTER TO HER SISTER—JOURNAL—BIRTH-DAY—VISIT
HOME—LETTERS WRITTEN FROM HOME—RETURN TO GER-
MANTOWN—BOOKS READ—OPINIONS OFFERED—ADDRESS
TO PUPILS ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR.

THE year 1843 opens as closes the preceding, deeply shadowed by the prospective bereavement. The cherished mother lives. But while hope would greatly lengthen the space of life, a fatal, yet flattering disease already possesses the citadel. As the ungenial season passed on, this truth became more and more certain. The fearful crisis, indeed, is distant but a few weeks.

[The Journal.]

“*February 5, 1843.* — Sabbath eve. Calm and beautiful without. Would that my heart were as pure and spotless as the heaven above me! This day the blessed privilege has been again permitted of commemorating my Saviour’s dying love. True, I have knelt at the altar, and received the sacred elements, but alas! my heart seemed cold and unfeeling. How gladly would I have more feeling, — more of deep penitence for my numberless transgressions, — a more earnest desire for greater holiness. Oh! do I not desire to lead a life consistent with my Christian profession? Most certainly I do. Why do I not? Alas! ‘I resolve

and re-resolve, yet live the same.' I fear I have too much devotion for this sinful world. It is like a leaden weight upon my soul, preventing its soaring upward to God, and finding its happiness in things that are not of earth. But why I should love its vanities, I know not. I have found in them no solid satisfaction. Why I should desire its honor or applause, is not because I am unconvinced that they are utterly vain, and incapable of filling the void within the heart. Oh! I fear it is because the love of God has so little place in my affections, that they thus cling to earth. But the strong chains that bind me to this fleeting world are fast being broken. She whom I love more than all besides, — she who gave me being, — to whose faithful breast my childhood clung so fondly, so trustingly, — my counsellor in difficulty, — my solace in sorrow, — my gentle and unwearyed nurse in sickness, — ever my kindest friend, is now on her dying bed, about to be separated from all earthly things."

One month later from the Journal: —

"*April 5.* — She is gone. The heart-rending intelligence has reached me this morning, that March 28th, her pure spirit took its flight from a life of care, and anxiety, and suffering. She is at length released. She has exchanged a world of sorrow for an eternity of bliss, for the society of saints and angels. Why should I mourn? But oh! the fearful struggle it cost, to relinquish her even for a home in the bosom of God, — that I am never more to look upon that countenance, that my heart has enshrined in its inmost depths, — to behold that form that was my idol, — to hear that voice that was music to my ear. Never, no never, to greet her more until the resurrection morn."

From a most touching delineation of the deepest grief we have given this brief extract only from the

Journal; much is there written upon the subject of the most painful bereavement that can be experienced in this world, — a bereavement that was ever present to the heart of our friend even till the signal came for reunion in the home of the blest. We give it unaccompanied with comment. The same silence and sympathy filling the heart as when we witnessed the excessive sorrow of the day this extract commemorates, begging leave only to add a few lines from a letter to her sister bearing the same date.

“GERMANTOWN, April 6, 1843.

“MY DEAR SISTER, — This morning the long-dreaded epistle reached me, containing — Oh, what intelligence! I feared to break the seal. Yet I read it, and oh, the agony of that hour, — the fearful struggle within, — the anguish, — the despair! I had endeavored to prepare my mind for the event, to feel resigned to the will of God, and thought I could bear it calmly; but alas! I was deceived. I felt that I could not give up the fond hope to which I had clung with so much tenacity, — of seeing once more my idolized mother. I could not submit to the heart-rending thought that she whom I loved with so much devotion was taken from me for ever. Oh! I could not submit. But now this evening I am calm, and hope I can say from the heart, ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.’ I have no reason to mourn for our mother. I feel she is released from a world of sorrow and pain, — that she is now a pure spirit in the mansions of the blest, — that our loss has been her unspeakable gain. To know that she was ready and willing to go, was to me heavenly consolation. Oh! for her I weep not, but for those she has left behind. . . .

“Our school is suspended for a week. I have met to-day with many testimonials of sympathy. Our day-scholars came as usual, — heard the intelligence, — wept much and left, without even inquiring whether there would be school. There has been the stillness of death in our habitation. I have seen only my kind and dear friend. Our young ladies have occupied an adjoining room, yet I have not heard the slightest sound. Several have called to inquire for me, and express their sympathy and sorrow.

* * * * *

“Your sister in love, in sympathy, and sorrow,

“J. A. PARKER.”

For the space of a month from the last date the Journal is silent. The bereaved and stricken heart sought for consolation where it was alone found, in the exercise of a holy trust in God, a strong faith in his gracious promises. Calmness prevailed day by day. Although the calamity was great, it was regarded as a dispensation of the Most High recalling his best gift, in wisdom that could not err. In the manifestation of a true Christian faith, each word and act spoke the heart's resignation, — Thy will, O God, not mine, be done. “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”

The next record made in the Journal bears the date of

“*April* 28. — My birth-day. How the years of life have fled! Will as many more as have passed dawn upon me? Oh! my Father in heaven only knows.

“I would not live away, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within.”

How many are the sins of the past year; the violation of God's holy commands! How much ingratitude! How much forgetfulness of Him who has crowned my years with his goodness and mercy! How could I meet in judgment this multitude of transgressions had there been no fountain opened to cleanse the guilt-stained soul! But I would ever bless my God for the priceless gift of his dear Son. I trust through his blood my sins are all forgiven, I hope in that mercy that is so free, so rich. But another year has fled. Is my heart better than when it dawned upon me? Have I grown in grace? and am I nearer heaven in purity and holiness? Alas! my advances in Christian character have been slow indeed. True, I have been kept from the commission of great sins, yet how little have I done for God and my fellow-beings. But my Heavenly Father has used with me almost the only means that could wean my affections from a world on which they have been placed, and prepare me for a better. He has sent upon me, during this year, deep affliction. He has wounded my heart in its most tender part. He has removed my dearest earthly friend, my mother, to the land of spirits. He has shown me the vanity of all things earthly,—the necessity of having my hopes anchored upon that rock, where all is unchanged by the fluctuations of time. I feel that I have been chastened for my good, and that even in wrath God has remembered mercy. What comfort and consolation has he not sent me in my affliction! He has not left me in despair. Oh, no! he has taken from me the friend of my heart, but he has received her to heaven. He has severed the strongest tie that bound me here, but he has strengthened those that bind me to the land of the blessed. He has left me in this cold world, but not comfortless. How many precious promises does his word contain for the children of the righteous,—for those who have been consecrated to him,

commended in strong faith to his guardian care and protection, — for those who put their trust and confidence in his mercy. He has spared me many kind friends, many undeserved blessings. How good is God, how kind even in his chastenings. The sorrows he has caused me to feel have been indeed the cords of his love, to bring me back to the God from whom I have wandered. They have led me to self-examination and made me fervent in prayer. Oh may they so affect my heart, as to make it unnecessary for more poignant afflictions to be sent to teach me the way in which I should walk! I would consecrate this year to him who is the God of my life, and whether I shall be brought to behold its close, or, ere that time, to bid farewell to earth and its illusions, I would have no anxiety to know. My trust is in an Almighty Friend. I leave myself and all my concerns, my hope and fears, wholly with him. I feel that the arms of his love will still be around me, — that his almighty wings will be my shelter and defence.

“O most merciful Father, who hast brought me to behold the commencement of another year, who hast been patient and longsuffering, notwithstanding my numerous and great provocations, wilt Thou grant thy blessing upon this year. May it be spent in thy service and to thy glory. May its every day find me advancing in holiness and in preparation for heaven. May the duties of the station in which Thou shalt place me be faithfully performed, whatever that station may be. May my efforts for doing good be untiring, and success attend them. Oh give me prosperity and happiness if it be thy holy will! — above all, give me a contented mind, perfect submission and acquiescence to thy holy will, and unbounded trust and confidence in Thee. O Lord, hear this prayer and answer it for Christ, my Redeemer’s sake, to whom with Thee, and the Holy Spirit, be everlasting praises. Amen.”

Correspondence resumed, as the Journal is silent for some time.

“HOME, August 5, 1843.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, — In my own quiet chamber I have seated myself to write you once more. From my window I behold a more lovely prospect than my eyes have looked upon for months. But within, how mournfully sad and desolate. Alas, my friend, home is to me no longer a *home*! The chain is broken, the brightest link is gone. The voice that would have welcomed back the wanderer, and oh, so tenderly, is hushed in death. The eyes that would have beamed upon her in eloquent fondness are closed forever. I wander through these apartments, feeling a void within my heart, whereunto none reply. I ask where is she? and echo answers, where? I go to her grave, where they tell me her dust reposes, and pour my burning tears of anguish upon the flower-gemmed sod that covers all that was mortal of my now sainted mother. Yet I have no realizing sense that that grave contains all I once so loved and revered. Ah no, it cannot be. Has she not gone away, — perchance on a journey, and will she not return? Does she know I am at home? why does she linger? Certainly she was not thus accustomed to do. What meaneth it? Affection ever maketh such inquiries. But alas! stern reason tells me in reply she has gone on that journey from whence no traveller returns. I shall see her no more until the last trump shall sound, and the dead shall rise and stand in judgment. Ah, then I turn away sorrowful and sick at heart, and sigh for the quiet and rest of the grave.

“My dearest friend, — Heaven grant that it may be long ere you shall know by sad experience so heartrending an affliction — so irreparable a loss. Life is heir to but one

such sorrow. Late may *you* feel its iron hand upon your heart.

“Mournful as is my visit home, it is not unmixed with joy. I find my dear father, brothers, and sister, in usual health, happy to see me once more, — studious of my comfort and pleasure, devoted to me by ties that absence is powerless to break. Although I have been afflicted, I am still greatly blessed. How much is still spared to me, that my heart should remember with joy and gratitude.

* * * * * *

“Believe me ever, your most devoted friend,
“JULIA.”

A few days later to the same.

“CLAREMONT, N. H., August 17, 1843.

“MY DEAR E., — I have omitted writing to you until to-day, not that there is any thing I enjoy more, but because no desirable opportunity has offered itself before.

“Since I have been here I have been very busy, and at the same time very idle. This is somewhat paradoxical, but I leave it to you to reconcile the statement. Never has time hung so heavily as during these few days I have been here. When at home I occupy myself much of the time with little domestic matters, which serve to divert my mind from the loneliness and sorrow it feels, as well as compensate in some degree for the active life I lead when in G—. My little cousin here, is so very domestic. She is only with me in the afternoon, and the days do really seem long; sometimes in the most pleasant company, tedious. When I am at home I am often sick at heart, and feel that the loneliness that comes over me, is at times almost insupportable. When I am away, I long to be again where my dear mother has been. Life seems to me

so dark. The past has its painful regrets ; the future, so full of doubt and uncertainty. I am more happy with you, than with any one else. Yet do not suppose that there is no enjoyment here ; for my friends are not wanting in their kind endeavors to promote my pleasure ; but there is a constant sadness at my heart, that even their kindest attentions fail to dispel.

“I am much obliged for your letter written by the way ; it was altogether unexpected, but not the less welcome. I am happy that you do not forget me even in these *waiting* hours. I would not be forgotten by you, my friend, above all others. I value beyond all price your affection, and would that I as fully merited it. I think, with pleasure, of the time we shall be again together. Are we not both happier then, than we could be under any other circumstances ?

“ Ever yours,

JULIA.”

[The Journal.]

“ *October* 10. — Returned once more to the scene of my chosen labors, I turn to my long-neglected Journal. Few spirit-stirring events have I to record, therefore my Journal must be a record of the train of thought, rather than incident.

“Have been reading in the Museum a criticism on ‘Woodworth’s Greece.’ The immortality of Athens, says this beautiful writer, does not consist in the *material* of which her noble works of art are composed, and which still remain to show us what she has been, but in their spirit. The heart is there, but the spirit is everywhere. In this we behold, we feel the genius of her sons. He speaks of the locality of Athens and Sparta, as having much influence in giving to each its peculiar characteristics.

“Sparta, in a valley remote from the sea, surrounded by

mountains, enjoyed a situation favorable for the cultivation of the active and stirring qualities of character, particularly self-reliance and love of liberty. While Athens, on the sea-coast, having constant communication with other people, excelled in refinement all the cities of Greece, and became the mother of the refined and elegant arts; at the same time more effeminate in character, and less able to retain her independence. But shall not her glory live forever? Has not art, as well as nature, a principle of immortality?"

We come to the close of the year that brought the first deep grief to the heart, that cast its shadow over all the after-life of our friend. Of this year we would add no further memorial than what she has left. We give her own reflections as offered on its departure, and the advent of 1844 to the pupils of the school, — the Journal being silent.

"We have heard the knell of the departed year, 1843, with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows! It has accomplished its embassy to earth, and taken its flight forever! And have we bade it adieu, as a casual acquaintance, whom we are to meet no more? Has it fled to the shadowy land of the past, bearing with it the scroll on which we, as moral agents, have transcribed no thoughts, words, and actions, with the wish to stay its flight? Has faithful memory reviewed with scrutinizing eye each line of that annual page, on which we daily and hourly have written and sealed it, to be borne to that fearful depositary of records of other years, with no sigh of regret, no tear of sorrow, that so much has been thoughtlessly written, with no deep, earnest wish for the power to efface those indelible characters, that we fain would have lost in the wave of oblivion? Have we re-

membered that the misimprovement of every talent intrusted to our keeping is there registered? every secret thought — every broken resolution — every unworthy motive — every misspent moment — every thoughtless word and improper action, in characters that the light of eternity will render fearfully legible?

“On the other hand, equally indelible is the transcript of every virtuous emotion of the soul, — every triumph of duty over inclination, — every generous wish for moral improvement, — every disinterested desire for truth, — every effort to enkindle in a pure and spiritual flame the spark of the Divinity within us, — every holy aspiration after all that can exalt and ennoble humanity, — every tear for others’ woe, — every self-sacrifice for others’ good, — every sincere prayer for direction and guidance, and humble reliance upon the Father of Lights. What has been the record indeed of each one of us, that this departed messenger has borne to the archives of eternity, is known alone to that Being, whose piercing glance can survey the most secret recesses of the soul. Oh let us reflect on the year that has now gone! May we review its scenes and events with seriousness and solemnity. For the many short-comings in duty, let us be sincerely sorrowful. Remember, it was the tear of penitence that had potency to unbar the gates of paradise; and let it bedew the eye, and gem the cheek of each one of you, till it gain for you an entrance into the ark of heavenly mercy. Be grateful for the blessings a beneficent hand has showered upon you, — for life and health and means of happiness so richly bestowed, — for minds capable of those finer emotions of beauty and sublimity, excited by the wonders of His hand, — for the enjoyments of social intercourse, and the still more precious ones of private friendship. Remember, and acknowledge Him, who thus prolongs your thread of life, whose wings of love have enfolded

you in the hour of temptation and danger, whose unslumbering eye has followed your every step, and safely guided you to the threshold of a new year. Oh, enter not upon it with thoughtless and inconsiderate hearts! 1844 has come to you as a minister of mercy, presenting to you a fair and spotless page, on which you must leave the further impress of your lives. Beware how you write thereon those characters that you are to review with emotions of purest joy or most poignant sorrow. Will you not commence this year, feeling that it is indeed a fearful thing to live, and be accountable for every thought we cherish, every word we utter, and for the character of the influence exerted, ardently desiring, and with divine assistance resolving, to so spend it that its review may be one of satisfaction? Will you not studiously endeavor to avoid the errors of former years, to conquer a love of ease and self-indulgence, and every injurious habit that may obstruct your onward progress in forming an acquaintance with your own hearts, and correcting all you find unworthy rational beings, to cultivate and cherish those qualities that your conscience will approve, and others esteem and love? Will you not resolve that no *known* duty shall be omitted, no opportunity for improvement misapplied? If we could thus feel that you would be true to yourselves, to your own best interests, with what delight should we recommence our labors for your advancement, and assist you in exploring the rich and inexhaustless mines of knowledge.

“But, my dear friends, forget not that all resolutions formed in your own strength, will be powerless to withstand temptation. Like the rose in its pride of beauty, whose leaves lie scattered by the northern blast, a beautiful wreck, so will your self-supported purposes be destroyed.

“Go in the strength of God, rely on his aid and assistance, and the blood of his Son will be the oblivion wave

to wash away your past transgressions and fit you for usefulness and happiness in this uncertain world, and prepare you for that noble scene of things where, the shackles of mortality removed, the soul will know no limit to its expansion and capability for knowledge and virtue. That this year may be to each one a thrice happy year; that each day may bring you more enjoyments, and fresh desires for excellence; that its close may fall peacefully around you, bringing no regret for the past, rich in pleasing reminiscences, and fraught with bright anticipations for the future, is the sincere wish and prayer of your teacher and friend."

CHAPTER VIII.

REMOVAL TO PHILADELPHIA — LETTER TO HER BROTHER
— LETTER TO HER SISTER — LETTERS TO MISS B——, OF
WOODSTOCK, VT.

IN the absence of any records in the Journal for the year 1844, we turn again to the correspondence of our friend for the most desirable materials for continuing this biographical sketch. The selections for this year are mostly from letters addressed to her own immediate family. The institution with which Miss Parker was connected, was at this time removed from Germantown to Philadelphia.

The following was addressed to her younger brother:—

“PHILADELPHIA, February 12, 1844.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,— I think of you as among strangers and in a strange land, far away from those who feel a particular interest in your welfare, sustaining the duties of an arduous profession. You have commenced your conflict with a harsh and unfeeling world,—meeting, wherever you turn, the deep selfishness of the human heart. But, my dear brother, be strong in yourself and the assistance of God. Be resolved, if adverse circumstances surround you,

to conquer, and not be conquered. Between a strong mind and weak one, there is this difference,—one is the creature, the slave of adverse circumstances; the other the master, making them subserve his own wishes.

“True greatness of soul is brought out by difficulties; and although the lesson is a severe one, we never know of what we are capable, or indeed what we are, until we are taught by adversity. Oh! my trust is strong, that God will *never* forsake those whom our departed, sainted mother committed so fervently on her dying bed to his Fatherly protection. The seed of the righteous is blessed.

“I feel *even now*, in the mansions of bliss, she may know our joys and sorrows, and still commend us to the peculiar care of the one Friend ‘that sticketh closer than a brother.’ Do you never feel it a privilege to be the son of such a mother? to feel that she who loved you so tenderly, so devotedly, trusted in God, and gave you into his hands, to be kept ‘as the apple of his eye?’ My dear H——, what a friend we have lost! I feel each day more and more the loss.

‘Time but the impression *stronger* makes
As streams their channels deeper wear.’

Let us live so as to meet her in heaven. Do not expect too much from this world. Let your desires be moderate, and your disappointments will be less. To learn *perfect* acquiescence to the will of an overruling providence is the true key to wisdom and happiness.

The following to her sister, on the anniversary of her mother’s death:—

“PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1844.

“MY DEAR SISTER,—You will perceive by the date of my letter, that it is written on the anniversary of our

mother's death. Think I could allow this day to pass as other days? Would it be right to fill it up with worldly cares, and the every-day agitations of busy life? Oh, no! For months I have looked forward to its approach, and resolved to consecrate it wholly and entirely to the melancholy recollections of the past, and the anticipations of a world where sorrow and partings are unknown. I am in my quiet chamber *alone*. I have seen but one countenance, save that of my friend and the servant who brought me a cup of coffee. I could not go into the school-room to-day or attend to any of my regular duties. I could not wear the smile of indifference, while my heart was breaking. I felt that the wounds of my heart bled afresh, from the arrows of recollection, and I have sought the silence and solitude of my room to weep here. The day harmonizes with my feelings,—still and cloudy. The skies bear a look like the resignation of grief. May this day as often as it shall return to me, ever *come* thus! The bright sun, with his festival rays, belongs not to the children of sorrow. The heart, like antiquity, hath its ruins. No glaring light should unveil their secrets. The holier and softer beams of night are alone in harmony with decay and sorrow.

“I have been reading this morning your letter, written in the season of affliction. It is preserved among my treasures. I have read it many times, and as often as it has met my eye, it has made me more deeply feel our unspeakable loss. What a world of suffering were this, if the soul could not cast the anchor of her shattered hopes beneath the calm waters of a future life! Sorrow meets us everywhere; its flaming sword bars every approach to perfect bliss. Is there not a mansion in the skies to which our sainted mother will welcome us, when the pilgrimage of life is past? Shall we not be a reunited family, to part no more forever? Oh that we each one might live in such a manner, as to hope *constantly*

to meet her in heaven. But when I remember how much the gospel requires, what purity of heart, what *self-denial*, what love to God and man, what humility, *patience*, and meekness, I dare not hope. What but the blood of Christ can save us from despair?

“But can it have been a year since the solemn event described in that letter transpired? Why, it seems but yesterday. Methinks I have just received the fearful intelligence. It came to me to-day with a vividness, as if it had been until now unknown. I try to realize that I *have been* in the deserted mansion, have *seen* the forsaken hearth, and *stood*, yea *knelt*, by the silent grave. But ah! I cannot, the recollection fleets through my mind like a wandering dream; and I fancy her sleeping dust still lies, as you describe it, in the parlor, waiting to be conveyed to the narrow house; and I long for the wings of a dove, that I may but *look* upon that face, ere the grave closes upon it—that I may *but touch* those lips that can never speak to me more.

I can realize the tempest that has passed over my spirit, only by what it has left behind. Life is, indeed, a vapor, a shadow, a dream. What matter where we spend it, if we do but make it the seed time for eternity?

The next selection offered, is an extract from a letter addressed to her elder brother, bearing the date of July 3, 1844:—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—It was with great pleasure that I received your letter, and if the blessings of life are to be valued according to their scarcity, surely this was of no little worth. The sight of your *handwriting* never fails to bring joy to my heart, and perchance a tear to my eye. How deeply it is associated with the world of the past, with home, and the unbroken household band. It speaks not to

the outward ear ; but its still small voice falls harmoniously upon the inner spirit. It tells of a time when we lived with, and, perhaps, to some extent, for each other ; when there was a free interchange of thought and feeling, a communion of soul with soul, and heart with heart — mutual sympathy of sorrows and of hopes. Pleasant are these memories to the heart ; but the thought that this is to be *no more*, is a signal for a tear. We may, it is true, meet again, and again enjoy each other's society ; but the year has but one spring, human life but one youthful season of bright and unclouded anticipations. With the stern realities of life, comes the canker-worm of care. The objects to which distance lent enchantment appear in their true light and just proportions, and stripped of all that made them beautiful and poetical.

“I stood last night on the bank of a noble stream, and watched a fairy-like sail, that moved so quietly on its heaven-mirrored bosom, and I fancied that it might be a Cleopatra's barge ; so snowy was its canvas, so swan-like its motion. I felt that it must be bound for some blessed port, into which care had no passport, and the annoyances of life could find no entrance. I longed to find myself in it, and borne onward to this haven of rest. It approached me ; the allusion ceased ; the charm was dispelled ; it was but a dirty, miserable craft, filled with a crew of sun-burnt sailors, with their broad-brimmed hats, and with features as coarse as the woollen jackets they gloried in. What a blot was this upon my beautiful fancy sketch ! And how like it was to life. I have ever found it so. What I ardently desired, when attained, proved spiritless and full of disagreeables. I have learned to think with the poet that, —

“ Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.”

The letters that follow, closing the selections of 1844 as those of 1845, were addressed to Miss B——, of Woodstock, Vermont,—a most warmly cherished friend,—a pupil of this and the preceding year. The first speaks of her departure, and return home at the close of the school year of 1843-4. The vacation of this year, Miss Parker passed at the hospitable mansion of Mr. T——, on the wild and picturesque banks of the Wissahickon, some twelve miles from Philadelphia, from which charming locality the first of the series is written.

“CHESTNUT HILL, July 23, 1844.

“MY DEAR N.,—This morning your long expected letter reached me. With joy I opened and read. But my dear friend, let me speak of that first, which is nearest to the heart,—your return. And do you give no encouragement that we are to have you with us again? Must I relinquish the fondly cherished hope? I had looked anxiously for your letter, hoping that it would tell of a time when we should meet again. Alas! this separation of friends, how sad, how painful, to the fond and sensitive heart! That was, indeed, a heavy hour that saw you all depart for our cherished father-land. You perhaps felt some shade of melancholy stealing over you; but your heart was full of hope and joy at the prospect of soon finding yourself in the holiest spot of all the earth—in the sanctuary of the soul’s best affections—*home*; of hearing again a mother’s voice, a father’s welcome, and the kind tones of the many friends of other days. But for me, where was any ray of comfort? From my sadness I could not flee; it followed me everywhere. In the depths of my soul, I felt the full meaning of the word solitude. I could not accompany you to the boat,—

I could not have borne the sight of its moving gaily from the shore, bearing from me those I so much love, and they all unconscious of one 'breaking heart, left behind.' Not that it would have been a relief to my feelings, had I felt that I was homeward bound. Oh, no! my star of hope was enveloped in clouds; to go, or to stay, it mattered not; I could catch no glimpse of its cheering ray. And those desolate rooms, it seemed as if death had passed through them, — so lonely and so desolate they were. But in my sadness I had recourse to the only effectual remedy for such a malady — occupation. I regulated every drawer, closet, and desk, — brought order out of confusion, — light out of darkness. I made all necessary preparations for leaving; ordered every thing to remain in *statu quo* until next September; and so far recovered my accustomed serenity and cheerfulness as to feel myself again. Sunday morning found me in that soothing melancholy, in which I love sometimes to indulge. I was alone; every thing around seemed so breathlessly still, so quiet, so peaceful, so in happy contrast with the exciting, care-troubled week that had just passed, that I could almost fancy my spirit had really and truly found what it had so often yearned for, — some green little isle in life's billowy ocean, where it could fold its weary pinions and find rest. . . .

"On Monday I came to this hospitable 'home,' this sweet 'Vale of Avoca,' in 'whose bosom of shade' I hold converse with peace and contentment. I am very happy here. The cares of the past, live only in the dim light of recollection. The quiet influences of the place banish care and anxiety from the present, and I leave my future with One who ordereth all things well. Kind friends have welcomed me, and I feel as if I had again found parents, brothers, and sisters.

"Next to the home of my childhood, no spot seems

dearer. It is here so wildly beautiful. We live with Nature, and I feel she has ever sympathy for the sorrowing heart. I love to seek her solitudes, and hold with her that sweet communion that brings peace to the soul. I often wonder here, that the past could have seemed so beset with the stern and rugged. I review it now, and find it rich in many blessings. Surely there are some comforts in the midst of trials. After all, it is the trifles of life that so deeply affect our happiness or misery; and truly, as rational and immortal beings, we are bound to rise above them. Our enjoyment ought not to be intrusted to their keeping. How much needless anxiety, too, we indulge for a future that we can neither see or control. Yet does this anxiety trouble so much the springs of happiness. Oh that I were willing to go 'onward in faith, and leave the rest to heaven!'

"My dear N——, I was exceedingly sorry to find your letter written in so sad a strain. *You* assuredly ought never to be unhappy. How glad, how rejoiced I should be, to have you again with us, for you are dear, very dear. You have been so kind, so good, so affectionate, I could not have helped loving you if I would. Do not speak of our never meeting again. Let us rather hope for many happy days to come. Next summer I fondly hope to see my own New England. If our lives are spared, we may spend much of the summer together. The 'White Hills' and 'Niagara' belong to next summer,—do not forget. But if you remain with your dear friends at home, I hope you will be very happy. Make yourself a blessing to those so dear. You have seen just enough of the world to make you desirous of another view. If you had seen more, if you knew more of its selfishness and heartlessness, you would welcome with gratitude your pleasant, retired, your own beautiful home. In the knowledge of the world, as in other kinds,

‘a little is a dangerous thing.’ ‘Drink deep, or taste not.’ But be assured there is not in all this falsely, fascinating world, but one place for the heart to dwell in, — that place is home.

* * * * *

“Yours, truly and sincerely,
“J. A. PARKER.”

[To the Same.]

“PHILADELPHIA, October 18, 1844.

“MY DEAR FRIEND, — I take the earliest opportunity for writing you, as in this I have been anticipated by Miss L——, who has given you accurate intelligence of the little kingdom over which we bear sway ; so I only repeat what I have so often uttered before, that *your place* is not and cannot be filled by another than your individual self. Be assured you are very dear to me. I would gladly always have you near me. I still fondly trust you will spend some winters with us in future. At present, Providence seems to point *home*, as your place of improvement and usefulness. I know you will endeavor to make yourself happy there, and study to fulfil all your duties in such a manner as God and your own conscience will approve.

“Do not talk of shutting yourself up with your books and retiring from the world, on which you can scarcely be said to have entered. Remember that you sustain the relation of daughter, sister, friend, and member of the great human family. That in each of their relations, heavy responsibilities are resting upon you. You will pardon me for intruding my counsel and advice ; but remember, you are a free agent, I venture to give *un morceau*.

“This winter I would have you commence your lessons for becoming a good house-keeper. Every day I live, gives

me a deeper sense of the importance of this kind of knowledge to a woman. There is no one acquirement I have made from books which I would not readily give in exchange for a thorough practical acquaintance with domestic economy. I feel that *home* is a woman's true sphere, and that to be able to preside there with ease, grace, and propriety, is, or should be, the great end of her education, so far as the present life is concerned. If this be true, you can be in no school more profitable than your own well-ordered home. You can there learn by participation in *propria persona*, the most useful lessons for the management of a household. You must rise very early, and devote the morning hours to domestic employment; be your mother's aid and ministering spirit; feel a deep interest in all that interests her, and consider yourself responsible in some degree for the comfort and happiness of each member of your family. As I recall my own past life, I find much occasion for regret in these particulars. My time was almost entirely spent in reading and study; I took upon myself no particular part of the family cares, and thought my services in this department, because unasked, were not desired. I injured my health, and neglected duties which I might have known, thus making work for sad regret. Yet with all due attention to domestic duties, you will find sufficient leisure for intellectual improvement.

"On matters literary, let me say I regret that you did not finish, while here, the translation of 'The French Revolution,' as I consider it a very instructive work, and calculated to remove the false splendor and fascination which have hitherto unjustly surrounded the memory of Napoleon. You must take up an extensive course of historical reading, and become learned in the story of the past. I have a class in ancient history this term, which I think the most interesting one I ever had. It is composed of a number of

our more advanced young ladies, and each recitation occupies one hour. In point of scholarship our pupils generally of this year, manifest considerable superiority. Another winter, providence permitting, we shall expect you to be with us again.

* * * * * *

“I must close my letter *m’ amie*, but not my kind and heartfelt remembrance of you. Let us hear from you very often, and believe me,

“Ever your devoted friend,

“J. A. PARKER.”

[To the Same.]

“PHILADELPHIA, December 24, 1844.

“MY DEAREST AND BEST, — A happy Christmas to you. I hope St. Nicholas is just in the act of letting himself down your chimney, loaded with beautiful gifts for you. I tried to have him take this letter, that you might find it among your treasures to-morrow morning, but the renegade would not wait for me; so you will not have it for a Christmas present. But I do not regret this much; for amid so many richer blessings as this kind saint will shower upon you, I fear it might remain unnoticed. But this is really Christmas eve; and how much I wish you could spend these holidays with us. We have closed the doors of our ‘university’ for one blessed week, which we mean to lay under contribution for our own enjoyment.

“I have been promenading Chestnut street this afternoon. The shops are full of beautiful things. But I did little else but moralize upon the exceeding transitory nature of all earthly things, and above all earthly things, the brevity of my individual purse. So I made a virtue of necessity, and practised admirable self-denial. If I had a few more such virtues I think I might hope for canonization. . . .

“It would be to me a source of bliss to show my friends how ardently I love them, by external and visible tokens of benefits conferred. In the absence of these, a heart warm and sincere is all their own. Would you prize this gift? if so, it is yours. I do indeed both love you warmly, and feel your absence deeply. I am so often reminded of you, by the void your absence occasions, as well as by the objects you were accustomed to admire.

“It is a glorious night, and I have been looking out upon the beautiful square from the window, where you were accustomed to sit. I thought of you far away in your own mountain land. The trees you loved are despoiled of their leafy honors; but the grass has not yet lost its greenness, and bathed in the bright light of a full moon, it is perhaps not less lovely than when you bade it adieu. But you are so far away! and it must take days to catch the sound of the still voice with which I am now speaking to you. But if you were by my side, we would sit long by this pleasant window, offering to happiness a thousand peace-offerings.

* * * * *

“Yours, ever and truly,

“J. A. PARKER.”

So closes the gathered remembrances of another year. A year passed in the quiet, unobtrusive performance of duty, — a year consecrated to stern self-discipline and warm heartfelt sacrifice for the good of others, — a year of unceasing activity and usefulness.

CHAPTER IX.

LETTERS TO MISS B—— CONTINUED — KIND INQUIRIES --
LECTURES OF MR. GLIDDON — ESSAY ON THE CLOSE OF
1845.

[Continuation of the Correspondence with Miss B——.]

“PHILADELPHIA, April, 1845.

“MY OWN DEAR N.,—I beg you will forgive me for having so long delayed to answer your welcome letter.

* * * * *

“So much for explanation of apparent remissness in duty. But although I should never write you again, you must not imagine, my dear, that you are the less warmly remembered. Oh, no. The image in the heart fades not away. In the room, where you used to sit, many things have voices to speak of you. But never do I gaze upon the trees you so much loved, without associating them with your memory. The lovely spring is again unfolding her wealth of beauty, to gladden and rejoice the heart.

“My dear friend, shall we not meet again, ere another season like this comes round? I sincerely trust it may be so; but whether it will be in your own pleasant home, or in a more sunny land, I know not now. . . .

“But how have you spent the cold, cold northern winter? Plenty of books, I suppose, a bright fireside and social

friends have made it pass away with much zest and improvement. It has, on the whole, passed pleasantly with me, although I cannot feel that I am much wiser and better than when it began. It is sad to look back upon a season gone, — fled as a dream, and search in vain for some treasures left behind. Oh, what vanity is life! It is all shadow without substance; and were it not that its consequences take hold on eternity, it would be too worthless for a rational thought. Since time is nothing, let us live in reference to that future, — that is the all in all.

“We have had, in the city, an unusual number of lectures, concerts, and all sorts of amusement. With the exception of several lectures which I have attended, I have found my enjoyment at home. Mr. Gliddon has been giving a very successful series of lectures upon Ancient Egypt, on the darkness and mysteries of which he has thrown much light. As for news of particular interest, I have not much, but such as I have, give I unto thee.

* * * * *

“Your sincere friend,
“J. A. PARKER.”

[Written at the close of 1845.]

“THE PASSING YEAR.

“Marked ye the passing year? When the voice of Spring proclaimed the resurrection of all bright and glorious things that earth had power to restore, saw ye how nature started to life, and put on her beautiful garments, majestic in her loveliness, as a queen dispensing light and joy wherever she swayed her sceptre? Then the delicately pencilled blossoms, beautiful as if dropped by an angel’s hand, sprung like magic from the soft green sward, and yielded their odors to the gently wooing gales, while the

rich melodies of the woods, and the wild minstrelsy of the unfettered streamlets, broke upon the glad ear like a full pean to creation's Lord! Summer came, and this bloom of the youthful year ripened into a maturity of loveliness; and the hues that earth had purloined from the rainbow's treasury, grew more deep in tint, more gorgeous in dye. Yea, so affluent was earth in her beauty, who would have dreamed it was not for aye? But the hectic flush appeared, the presage of dissolution! As ye have seen the rose deepen, and the eye become more lustrous, while disease was at work upon the citadel of life, so the forest leaves gleamed forth their unearthly brilliancy for a season, then silently fell to gladden our hearts no more. The waving grain yielded also to the reaper's hand, and the rich fruits of autumn disappeared before the frost-breath of Winter. Look abroad and behold now how all hath departed! Not a leaf or a flower remaineth, a beautiful lingerer amid nature's desolation, to tell that all has not been a dream, 'the baseless fabric of a vision, that has left not a wreck behind!' Fearful, fearful change! Would thou wert known alone in the dominion of nature; that the tree and the flower were the only things bright and fair that sicken and fade at coming! Precious as are these to the eye of taste and the heart of sensibility, willingly would we yield them, as a rich tribute to thee, the universal conqueror, wouldst thou but pass by our household and our hearths. But, alas! here, too, must thy sceptre be acknowledged, thy dread supremacy felt! Into how many a happy home, how many a temple consecrated to the holiest affections of our nature, over which 'Peace and Love joined their spread wings as o'er devotion's shrine,' sheltering a household band, where parental joy, filial devotion, and domestic bliss were twined into one wreath of happiness, hath the spoiler entered during the departed year! And when its advent was heralded, how

merrily were exchanged in the joyous circle the heart-warm wishes of mutual happiness; while bright hopes seemed to hover around, like invisible angels, promising a year of bliss, destined to know no reality! No day of the year now fled hath the mighty hunter rested from his toil; no victim marked for his prey hath been able to beguile him from his purpose, or escape his unerring dart! The infant, in the sinlessness of its early being; the maiden, with her cheek of bloom and eye of light; manhood, with its lofty brow and vigorous step; old age, with its time-frosted locks and trembling form,—all have yielded to the unalterable decree of ‘dust to dust.’ How many hopes, beautiful in the dawning year as the garniture of spring, now find their sad emblems amid the desolateness of winter! How many a ‘silver cord’ of love hath been loosed; how many a ‘golden bowl’ of happiness broken at the fountain! What blights and disappointments have fallen upon many a human heart, like frost upon the blooming but fragile flowers! How many a sweet vision of fancy hath melted away, like ‘fairy frost-work,’ leaving in its place the dull, cold realities of this every-day world! Alas! each swift-winged moment hath had its dark thread to weave into some human destiny, and a few brief months have sufficed to change the whole scene of things! And now the year hath folded around him his mantle of the past, and gone to join the days that were. Marked ye his *passing* admonitions? Pondered ye well his *parting* oracles, sacred and solemn as the dying message of a friend, ‘that all on earth is shadow;’ that ‘as a leaf we fade,’ as ‘a flower we pass away;’ that as the rolling seasons fill up the varied year, so a few fleeting days complete the cycle of human life, and the curtain falls to rise no more in time. Sage counsellor was he, the departed year! Mark well his teachings, and write them on the tablet of

thine heart; so shalt thou stand like a rock, even in the midst of earthly vicissitude, and in the strength of Him who conquered death, thou shalt defy his power

‘ To quench thine immortality,
Or shake thy trust in God.’ ”

CHAPTER X.

LETTER TO MISS B——.—LETTER HOME—WINTER—CONSTANT OCCUPATION—VISIT HOME—LETTER TO MISS M——.—LETTER TO MISS B——.—IMPAIRED HEALTH—REMOVAL TO A WARMER CLIMATE.

“PHILADELPHIA, January 10, 1846.

“MY DEAR N.,—There are two antagonistic principles in my heart warring against each other, and these both relate to you. I am quite puzzled to know which to humor in this letter. Whether I should pour out the warm, kindly feelings that lie at the bottom of my heart, and that plead so eloquently for you, or give place to the *indignation* that forms the stratum above them. But perhaps I may as well remove the superincumbent weight first, and let the clouds come before the sunshine. Well, then, let me tell you, I was sorely vexed when I learned from your last letter that you had spent *two months* in Boston, without coming to Philadelphia. How could you do such a thing, or rather leave such a thing undone? I know how difficult it is to get started from that fixed point of home, but when once under way, how could you think of stopping so far short of your duty? Oh! I was disappointed enough, but it is of no use to tell you now, as your heart is probably still more hardened. But when I recall the past, I feel that I must pass over this seeming neglect of duty. I can only allow myself to remember your kindness, affection, and ever hon-

orable course, while you were here. My dear, I can never cease to love you for what you have been, and to remember you with the warmest gratitude. I think, however, if you were here now, you would enjoy a visit much, and certainly it would give us much pleasure.

* * * * *

"May this be to you a new year of many blessings. Accept my tardily expressed wishes for your happiness. I do most ardently hope it may bring us together again. I shall probably visit New England this summer, and propose spending some time with you.

"You must have enjoyed your visit to Boston exceedingly, and I truly congratulate you on the interesting little charge you have brought home. It has fallen into gentle hands, where I should be willing to trust any thing the most sacred.

* * * * *

"Yours ever and most sincerely,

"J. A. PARKER."

[Extract from a Letter Home.]

"PHILADELPHIA, April, 1846.

"I have been quite impatient to hear from home ; a few lines accompanying an acceptable favor, have been the only epistolary envoy to my humble court for some time. I am anxious to visit my home of other days, but this belongs to the future, and like all pertaining to that vague period, is stamped with uncertainty. Time must solve the problem, whether this happiness be mine. Hope travels on with us, through a world of many disappointments, throwing her light over some coming good, and making us forget the stern lessons of experience.

"This long, cold winter has at length passed away, and

the sweet season of spring has come again with her reviving vegetation and gentle gales, from the warm chambers of the South. Have you felt them yet so far north as New Hampshire? As I look upon the beautiful public square, in front of our residence, clothed in all the verdure of the summer, I am reminded by *contrast* of the few charms presented by the 'mountain land' at this season of the year, where nature is bashful in 'coming out.'

"Pardon my apparent negligence in writing, and remember my engagements are numerous, — leisure hours are few. The heart may be warm when the pen is silent."

The following is the first of a series of letters addressed to Miss C. M. of Philadelphia. The extracts made will sufficiently express the high estimation she occupied in the respect and affection of Miss Parker. The first is written from her own *home*.

"ACWORTH, N. H., August 25, 1846.

"MY DEAR C., — Although the pleasant summer day of my home visit is drawing to a close, yet I will endeavor to redeem a few moments from the *busy idleness* of my life to devote to thee, my far away friend. Please accept, then, this messenger, from my beloved father-land, although it may bring nothing of value, save the assurance that thou art fondly remembered and truly loved. It was with much regret that I was obliged to leave the city without saying to thee adieu, and obtaining from you the promise of a letter in my absence. But you remember what a habit the weather had of raining at that time, which, like all bad habits, was with difficulty broken off. But my dear C., much as I love you and my other friends who are absent, I have never found it half so difficult to fold up in a sheet of paper the warm emotions of my heart, or to bring the discursive

thoughts to the point of my pen. Want of time, do you ask? Oh dear, my much leisure has been almost a burden! But such a new, strange existence, is this for me. A reunion with the true-hearted of other days, after long absence; the sight of many familiar scenes, all speaking to the heart in their still small voices of the solemn past! A renewal of those pure joys that cluster only around the soul's one sanctuary, — the sacred spot we love at all times and in all places to call home. All these things have made the last few years, spent in a strange land, seem to me like a dream, from which I awake to find myself 'a child again,' sheltered beneath the domestic wing, all ignorant of life's cares, and the world's experience. But alas! too soon must the farewell word be spoken, and this sweet holiday will fade away into remembrance, like some fair vision of happiness too beautiful to last. Oh, ever thus it must be on earth, where joy findeth no abiding city, the yearning heart no place where it may rest forever!

"How much I wish, my dear friend, that you could visit New England. You could not help loving this beautiful region, with its grand old hills, its majestic forests, its fairy nooks and dells, where romance and poetry linger, its pure mountain air, life and health-inspiring, and above all, its hospitable and generous people. Here both comforts and luxuries abound, and they are as free as the spirit of liberality can make them. If such distance did not divide us, I would bring you, this day, to my country home. You should see our charming little village, embosomed in shade, with its white dwellings that seem the abodes of peace and serenity. Upon this gentle eminence 'my father's house.' Enter the gate, and there you will find a brotherhood of trees, with many a sister flower, all my childhood's much loved friends, with whom I hold daily communion. Come in at the open door, — but stoop, as you are tall; for this cluster-

ing woodbine is a wild, lawless youth, fond of breaking away from restraint, and with some of his long arms he may reach down and disarrange your beautiful hair. Then come to my chamber, yes, to my own chamber, and seated at this window, tell me if you ever saw a more glorious panorama of surrounding hills, — a more charming country ! But stop, my wild pen, thou art catching something of the spirit of these hills. It is home to thee, and me, and we see all through the *colour de rose*, of our own fond imaginings. But our city friend may become weary of our dear conceits, and we will be merciful.

“ Yours, most truly,

“ J. A. PARKER.”

[A Letter to Miss B——.]

“ PHILADELPHIA, October, 1846.

“ MY DEAREST AND BEST N., — I dare say you have thought me, a hundred times, a forgetful, promise-breaking person, wholly unworthy such a friend as thyself. But do not be angry at my long silence, but listen to my arrangements. I did intend to write you as soon as I should again become domesticated in Philadelphia. But you know how it is, in getting back to a place — what unpackings, and regulatings, and fixings, that not only confuse the brain, but knock most impudently against the heart’s best friendships. Next came Miss C—— and her precious package of letters, which I was most happy to meet, — both herself and letters. Again I mentally promised my first leisure should be yours ; and one day as I was bent upon putting my promise in execution, I found our friend L—— had just fitted out, for your coast, a friendly expedition, freighted, I fancy, with many heart-warm effusions. Although I could not obtain, even by begging, the privilege of a glance therein, I

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thought it not safe for you to receive two such messengers in one day, at your quiet home, as some one there might suspect we had entered into a conspiracy to steal you away, or, perchance, they might unfit you for your sober duties; these considerations induced me to wait a little before writing you. But I shall be much offended should you ever imagine that you were forgotten by me. My book of memory contains no more pleasant chapter of recollections than my last happy visit to your home — your room — that lovely prospect — our charming rides — our social nights, and agreeable days — my gentle nurse — my most expert barber — my kind, dear friend ever, — all haunt my imagination still, and throw a cloud over the present by *contrast*.

* * * * *

“Adieu, my dear friend; may you be supremely blest and happy.

“Yours ever,

JULIA.”

Early in December of this year Miss Parker sought, for the time, a more southern home. Her health had become much impaired, and the change was thought indispensably necessary to its restoration. A serious attack, the preceding winter, of cold, that resulted in hemorrhage of the lungs, proved the incipient stage of the disease that finally terminated her life. Arrested by a milder and more genial climate, there was a seeming restoration to the firmest health. But in an unexpected moment, the symptoms of the slumbering disease were to awake in alarming development, equally defying medical aid, the influence of climate, the solicitude of friends, and the soothing influence of devoted tenderness and care.

But we pursue the review of the few remaining years, numbered, no doubt, in wisdom and mercy. Surely, the ways of Heaven are not our ways. Omniscience cannot err. It is ours to bow in profound acquiescence whether "He raise up, or cast down;" whether "He kills, or makes alive." All is done in wisdom and goodness infinite.

CHAPTER XI.

LETTER TO MISS B——, FROM EDGEFIELD, S. C. — FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTHERN LIFE — LETTER TO HER FATHER — LETTERS TO HER SISTER — EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL — CLOSE OF 1847.

WE pursue the narrative from extracts of correspondence of 1847, written in Edgefield, S. C.

[To Miss B——.]

“January 25, 1847.

“MY DEAREST AND BEST, — I hope you have not struck me from your list of friends, and consigned me over to condemnation, although I have been silent all this long, long time, since the reception of your last kind favor. I am not wont to fill up my letters with apologies for delay. But I must tell you how impossible it has been for me to write you earlier than this.

* * * * *

“I left our dear Philadelphia in company with my brother, on the first of December, — had a most tedious and unfortunate journey to Charleston, S. C., occasioned by accidents of sundry kinds, but finally reached my friends here in safety. Since I have been in this southern land life has had so much of the charm of variety and excitement,

that I have been almost bewildered, and have not, till now, felt myself enough on *terra firma*, mentally, to hold my pen steadily. Not that I have been particularly dissipated; but every thing has been new to me. Riding in carriage and on horseback, rambling on foot, amid scenery such as I have never seen before, visiting, etc., all these have absorbed my time. Yet, my dear friend, although there are times when I have found it difficult to despatch a written messenger to those I love, there are none in which they are forgotten. Life's 'better moments,' the stilly eve, the unslumbering hour of night, the season of prayer and quiet meditation, — all are so much theirs. But, my dear N——, if I should not write you for half a century, you must not think yourself the less dear, or that I am unmindful of the delightful hours sanctified in the past, that we have spent together; or that I shall ever cease to love you as a sister. Never can I forget the pleasure attending my visits to your pleasant *home*. They are among the brightest pages of my memory's varied book, and in the light of these sunny days shall I remember thee.

"Of life as it passes with me, I acknowledge it is as pleasant and as free from the annoyances of this troublesome world as I ever expect will be my portion. But alas! the trail of the serpent is over all terrestrial joys. The sad thought that so many a weary league lies between me and all I most love and cherish on earth, is quite enough to dash my cup with tears, and throw a gloom over the fairest scenes. I have sought this sunny land for health, rather than pleasure; and should I find the climate congenial, may remain for the present.

"Write me soon and tell me how you are spending the winter. I cannot tell you how much occasion I have to congratulate myself that cold winter is, with me, only a fancy sketch. Indeed, life seems worth more here in a soft, mild

climate. A lady whom I visited the other day presented me some hyacinths from her garden, beautiful and fragrant as in summer. I will preserve for your herbarium some of these southern flowers. When I write again, I will tell you of the natural features of this region, so novel in aspect.

“Adieu, my dear friend. Heaven’s choicest gifts be thine.
JULIA.”

[Extract from a Letter to her Father.]

“JANUARY, 1847.

* * * * *

“Although more than a thousand weary miles now lie between us like a dark barrier, from my heart, from its warmest sympathies, you are not separated. Although far from the hallowed associations of early life, I rejoice that there is one paradise in this world of vicissitude, from which there is no exclusion,—the paradise of memory. Ah, yes, although I may not see you, I can remember and love in one place as in another! So that for those who are really united in affection, there is, in one sense, no parting. I will tell you something of my new landing-place in the voyage of life. I am in Edgefield, one hundred and forty miles from Charleston. The county town—a very pleasant town indeed—good society, a healthy location, the people polite and attentive to strangers.

“I feel that I have much reason to love these kind-hearted friends of the South. Their peculiar institutions in no way trouble me. Slavery here, from a near view, so far as observation goes, wears a mild aspect. The colored population seem in a better condition than in our northern cities. Such appears the outside view.”

[To her Sister.]

“EDGEFIELD, March 10, 1847.

* * * * *

“More than ever do I feel that my steps in life have been ordered, — that they have not been the result of chance, — that every trial has an aim and purpose. And sure I am, that not one has been sent that was not needed for the correction of some sin, or the teaching of some important truth. ‘Sweet are the uses of adversity,’ and although while in the furnace of trial I have felt little submission, for the results on my own character, I feel that I can bless God. Give me your daily and earnest prayers, ‘as well for the body as the soul,’ that all things requisite may be vouchsafed to me. Do not feel sad for the great distance that lies between us. If separate, the number of miles is of little consequence.”

[To the Same.]

“EDGEFIELD, September, 1847.

“MY DEAREST SISTER, —

* * * * *

“How I remember the parting hour which you so graphically call to recollection. Oh, yes! not less than yourself did I then most ardently wish for one spirit gift, that I might read the cabalistic marks of destiny, so deeply shrouded in the mists of a vague futurity; by which I might have known whether the scenes before me were to be of weal or woe. But hope, chameleon-like, borrows its hues from memory, and thou canst well fancy that as I was about to bid thee, and those most loved, *farewell*, my heart, ‘like a muffled drum,’ beat most sadly to the tune, ‘I would not live away.’ Never shall I forget how instinctively you seemed to know my feelings, as I was to go forth again from my cherished home, — and how, like an angel, you called my attention to that most comforting psalm, so fraught with

the assurances of God's guardian care over his creatures. That portion of the Holy Scriptures I have never read since, without its proving a sweet memento of that parting scene.

"Would that our paths of destiny lay less widely asunder. But a wiser than we is the Author of our allotments in life, and I believe that all things will work together for good to those who love God. Were I sure my name belonged to the list of such, no event in life, however dark, could shake my trust in God."

[To the Same.]

"December, 1847.

"It is one year since I reached this sunny land, — a year ever to be remembered as one of the happiest of my life. 'The rushing river of time' has borne me over many a rock and quick-sand; yet my barque seems quite sound and sea-worthy, notwithstanding I have, for the past year, been floating about, in calm, deep water, untroubled by storms, and heaven protected."

We find the following in pencil, on a page of the diary, bearing date of November of this year:—

"The year of my sojourn in Edgefield. Sabbath. A volume of 'Suddards' British Pulpit' lies before me. The sermon I have selected is on the 'recognition of friends in heaven.' Denied this, heaven would be no heaven to me. But if I ever reach that happy place, I know, I feel that this will not be wanting to my felicity. Heaven will be the consummation and perfection of our present happiness, differing in degree only, not in kind. Here our purest joy is in the communion of kindred natures. Will our happiness there be marred and this source cut off? Ah! heaven is

complete in bliss, leaving not that vacuum within that this alone can fill. If I cannot recognize my friends in glory, the powers of my mind are to be injured by the change called death. But this cannot be without God's permission and agency. And will he mutilate his own most glorious work, the soul? Will he blot out my memory, and impair my judgment? We believe that the lost will recognize each other, and the mutual taunt, and censure, and curse, will greatly aggravate their sufferings. Why, on the same principle, may not the good remember each other, — some will be identified? We shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Why may not others be recognized? Will all others flit before us, unstoried and nameless, so that we shall know nothing of their history?

“But the arguments from Scripture are conclusive. David says, ‘I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.’ The apostles looked forward to the results of their labors, in the souls redeemed through their instrumentality, as a blessed reward. Jesus said, ‘inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of *these*, ye have done it unto me.’ ‘O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory? This implies that all the sad consequences of death, and what more sad than the separation of friends, shall be repaired.

“‘Thou hast redeemed us to God, out of every nation,’ etc. This is a rush of the past upon the soul. A comparison between past sufferings, and present bliss. So pass in review the gathered memorials of another year.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTER TO HER BROTHER — LETTER TO MISS L——, MAY-DAY CELEBRATION — ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN OF MAY — THE REPLY — LETTERS TO MISS M——, TO MISS L——, TO MISS M——, TO MISS L——, TO HER BROTHER.

MEMOIR continued from the correspondence of 1848.

“CLARENDON, March, 1848.

“MY DEAR BROTHER, — Your letter must have fancied itself born in the sixteenth, rather than the nineteenth century; since from the slowness of its motions, it has shown itself wholly ignorant of steam or magnetism! Just one month from the date it bears, has it been travelling. Whether in the mean time it has made the tour of Europe, or visited ‘the Holy Land,’ I cannot tell. If such time be required for a transit from Virginia to the Palmetto State, you will have to lessen greatly the intervals that elapse between your letters; otherwise I should not expect to hear from you but a few times in a life long. But I was right glad to get tangible proof, at this late hour, that you are ‘still scuffling’ as our old Dick has it, when inquired of as to his heavenward progress; while in these intervals of this same active operation, ‘hatching a future home.’ Now, in both of these grand operations, I wish you victory, — especially in the latter. I cannot but think it will be something remarkable if the result bears any relation to the period

of *incubation*. Besides, why should I not feel a personal interest in the matter since the garret is to be consecrated to my literary genius! I had a dream this morning, ‘and it was not all a dream.’ Lo! the vision that rose up before mine eyes was this. It was far in the twentieth century, and there stood on the banks of the Ohio the dilapidated remains of what had been a very sumptuous and aristocratic mansion. It was uninhabited, and a little old porter stood at the door to receive money from the crowd that constantly thronged the spot. On inquiring the reason of all this, I learned that the house had formerly been occupied by ‘a *Celebrata*,’ the most distinguished woman of her time; a great wit, a great authoress, — in fine a *great woman*, who after having given tone to the education of her countrywomen, for some forty years, had retired to this then charming residence of her brother, one Dr. P——, to spend the evening of her days in the elegant pursuits of literature. I further learned that the attic at which so great a multitude were aiming, had been the room in which were composed those immortal works destined to be coeval with the language, namely, ‘The Philadelphiad,’ ‘Il Vagabonda,’ ‘Celebrata’s Lament for the Loss of Hearing,’ together with numberless other productions, but not so highly gifted. Now, my brother, what this dream signified, or what is the interpretation thereof, I cannot tell; but it has made so deep an impression on my mind, that I am not sure that it may not be prophetic.

“But turning from the subject of my remarkable dream, you will expect my *present* abode to sit for its picture, and this to be done expressly for your benefit. Well, that castle of a house that you see in the tableau, with long piazza all around, great green shutters, rickety flights of stairs leading all about where no one wishes to go, and surrounded by a score or two of out-houses, and an array of huge oaks and pines, is the place where I live. All about you see

sand, nothing but sand. It is neither town, village, or country, but a settlement of delightful people, mostly bearing the name of R——. They are wealthy planters, owning fine estates, level as a prairie region, and extending many miles. Nearly all this was once the property of one man. On each plantation is a winter residence ; while they come up to these sand-hills in summer for health. In winter there are, of course, few families here, while in summer quite a large number. The dwellings are many of them beautiful, — some superb. One mansion rivalling the elegance of our cities. The people exceedingly kind and hospitable. We have a nice little gem of a church, where all the people attend punctually, and a clergyman of superior talents. He gave us a splendid dinner the other day at the Rectory.

* * * * *

“Ever your affectionate sister,

“JULIA A. PARKER.”

Such are Miss Parker's early impressions of Clarendon, S. C., where two years passed very pleasantly, occupied most of the time in her chosen vocation. The salubrity of the situation, the refinement and the social character of its population, rendered it most attractive. This became subsequently her home ; and here amid those she learned to love so truly, now reposes the sacred dust.

[Extract from a Letter to Miss L.]

CLARENDON, April, 1848.

“MY DEAR FRIEND, — For an answer these days to my letters, I seem to wait a long time. I had hoped to hear from you much before this. I calculate the time when I may reasonably expect a return, and the after delay passes slowly. We have but two mails in the week ; to their coming I

look forward eagerly, and when they bring not what I most desire, a kind of desperation seizes me. For the last two weeks my papers even, have not been received. Uncle Sam's clock-work must be getting deranged, and you forgetful, my friend. As to the papers, I look with perhaps more than common interest, as occasionally a literary effort of my own appears."

* * * * * *

"I am reading 'Coleridge's Translation of Schiller's Tragedies.' They are splendid. Have you read the death of Wallenstein?"

"A May party comes off here next week, — a pretty and poetical thing anywhere; but decidedly so in this sunny clime, where Flora decks with garlands of the rarest hue and fragrance the beautiful spring. Great preparations are being made. Every luxury desired for the table, all sorts of finery, have been ordered from Charleston. The party is to be held in an oak grove, very near our house. The procession to wind about among the trees before reaching the throne. It will be vastly pretty, I imagine, — to consist of a queen, her maids of honor, the seasons, the Flora's, etc. etc., preceded by a herald. The dresses to be of thin white muslin, white slippers, white kid gloves, blue sashes, with wreaths on their heads. The whole population seem to be in a state of agreeable excitement on the occasion, as such exhibitions are here uncommon. I wish so much you were to be present, for your presence would make even a crowd agreeable. Latterly, more than ever, I dislike to make one in the midst of congregated humanity. I much prefer solitude. All around me are so kind; but the veil may not be lifted from the soul, as with thee, my friend.

"Write soon and *often*.

"Yours ever, in warmth and affection, JULIA."

We give, in memory of the gala-day referred to in the preceding letter, the verses composed for the festive occasion by Miss Parker.

ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN OF MAY.

“ The glorious spring again has come,
 On her triumphal way,
 With captives bright, from beauty’s realm,
 To own her gentle sway.
 And we have come, O maiden fair,
 With flowing garlands gay,
 To wreath around thy golden hair,
 * And crown thee Queen of May.

“ The soft blue skies above us bend, —
 The angels’ home of light,
 And earth sends up her fragrant breath,
 In her green beauty bright —
 While whispering leaves, and quiet shades,
 The wild bird’s choral lay,
 And all bright things that round us smile,
 Proclaim *thee* Queen of May.”

“ The holy spell of this sweet hour,
 Alas ! it cannot stay ;
 And the blithe month of buds and flowers,
 Must haste, like youth, away.
 But oh, we ’ll cherish in coming years,
 The *memory* of *this* day,
 When our hearts were gay as the floral wreath,
 That crowns *thee* Queen of May.

THE MAY QUEEN’S REPLY.

“ Let the regal lady of England’s throne
 Boast the wealth of her coronal fair,
 Where the ruby’s blaze, and the diamond’s light,
 And orient pearls, in their radiance bright,
 Gleam forth from her shining hair.

“The costly tiara, that gilds her brow,
And the pomp of her sceptred pride,
Are purchased by labor, ‘sorrow and care,’
And the weary hours, that the poor must share,
While *her* days in splendor glide.

“But the garland I wear, my gentle maids,
By the tear-drop has never been wet,
No sorrow and care have brought from the mines,
The wealth of the rainbow, with which it shines,
The gems with which it is set.

“’Tis the bright free gift of the joyous spring.
Which your own snowy hands have wove,
And the sceptre I bear, on this glad day,
The first of the beauteous train of May,
Is the sceptre of joy and love.”

[Extract from a Letter to Miss M——, of Philadelphia.]

“CLARENDON, S. C., June, 1848.

“MY DEAR CECELIA, — I trust you have no doubts in regard to the punctual arrival of your late messenger, although I have allowed a few weeks to glide away in silence. I consulted my heart; it bade a speedy return to you of its own best treasures; but how could I, dear *St. Cecelia*, follow such an uncereemonious counsellor, when my letter was allowed time to grow pale with age, before it called forth a response? You mentioned that the lamp blew out on one occasion; and if I had been at all suspicious in disposition, I surely might have believed that it was while you were on the first page of my epistle, and that the residue came *to light* some months after. But I find it is never best to be too curious; neither in the common or more intimate relations of life. Apropos of intimate relations. You ask if I have yet found one to agree with me in all my sentiments? Let me answer in Mrs. Hemans’ own sweet language: —

‘ But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend
Like sister flowers, of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss, of thought allied,
Never to mortals given,
Oh, lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto heaven.’

“I may seem, my dear C., to be losing, in some degree, the early romance and trustfulness of heart. I see and have seen so much of false profession and groundless pretension, I am much more inclined to separate the real from the unreal than formerly. Indeed, I am disposed to open the heart to but few. But my faith in truth and sincerity, in the abstract, is firm and unshaken; and when I do meet with *sterling gold*, I seize and hold it with a miser’s grasp.”

[To Miss L——.]

“CHARLESTON, S. C., July 5, 1848.

“MY DEAR FRIEND, — This is the glorious fifth, rather than fourth, and I am in Charleston on my way, — but not to Virginia. I am truly sorry now that I wrote you of coming. Yet it was done in purest kindness, that should I come, it might not be too much of a surprise. But I find it impossible to accompany our friend further on the way. Do not feel too much disappointed, for the time of our meeting cannot be far distant. Yet this hope deferred, do we not equally know, brings with it both sadness and sickness of heart. Yet will we hope on, and hope ever. It is the happiest tendency of our nature, the foreshadowing of future good. The high and Holy One in whom we trust hath never formed this frail humanity to be mocked by phantoms, to be ever deceived by the heart’s fondest desires. We shall meet again, and in our happiness forget this long separation.

“Yesterday, you may imagine, was a day of no little bustle in this city. Such a crowd, such a want of space whereon to stand. Had I not been in possession of a goodly pair of shoes, I could never have boasted again of a pair of feet. Before breakfast this entire population seemed all in the streets to witness a very fine display of the military. I partook in full share the desire of sight-seeing; but the pavements were so hard, the sun so scorching, even at that early hour, I was glad enough to find the refreshment of breakfast, and a shelter from the sun, at nine o’clock.

“At eleven o’clock there was another grand rush to see the procession of the temperance societies, with their music, badges, and regalia, — all quite imposing down here, where *free opinion*, not *legislation*, rules in these matters. Then after another short interval we went to the City Hall to hear the oration for the occasion, delivered by Col. J. L. Manning, of Clarendon. This was very fine — the band excellent. The grand finale of the day was a series of brilliant fireworks, which lasted until a late hour. A most weary, worn out piece of humanity did I find myself in the end, — the like fatigue I never endured before.

“To-day I have mostly spent in shopping, — a laborious business. To-morrow return to Clarendon. Two months of leisure await me there, and the present design is, to devote the interval to writing, completing at least one tale, which, if published, will be most applicable for the S. S. Union. My pen, as my life, I would consecrate to a pure and vital morality, desiring to promote excellence, consequently happiness. Thus will I endeavor to improve the interval of absence, so that with increased and hearty approval you will greet me, when indeed we are so happy as to meet again.

“I have a lovely class of girls under my charge; and never have I felt that I was better appreciated. Nothing

can exceed the kind and delicate attentions I daily and hourly receive.

“Write me soon, and forget this present disappointment.

“Yours always, JULIA.”

[To Miss M——, of Philadelphia.]

“CLARENDON, September 2, 1848.

“MY DEAR, DOUBTING C—— (yet good, notwithstanding); one I love much, although she dares not to *tell out* any such secret to me. I have again read over your letter, and gather from it this much, — that you would like to love me, if you were sure I would never undervalue this love. But doubt has so entirely taken possession of your heart, I am really afraid it will jostle all affection for your absent friend out of the premises. Now, my dear C——, I understand enough, I believe, of your composition, to be quite sure that you have been imagining, for a long time, that my silence is significant; that I, forsooth, must be getting very indifferent. Now, child, you must never think thus of me; you must never doubt my truthfulness and sincerity, although I may sometimes be long in answering your letters; and, moreover, may think these answers very dull when they are received. All this may be; my dearest C—— you must *not doubt* that I love you warmly; that I could relinquish many things, yea all this golden sunshine, the soft attractions of my adopted home, for one of those soul communings with you, which like pressed flowers, perfume the leaflets of memory, and throw over the present its sweetest charm. But when, ah, when shall the time be? When shall I behold again the dear city of sisterly love, with all its right angles and wet pavements, and hearts of kind and true affection? Alas! I know not. I cannot push aside the curtain of uncertainty that hangs before my future, and dis

cover that event in the cheering vista. Would that I could but view it. But I cannot walk by sight; I am counselled to go by faith. I therefore trust that all things will happen well, since our heavenly Father guides the helm in all our affairs.

“I dare say you have seen much of our friend J——. If light, air, and sunshine are pleasant to the captive, who has for a long time seen nothing but the prison walls, — heard no gentler sound than the clanking of his chains, — surely her spirit could not have been less refreshed by the sight of home, and friends, and native land again. But, alas for human enjoyments! *intense pleasures* are short-lived and fleeting as the summer floweret. I suppose, ere this, the circle of friendly greetings has been made, — the events of the past worn-out themes, — old stereotyped habits again resumed, and the pains of absence remembered but as a vision of the night.

* * * * *

You speak of the infectious manners of your native city, and regret having been educated there. The inhabitants of P——, as a whole, may perhaps be considered very formal, and somewhat cold. Yet it seems to me that the human heart has everywhere in itself much of kindness; and we need only to understand the art of calling it out. We often think others cold, when we ourselves are so. My dear friend, let us cherish *for all* the kindly feeling that should mark the intercourse of those bound together by the ties of humanity; and above all, let us cherish for the *few*, to whom we give the sacred name of friend, a trusting, confiding, undying affection, that circumstances cannot alter, time nor absence chill.

* * * * *

Thine truly,

JULIA.

[To Miss L——.]

“CLARENDON, September 15, 1848.

“DEAREST E——, — When I tell you that I have turned in hither, that is, into my quiet room, and shut out the glorious moonlight of ‘such a night as this,’ with all its witching poetry, delightful associations, and soothing influences, that I may prove my loyalty to thee, surely henceforth you will believe that nothing, however pleasant, can make me forget. Think not for a moment that these new friends, that throw such a charm around my exile, can steal my heart from those to whom time has bound me by far dearer, tenderer ties. Kind, delicate, and profuse as are the attentions of these strangers to me; strong and deep as is the gratitude with which my heart responds to their sympathies; yet I cannot describe to you the yearning I often feel for some familiar face, that can speak to me of the past; the sound of some familiar voice that may awaken the chords of memory. With what joy would I abandon this stupid pen, if I could sit down by your side, in this soft moonlight, and talk to you, as I can only talk to a friend; talk to you as we used to talk together. But, alas! I know not when this will be permitted to us again, or when I shall meet again the dear household band from whom I am so widely separated. The life that is lengthened by this sacrifice, by this exile from home, although under sunny skies, seems at times scarcely worth the sacrifice it demands. My father, broken in constitution by devotion to his profession, feeble in health, mourns my absence, and pines for my return. My sister seems sad and lonely, and lives in the hope that the future has in store many happy meetings. She writes to me in such glowing terms of the beauty of my rural home at this delightful season, as to make me long for the wings of a dove, that I might flee thither. She writes of the luxuriant

woodbine, the gravelled walk, the trees, the flowers, the grand old mountain scenery, with our variegated forests, and the thousand charms of our native village. Beautiful and charming as it is in summer, I bethink me of its fierce, stern winters, of its mountain winds and dreary snows, and all the dread paraphernalia of that most desolate season. Then it is that I am satisfied, and look upon this gentle climate, with all its deprivations, as one of the best gifts of a kind providence to me. Yet I cannot but regret the hard necessity that compels me to live among strangers, when so pleasant a home is mine ; and feel, had it chanced to have been located in some more genial spot, how full and pure the happiness I should find in that little circle I so much love. But in these appointments, truly, ‘whatever is, is right,’ and I love to think that in all the circumstances of life ‘there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.’ But if I must be an exile from home, I certainly could not be happier anywhere than here. Kindness meets me at every turn ; every day I receive proofs of the sympathy of this generous people.

“My school could not be more pleasant,—the pupils docile, amiable, and obedient to my every wish. The most perfect order reigns in it, and this I have not been obliged to secure by any severity,—any occasion for reproof is exceedingly rare. I feel in them a deep interest, and consciousness that I am doing them good, brings with it the best recompense.

“But life in these sand-hills is as monotonous as the scenery. I often think if you were here, it would seem to you unspeakably dull. We differ, you know, a trifle in taste as in other matters. You like the excitement of a city life, while I think Jerusalem is the place, where men ought to worship. I do not imagine I should be taken for an ascetic ; but on the whole, gay as may be my disposition, I think I

like the quiet repose of country life. But there is a great dearth of reading, which is, to me, a serious objection to this sand-bank. No good libraries, no provision for the noblest part of our nature. Books are such resources,—such excellent friends, such able counsellors. I pity those who find no meaning in them. I am now reading that old donkey of a priest, Froissart; whom I fancy, thought it better to tell a good embroidered tale, than a bad and threadbare one. The bones of his heroes were fruitful in miracles.

“Your letter from the Academy of the Fine Arts has just reached me. Thank you for the account of your visit. I confess myself something of a barbarian, but in time hope to improve. I glory in the rising genius of our countrymen in this department. Powers has already wreathed his Jove-like brow with laurels, as unfading as those of Phidias himself. There is a glory in art, revealing the mightiness of human intellect. The poet, the painter, and the sculptor—do not their productions speak in the plainest language of that inspiration, that renders the human mind so like its great *Original*?”

[To the Same.]

“CLARENDON, September, 1848.

“MY DEAR E.,—It is pouring without, as if it intended to make atonement for past remissness. It is a short age since we had a drop from the treasures of heaven. Since this gentle month of autumn has made her advent, she has clung so closely to the skirts of her predecessor, and with such tenacity, that we have been forced to believe, that summer will be regent, if she can be no longer queen. I would ask a feat of my golden quill, that I might here give you some idea of the burning, liquefying heat we have endured for the past week, if I did not imagine that you had

been long enough in Philadelphia to comprehend, without my aid, what it is 'to feel warm.' You know both myself and constitution fancy warm weather; but it is passing strange, in this world, we can scarcely have enough of a good thing without a surplus. The man who prayed for water, and had the Ganges turned into his grounds, — the lady who prayed for a bosom friend, and had thirteen sent upon her at once, were certainly to be pitied; but I, who just wished for a comfortable climate, to be fused, without any probability of regaining my original brightness, deserve, *par excellence*, the commiseration of every feeling heart. I assure you never since I bade you 'good bye,' have the green fields and bracing air of my northern home had such magic for my thoughts, as for these last few days. What a delightful sensation it must be to shiver! We should never think ourselves blest unless we can keep cool, is a maxim whose beauty I never fully comprehended.

"You will think, perhaps, this hot, dry weather, must bring sickness. It would seem so; yet, with the exception of one family living in an unhealthy location, no fevers have appeared among the white population of these sand-hills. This family, to whom I allude, have nearly all been sick. Last week I was there, and found every member sick but one sweet little girl, of lovely complexion and blue eyes. There was something so interesting about her, that I could not at times turn my gaze from her. She was the incarnation of health. Sunday morning she grew sick while preparing for Sunday-school; to-day, Wednesday, has been buried. Thus rapidly and fatally often terminate these fevers. But a kind Providence has hitherto watched over me, sparing a life that I would fain believe is not entirely useless. By common consent our residence is reckoned the most airy and salubrious in situation of any in the place. My health is excellent. The only remains of former nervousness, is sleeplessness

at night. I have so much for which to be thankful, and I strive to feel so, for the numberless blessings I enjoy.

"I must not omit to make known my intention of troubling you with sundry commissions, as penalty perhaps you take it, for your long sojourn amid bricks and mortar, tastefully arranged and ornamented, when you should be inhaling the air of your native mountains, and cherishing the hearts that love you most.

* * * * *

"And now, my friend, good-night for this time. I make an end of *essay*, *admonition*, and *commission*.

"Affectionately yours, JULIA."

[To the Same.]

"CLARENDON, November, 1848.

"DEAREST E. — Saturday night has come, and I bethink me that I have not penned an epistle to thee since the departure of its predecessor 'to the silent land.' My intention is to write weekly, but now and then obstacles will arise between thee and me, and the two mail days are among the departed before I am ready to let them slip. But stop — no apologies to thee, the most exacting! particularly no 'flimsy ones.' As I never profess to deal in any thing much more substantial than gossamer, I will have done with wasting paper upon what you place so little value.

"But these Saturdays I think more of than all the other days of the week, — I mean days of care. They are so much thine, my best friend, so much of every week, devoted to my best performances. It is then I brush aside any shadows that care may have thrown upon thy image in my heart, deeming thee present, talking with thee, through an interpreter, it is true, yet even as if necessity demanded none, saying every thing I think and feel.

“The Bible class, too, meets on Saturday, and this I attend with the utmost punctuality. We are studying the Gospel to St. John. Our clergyman, who is one of the best men in the whole world, makes the lesson deeply interesting, and most profitable to the whole class. The Bible is an ‘open book.’ I study it with the truest pleasure, and the heart’s most ardent desire is, that I may in all things be governed by its principles. Indeed, it is a wonderful book ; a mine that no exploring can exhaust.

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“As the evenings become longer I find much time for reading and writing. Of the latter I could do much if I could get up a hearty interest, which I can do but seldom. Poetry has most of charm these days. I send, now and then, a fragment to ‘the Recorder.’ You read that I believe. I have been writing a scrap this week upon the new floating church, which you are aware, is now anchored in the port of Philadelphia. There is something to me so beautiful in the idea of these floating churches for seamen ! How much I should love to hear our grand, touching, soul-inspiring Liturgy read in them.

“By the way, how many objects of interest are to be met with in a city, and those are happy who avail themselves of the many pleasures and advantages offered.

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“You will think me in a dull and perhaps fault-finding mood this time. Please attribute it to a cold, damp day. *Sunbeams let light into my soul !* Write me soon, my best friend.

“Yours, most faithfully,

JULIA.”

One brief extract more closes the selections made from the correspondence of 1848. It is from a letter addressed to her brother.

“CLARENDON, S. C., December, 1848.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—Do you know that the frequency of your letters of late quite astonishes me? Such long intervals have heretofore elapsed between them, that I had almost learned to think myself exiled from a brother's heart. But not more truly doth the prisoner welcome the sunbeams to his dungeon, than I to my fond heart those tokens of your warm remembrance and truthful affection. . . .

“Happy, thrice happy, are those, my ever dear brother, who have never known the sundering of nature's ties; but have been sheltered and blest ‘in a little grove of their own kindred.’ Next to bodily infirmity, in the train of human evils, do I regard this banishment from home, family, and friends—this separation from all who bless us, all whom we can bless. Strangers are touchingly kind to me; but they must be strangers still. The full, free communion of the heart, the unity of interest, all are wanting. The tide of feeling moves only on the surface. No angel descends into the heart's depths ever to stir its waters. The best and holiest sentiments of the soul slumber in inaction.”

We would give a further extract from this very touching and affectionate epistle, revealing a heart so warm in its devotion to all that is beautiful and endearing; yet we cannot but feel it sacrilege to yield to the public gaze that designed for one eye alone, addressed to the heart that claimed her childhood's tenderness, her affection, admiration, and confidence, as years passed on.

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTER TO MISS M. — LETTER TO HER BROTHER — REMARK —
LETTER TO MISS M. — LETTER TO MISS L. — LETTER TO
HER BROTHER, DR. M. PARKER.

[Correspondence of 1849.]

“ CLARENDON, January 3, 1849.

“ DEAREST CECELIA, — Your kind missive commissioned southward about the time of the Christmas festival, seems fraught with the heart, warmth, and friendliness of that youth-renewing season. My imagination saw in it smiling and happy faces, — the interchange of greeting and token, and heard deep prayers and soul-felt wishes, sent down the stream of the coming year. It gladdened my heart by its Christmas breathings, and woke in it many a gentle memory and enlivening hope. But as your letter must, in all things, resemble the holiday time, it seemed to have caught from the sky and earth a trifle of dampness, fog, and cloud, wherewith to dash its kindly elements ; and true to yourself, you must have a few doubts and misgivings. There is something of the naughty about you ; and if you write to me that word again, I shall charge you earnestly with having fished it up from some little pool in your own heart, named, in its geography, *insincerity*. I am true in all that I profess to be, from the crown of my *head to the sole of my foot* ; and the false pretension I abhor in others, I put from

me as I would an infected garment. I love a character as open as the day, although like daylight, it might disclose some ugliness, that night might conceal.

“You ask my opinion on ‘detachment from creatures’ as drawing us nearer to the Creator. On this subject I am quite incompetent to advise. I can only speak in reference to myself, that I do not think I love God less, because some of my fellow beings are very dear to me! I believe if our heavenly Father designed us to find any happiness here below, he must have intended the purest, holiest, and most satisfying should flow from the sympathy and communion of kindred hearts. Indeed, I may say, that from this arises all in this world in which I take most interest.

* * * * *

“Yours, always and truly,

“JULIA.”

“CLARENDON, February 29, 1849.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—How passes it with you to-day? Still a knight of the pestle and mortar, I suppose,—the scourge and terror of poor mortals! Such a champion of maladies, fractures, and dislocations,—such a dealer with humanity in its most miserable estate! You surely must have become hard-hearted, and most unfeeling before this time, for such I can but deem the tendency of your profession. Perhaps, however, some balmy recollections and good influences tend to keep you still human.

* * * * *

“When I think of your constant ill-health, trials manifold, and stern experience in life’s warfare, I sometimes wonder and long to know exactly what you are at present,—whether you have lost all faith in the redeeming qualities of our common nature,—whether you suspect all that is externally fair to be but a mask for selfishness,—whether

misfortune, in whatever garb it may appear, is only another name for imprudence and miscalculation. Whether the omnipotent *I and mine* is the only deity of your adoration. I say, brother, I wish to know if such has been the effect upon you, of life in its reality and sternness; or whether you are still trustful of virtue and goodness,—have still a tear, a helping-hand for the desolate and sorrowful,—still a heart rich in magnanimous, generous impulses,—a soul for sympathy, friendship, and affection, a spirit that would sacrifice itself upon the altar of good, rejoicing in the freeness of the offering. Oh glorious fruits of the tree of knowledge of both good and evil, rich in goldenness and beauty! My brother, I will believe you are a living impersonation of these virtues, and as such, enshrine you in my heart, and you must endeavor *to be* all what I think you are.

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“Speaking of misfortunes, I have sometimes thought my very soul crushed by them; and that life for me could never more be clad in beauty. But it is not so. I am cheerful, hopeful, buoyant in spirits, and even gay. On my *heart* I bear no traces of suffering, treading in the path of duty with a light, elastic spirit, I will not be vanquished on the battle-field of life, but triumph until death conquers. Surely it is best not to yield. I will, like the nautilus, keep up my little sail in wind and tide, trusting that finally I shall reach a haven of rest, where all the tempests of life shall serve but to make the calm more peaceful and serene. Last night, for a wonder, I dreamed through the livelong hours of darkness. I seemed alternately with you and our mother. I thought I was seeing her again, before she died,—that I was making amends by love and devotion for all the care and sorrow I had ever caused her. She seemed tranquil and happy, and methought I was never so blest. I know not where I met you,—it was in some strange place. But

you looked as in the olden time, and appeared to me so kind and good. Thus passed a night of pleasant dreams. I mention it because it is so rare a thing for me to dream of home scenes, and it has haunted my mind the day long."

[To her Sister, on the Anniversary of her Mother's Death.]

March 28.

" This day is sacred to memory — sacred to the departed — sacred to heaven, where I trust our mother lives. So far as my duties and engagements allow, I have wished to make it a day of deep and solemn feeling. But from school I could not excuse myself, as when I was with my *friend*, who was always happy to bear a double portion, when I wished retirement. There is between us to-day, in an especial manner, a sympathy of heart, a blessed communion of spirit. The precious letter, written in the holy presence of the dead, just six years since, I have this hour perused. It has caused the wounded heart to bleed again afresh, and the tears to flow. It breathes such deep peace, such calm thoughtfulness, such sublime resignation, that while it probes the wound, it pours in balm. The lock of hair slightly silvered, lies still within its folds. And can it be, that six years have flown since that time? Has she whom we loved so deeply, been six years in glory? When we remember that the first glimpse of that heavenly land must have more than compensated for all of earth's sorrows, there is a sentiment almost of joy springing up in the heart, that she has known six years of unspeakable and indescribable felicity. If I might bid the grave give up its prisoner, and command 'the everlasting gates to lift up their heads,' for the return of the beatified spirit to earth, I would refuse the privilege. God grant that we may be reunited where hearts are never broken, and tears flow not. The soft and gentle spring will soon again walk the earth in beauty, and the flowers breathe

perfume and unfold their tints of loveliness over her sleeping dust. Would that I might, ere they fade away, visit the sacred spot, and learn a new lesson of world-renunciation.

* * * * *

“Tenderly, thy sister, JULIA.”

The heart is moved by these touching memories so feelingly expressed. Yet why we give more, notwithstanding, from the miscellaneous correspondence, than from letters addressed to the immediate members of her family, will be explained by the following note, which here meets us in the manuscript offered by her sister:—

“I find myself more and more afraid, as I proceed to make these extracts, knowing they were never intended by the writer for the public eye. I seem to feel her soft hand drawing aside these precious lines, now doubly sacred.”

[To Miss M. of Philadelphia.]

May, 1849.

“MY DEAR C.— After waiting, that auspicious moment has at length arrived, when undisturbed, I can bid my heart intrust the expression of its warmth and affection to this chosen sheet, and hope some kind spirit will bear the same to you. Precious compensation for these earthly partings, is this letter-writing! I cannot look upon you, with these eyes, but I love to gaze upon this sheet on which your own will rest, and fancy it endowed with a power of comprehending and conveying deeper thoughts than may flow through the dull medium of the pen! I cannot press warmly and kindly your hand; but as my own passes over the

page before me, I would fain believe that by some mysterious magnetism it shall impart a thrill to yours, that shall speak of earnest, truthful, and fond affection. I would give utterance to words ; but alas ! they will fall upon the air unmeaningly, and your ear catch no echo thereof. But may these common-place symbols commune with thy heart in intelligible language. Thus, my dear friend, although these weary leagues do, and must continue to divide us, yet we will still meet in soul-converse, and confirm the mesmeric theory, that spirit may hold intercourse with spirit without the intermedium of the senses. When shall we again meet ? I have, I regret to say, relinquished all thoughts of a glimpse of my own New England this summer. My brother, in western Virginia, has so urgently requested me to domiciliate myself *pro tem* at his mansion, that I have promised him to do so for the present ; and now I expect to journey west rather than north, when again at leisure. In that case, Philadelphia lies not *en route*, unless you can induce the stiff Quaker to change his locality from the Delaware to the Rappahannock, which I suppose he would not do, without a positive order from William Penn. But, indeed, I am deeply disappointed that such is the necessity of the case. How gladly I would again have threaded the rectangular streets of your city, looking upon its familiar objects, and more than all else the faces I once loved so well. But who can try to control his fate ? We must submit ; for vain is resistance. . . .

“ In reply to your question in relation to occupation, I have learned that all places and employments have their own peculiar joys and disagreeables ; and that happiness is more likely to be found in a life of useful action than in excess of leisure, where the mind is left to prey upon itself.

“ But my dear C., until we put on the shining vestments of immortality, I do not think we ought to hope, or expect

too sanguinely; for although I would not dwell too much on the side of prophetic ill, talking darkly, I find that ‘the trail of the serpent’ may be traced upon the fairest flowers of earth. Yet still I believe that earth has *flowers* of a beauty and perfume that breathes of Eden; and that we should plant as many as possible in our paths, dwelling fondly and gratefully on all a kind Providence has scattered there, to make our pilgrimage gladsome, as we pass on to that better country. . . .

“You speak of your fondness for society and admiration, and say that in solitude you feel disappointment and dissatisfaction. My dear friend, God has richly endowed you with those gifts and qualities that the world admires; but I fear you are very sensitive, and inclined to ask too much from its applause. Do not be too exacting, and I am sure you will always receive as much admiration as is consistent with that humility, that God loves to honor.

“Of this love of admiration I soon felt in my own case its presumption and folly; this learned, I have asked little of the world; but have received in kindness, sympathy, and affection, from some of its choicest spirits, far more than I had any right to ask. With these I am well content, and seek no longer the forbidden and unattainable. . . .

“Yours, most sincerely, JULIA.”

[To Miss L——.]

“October, 1849.

“DEAREST E., — Although I have not one interesting thing to communicate to you, — no picture galleries visited, — no work of art admired, — no old friends to tell you a word about; yet I write to-night for the simple reason, that I would spare you disappointment when the post-boy comes next time. The miserable feeling of hearing from no one, I have experienced this mail-day, — not even blessed with the sight of a gazette. Oh, there is a loneliness and deathlike

stupor about this quiet country life, that has quite the contrary effect of grief upon Falstaff! It seems to contract the soul. You will think by the confession, that I am emerging from the chrysalis, into your theory of city excitement. Not so, exactly. All I have said in favor of country life is strictly true. Yet there are times when I so desire to see something, to think something, to hear something, that I would give up all this quiet and security for a small quantity of bustle and novelty. . . .

"Has it not been to you a curious problem, in all you have seen of mankind in different societies, that there are so *very* few comparatively who think of any thing higher than commonplace topics of existence. It certainly is to me. I once thought depreciatingly of the narrow views and limited intelligence of the people among whom I was born. Yet I can truly say, they suffer not in comparison with those I have known elsewhere. Indeed, from New Hampshire to my present locality, I have not met more indication of mind than my own native town furnished.

"How delightful it would be to live amid a refined intellectual caste of people, who valued knowledge at its own true worth, and could as truly appreciate it in others. But I do not believe that such society can be found in our own country, except on a limited scale. If I regarded only the homage of the world in general, I would much sooner sue for it with a good handful of dollars in my purse than with a golden mind. But all is no doubt right. Truth is appreciated slowly and almost imperceptibly by the mass of mankind; yet there is an onward and upward tendency in our common nature that does develop itself to the seeing eye. To aid this, to do the smallest act that favors human excellence, and consequently human happiness, makes the only worthy aim of existence.

* * * * *

"Thine, so truly,

JULIA."

A brief extract from a letter to her sister bearing the date of September 1849.

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"I have long looked for a home messenger to assure me that my last was duly received and accredited. How ardently I desire to hear often from you, I can scarcely express. Do you realize how far, how very far, I am from you? And do you never reflect what a joy, a delight it must be, to have the post-boy bring me a folded sheet bearing the impress of a well-known hand? Oh, if you would understand how wildly my heart beats at such times, how I can hardly refrain from tears of joy, you would oftener give me this pleasure! How earnestly I desire to see again my native place! Time hastens on, and I am ever fearful lest the grave should close over some one of the cherished band, ere we are again permitted to meet. For myself, did I feel fully prepared, my work done, I should long for its peaceful repose. But for a stronger assurance of happiness beyond! I feel so deeply my errings and wanderings from the path of obedience, that I would fain hope for a little more time to be granted me, that I may prepare for heaven.

"My last home visit is the brightest spot in my memory. It kindled more strongly, if possible, than ever before, that undying passion of the heart, — the love of kindred."

[To Miss B——.]

"October, 5, 1849.

"DEAREST AND BEST BELOVED, — A thousand thanks for your angel visit of a letter! How deeply sorry I am that this long interval of silence has been like a great gulf between us! As I had written last, I thought not myself in fault, but had I known that my dear N. was such an invalid, that a letter of mine could have had in it any magic

to relieve the tedium of a sick chamber, I would have turned night into day, — omitted any duty, however pressing, that I might despatch a weekly visitant to you, — to one I have loved with such unchanging devotion. But long and cold as has been this silence, do not believe that I could forget, or grow indifferent to thee. A southern life has introduced me to new scenes, manners, and customs. Strangers have welcomed me with such kindness, and I have received such proofs of sincere friendship and regard from those on whom I had no claims, as to have caused sometimes the tear to start to my eye, so unexpected were they, and so undeserved. That I have found this, in my own experience, a cold and selfish world, I should be most ungrateful to affirm. And yet, my dearest friend, I have not been happy. I have not allowed my feelings to be taken captive. I have not identified myself with the land of my adoption. I still feel myself a stranger, — my heart yearns for native scenes, familiar faces and tones, old haunts, — for something to strike in unison with the first fresh, warm gushings of the soul.

* * * * *

“Ever sincerely thine, JULIA.”

[To her Brother, Dr. M. Parker.]

“November, 1849.

“DEAR BROTHER, — Little did I intend that time should thus have sped on, finding your letter still unanswered. You asked for an immediate reply, and although the general tone of your message was indicative of a mind care-burdened, yet I will not choose to take your request an unmeaning habitual epistolary appendage; but believe that you are glad to hear from me at all times.

“Your letters are hasty and unfrequent, yet I make the warm feelings of my own heart the thermometer by which to test them. Thus tried, they overflow with the truest,

kindest, brotherly affection. Well do I know, brother dear, you love those bound to you by the strong ties of kindred blood. Yet it pains me to see how much in danger is every other feeling of being engulfed in the whirlpool of distracting care and worldly ambition. Why not, when you are in possession of a *competence*, take life more easily, and not be a stranger to all it offers of the agreeable and pleasant. Allow me to urge upon you the importance of securing that gold which will pass current in eternity, as well as the baser metal that must be yielded at the termination of this transient life.

* * * * *

“Your affectionate sister, JULIA.”

“MY DEAREST C., — *On dit que vous êtes fâché contre moi, est il vrai?* I have done you, in good plain English, a great wrong; but you are a Christian. Will you forgive me? A long period of doubt and uncertainty, of which I entered into the details in my letter to J., is all that I can plead as an apology. But I have done with excuses, which only make a bad matter worse. During all this long silence I have remembered and loved you as deeply and well as if I had given you a thousand tangible proofs.

* * * * *

“In reference to my chosen vocation,—I now think of relinquishing it, for a time, at least. I have been several years engaged in the business of teaching, and believe I have a particular love for the employment, having under my charge the most interesting class of girls imaginable; yet I am truly desirous of rest. I shall leave Clarendon in a few weeks,—a spot that will ever be hallowed in my recollection. Not for the natural beauties the place has, but for the almost chivalrous devotion these noble and generous people have shown me. During my sojourn here I feel I

have added to my list of friends some names which, although freshly written, I trust will endure forever. I believe, if I may judge from many proofs, that they have loved me well, and most ardently have I reciprocated their generous warm-heartedness. I love my pupils dearly, and do most deeply regret leaving them. But I feel it will be much better for me to be at liberty a while, and visit my friends, from whom I have been so long separated. I propose going from here to Virginia, to visit my friend, Miss L., and from thence to visit my brother in Western Virginia. In summer make a northern pilgrimage to New England, my *home*."

So closes the extracts for the year 1849.

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTER TO MISS L——.—LETTER TO HER SISTER —TO MISS L——.—ADIEU TO S. C.—VISIT TO EASTERN VIRGINIA—JOURNEY DOWN THE RAPPAHANNOCK—JOURNEY OVER THE ALLEGHANIES—SCENERY—VALLEY OF THE KANAWHA—EXTREME ILLNESS—LETTER TO MISS B——.

“CLARENDON, Jan. 3, 1850.

“How strange seemeth it to write these new symbolic characters of the dawning year. Have you, dearest, become familiarized with 1850? Ah, no! time flies, may well be inscribed on our phylacteries. How year after year is bearing us onward to eternity’s broad sea! What changes, prosperous or adverse, will this year bring to us? To me I know it is fraught with change,—am sure that the places that have known me here, will soon know me no more among them. Again is my unseaworthy bark to be allowed to drift hither and thither upon life’s stormy main. Would that some sunny isle invited us to repose and peace,—some sheltered harbor offered protection from the tempest of time! But let our prayer be for trust and confidence in him, who can say to the trials that beset us, as to the angry waves, ‘Hitherto, and no further.’ But to-night I must not philosophize. Time presses. I have just returned from a delightful trip of forty miles into the country, where I have partaken of the hospitalities and festivities of the season at the noble mansion of ‘Pine Grove.’ I met most agreeable so-

ciety from Charleston and Columbia, found the inmates most charming women. The other sex have not been abundant ; but riding, driving, walking, eating, and talking, have been carried on to perfection notwithstanding. Dinners magnificent, — barbecues, turkeys, and what not ; green peas from France, bananas, and like fruit, from Havana, and that most delectable fish (minus bones) from the coast of Sardinia ; maccaroni, fritters, mince-pies, and a legion of unmentionables, gave peculiar attraction to the philosophy of Epicurus.

“I was sent for, and returned safely home ; and with perfect weather all the while, fine company, I enjoyed the visit much. I am sorry to tell you I found a letter, awaiting my return, from my brother Horace — very sad — telling me of his ill-health and fear of consumption ; says he cannot accompany me to Virginia at this time, — that I must visit him before I leave. Now all this makes me sorry, and interferes with my plans much. Yet if he is so sick, it is my duty manifestly to go to Edgefield, hoping that I shall find him much better than his letter represents, and that my visit to you will not be long delayed. I say adieu only for a brief time.

“Ever thine, JULIA.”

[To her Sister.]

“CLARENDON, January 7, 1850.

“And so, dear sister, another year has fled forever, and a new one dawned upon us. To us all, I feel that the departed one has been marked by unnumbered blessings which call for the deepest gratitude. As a family, although severed far and wide, we have all been spared in life and health and prosperity. Let us unite our hearts, if not our voices, in saying, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.’”

[To the Same, written from Edgefield, S. C.]

“I am sojourning at present with our youngest brother. I have left Clarendon, — that word engraven on my heart, with all its agreeable associations and remembrances. I have left such a people as I never expect to live among again, — so generous and kind in their devotion to me. Presents of every kind were lavished upon me, and they have quite thinned out my raven locks for mementoes.”

“EDGEFIELD, March 8, 1850.

“MY DEAREST E., — Your letter came yesterday. The sight of that familiar hand made my heart thrill with happiness for the moment, and but for the moment only, this time. Some dark shadow must have rested upon the mind while writing, which I hope long ere this has passed away, leaving thee to the clear sunshine of the heart, to the exercise of confidence, to the warm and holy sympathy that I have so long and so gratefully proved. There were some thoughts expressed that I feel an honest and upright mind may meet in silence, perhaps with tears; but with labored argument, never. That I am ever trusting and faithful to one to whom I am under greater obligations than to those to whom nature has bound me, my own heart bears testimony. Yea, I have the witness within myself. If I have failed in any duty enjoined by the sincerest friendship, it has not been the result of the insincere, and therefore I trust it may be forgiven. The self-sacrificing and devoted affection that I have so long and so well proved, has been the greenest spot in my life's desert, the manna in my wilderness path. That I have appreciated this, I believe; that I have reciprocated this, as far as was possible, I confidently assert. If unlimited confidence in another is any test of true regard, I have ever revealed to you what has been a sealed book to every

other mortal ; save that eye that scanneth all things, none has ever caught the glimpses of my inner heart that you have had ; to no other have I so freely unveiled myself. But assertions are valueless, all this is so well known now, as I am sure the darkness has passed away. No other shall *ever* dim the usual clear horizon of thy mind or heart by any act or word of mine.

* * * * * *

“Thine, in most perfect faith,
“JULIA.”

The adieu to South Carolina follows, with particulars of a visit to eastern Virginia, with the journey from thence to the western part of the State, where most of the remaining part of the year was passed, at the residence of her elder brother.

[To her Sister.]

“April 10.

“I bade adieu to our brother’s southern home, and accompanied by him proceeded through mingled mud and water, worse a thousand fold than poor Tam O’Shanter ever beheld, to Graniteville, thirty-five miles,—rain pouring and wind blowing ; here we passed the night. Next morning, rain and wind unabated, we seated ourselves in the cars for Charleston, a journey of one hundred miles. Without peril or accident to diversify the scene, we arrived safely in the Palmetto city, taking lodging at the Planters’ Hotel, where we remained a few days. Continuing our journey by steamer to Wilmington, thence by the railroad to Petersburg and Richmond ; from thence, by stage, to Tappahannock. Here I met again my good friend Miss L——, receiving a most cordial welcome.

“T—— is a sweet little town on the south bank of the Rappahannock, a noble and lordly river. I must tell you of the most important personage here, Mrs. Gray, in whose family I spent two weeks, and would gladly have extended the visit to more months, as I was cordially invited to do. She has, for many years, been at the head of a most flourishing seminary of learning—loved and revered. A finer specimen of a lady is not to be met with in all Virginia. Her school at this time numbers fifty, and there are some sweet buds among them. They gave me a serenade from the garden, which was wild and sweet. May their future be as cloudless as earth can know; and the noble matron at their head, may her sun of life go down gloriously. Most faithfully and usefully does she live.

“But time passed on, — the company of the way, on my journey to western Virginia, required me to be in Baltimore, at furthest, by the 2d of May; so I must bid all these agreeable friends adieu too soon, or relinquish the visit to our brother. The journey to Baltimore was by the river and bay; so repairing to the landing at the appointed hour, along came the steamer Maryland, but stopped not! This was strange; she had never done the like before. Several persons like myself were waiting to go on board; all were amazed at her behavior. Presently a life-boat was let down from her side and sent ashore, with the intelligence that some of the machinery of the vessel was broken, and she could not stop,—but if any were very anxious to go on board, they could be taken out in the life-boat, and overtake the steamer. In such a predicament who do you suppose ventured their precious lives in that crazy boat? Why, not one but your adventurous sister. Everybody else went home with trunks and baggage. I jumped into the life-boat with mine, and was rowed in a furious wind over the bounding billows, and went on board while

the steamer was under way. The machinery of the boat proved not badly broken, but still there was danger in case of further accident ; and in this steamboat I was to remain all night on the river and bay. Although gifted, as I think, with a good deal of Lady Macbeth's 'undaunted mettle,' I confess I did feel afraid. But God watched over me, and we arrived in Baltimore safely."

We add another extract, written on board the Maryland, on the evening following the departure, with a more particular account of the entire journey to Western Virginia : —

"ON BOARD THE MARYLAND, May 1, 1850.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — You must expect my penmanship and composition to be as crazy, as this same boat, with her broken machinery.

"It is now three o'clock, and I need not assure you that time passes most heavily here in this lonely cabin, with no kind friend to add speed to its leaden wings. I think I can improve upon your quotation respecting *sleep*, saying, blessed is the man who invented *staying at home*, for I can truly say that if I ever wished myself on *terra firma*, it is at this time. But I believe in being valiant among the sons of men, and if I never before had any claims to courage, I think now I ought to be credited with a good share of the undaunted ; since of the many ladies who intended to be on board, I was the only one who ventured to trust life in a steamboat with broken machinery. However, I believe so far as I can learn, that nothing is injured but the *starting gear* ; hence the disinclination to stop when once under way.

"But after all, I confess to you it was a trying moment in my life, when I deposited myself in that life-boat, and

even now I would give my dukedom to be in your snug little dormitory. I believe, if I had only space to stand there, I would ask nothing else earthly. The idea of being out all night on these wide waters, under existing circumstances, frightens me effectually ; ‘but the sea is His, and he made it,’ and the protecting providence of my heavenly Father is no less a shield and defence here than on the solid land. But oh, this loneliness, with none on board you know ! I have regretted not going yesterday, but that cannot be remedied now. I will make the best of my disinclination to leave until the *last moment*, and hope to arrive in safety in the ‘Monumental City’ to-morrow morning, where I shall be most happy to meet any face I ever saw before.

“I have attempted a little reading, but Arabic would be almost as intelligible as the king’s English to-day. To fix my mind upon any thing about me is impossible. I never took so exciting a trip. Every now and then the life-boats are lowered to take in or land passengers, and the loud, harsh voices of the captain and crew keep me constantly on the alert. Once the life-boat came near swamping, and had to be drawn back in a hurry. A gentleman was rowed off to meet his own little sail, which rose and sunk upon the waves like ‘a thing of life.’ This is a nice, comfortable boat, as to the interior, and better fitted up than I had supposed ; nothing wanting, unless it be a little more urbanity in the captain. He appears a rough, sea-faring man, but I confide in his seamanship and skill.

“Night has at last thrown her mantle over the waters ; the winds are hushed, the waves peaceful and calm—a golden sunset bade the world good night. I repair to my *den* ; and waft to me, friend of my heart, one prayer for safety and repose. But stop, before retiring, the Maryland must have a *scene* ; albeit not quite so exciting as the one I was so happy as to assist in at T——. The boat was

lowered at Merry Point, and after much delay, for she is not very manageable, a quality of her sex you know, several Merry Pointers came on board, whom I was right glad to see, having a plenty of cabin room for passengers. Among the bevy was a woman and her lord. She, by some means, learned that the machinery was broken, on which she became frantic to go off again. Her husband remonstrated as long as that sort of a thing was possible, assuring her there was no danger; then he commanded her imperatively to take off her bonnet and go down stairs. But the woman did not 'obey;' the struggle was long, but she won the laurels at last, and off they went, a gentle riddance to the rest of us, — for she had had a dream a few nights before that she was taking a steamboat trip, and the vessel was lost, and a great deal more about her mother's getting letters sealed with black, etc. Perhaps she was the Jonas of the crew, and left good fortune behind. It always does me so much good to witness a woman's victory, even if the cause is not particularly praiseworthy.

"Morning, five o'clock. — Good angels have watched over us, and we are still going bravely on our way. Have slept quite tolerably; no sickness, and the bay to-day is smoother than the river yesterday. There are three young girls on board who are taking their first trip on the water. They are, as you may know, delightfully uninitiated in the minutia of a steamboat, and I take much pleasure in giving them any information I may have at command. The woman of ill-omen, who returned to her home last night, frightened them very much, and they would also have abandoned their trip, but did not carry their point.

"It is a lovely morning, a gentle breeze, and the Maryland careers over the waters most gallantly. But fast as she goes my *soul* sails slowly. I would fondly bend a pinion back to the warm hearts I have so reluctantly left

behind. This little visit will be embalmed in my memory for aye, for I assure you no two weeks of my life have passed more charmingly. Mrs. Gray I love as some *friend of years*, and I wish I were the possessor of as much intrinsic worth. Remember me to her most cordially, and also to all the young ‘insurgents,’ especially to those with whom I became most acquainted. Tell Miss E—— W—— that I feel quite flattered by the last kiss and its sweet predecessors, when I remember that she withheld them from a more kiss-inspiring object, and say to Miss L—— Y——, that if I find her in Philadelphia, I shall seize and carry her off to New England. I have become more attached than I supposed possible in so short a time to many of the young ladies, and shall not soon forget their kind attentions to me.

“What stupid books you have given me to read. To get on with them is very much like walking through the sand at your wharf, slow, laborious, and troublesome. One has so much time on these trips, I would give a vast deal for Poe’s volumes, or Macaulay’s Essays. But I expect it may be my own fault that I cannot get interested in these books, I have read so little lately.”

“BALTIMORE, 2 o’clock.

“MY DEAR FRIEND.— I thank heaven most sincerely for my safe arrival at Barnum’s Hotel, where I learn that my party has been in waiting for me some time. I have had an unusually long trip, the steamer having been due since early morning; but it has been prosperous, although attended with no little anxiety. We are to pursue our journey to-morrow,—an account shall be transferred in due time. Write me on reception of this, to Kanawha C. H. M—— J—— must write also. I fancy her epistolary sketches, if as graphic as her verbal ones, must be delightful. She is excellent in inspiring that laughter that Solo-

mon recommends. I must close this long, badly manufactured epistle, which I know will be excused, under the circumstances. Again wishing much love to all I have left behind, be assured I am yours.

“Most truly and sincerely, JULIA.”

The journey continued — arrival in western Virginia, — scenery, — incidents of the way.

“KANAWHA C. H., May 10, 1850.

“MY BEST FRIEND. — Although I am deposited really and truly, so far as my senses are concerned, safely on the banks of the great Kanawha, in the mansion of Dr. M. Parker, yet I wish, you having no objection, to commence my blottings by the way, where my last hieroglyphical missive ended, namely, at Baltimore.

“When I sealed my intelligencer, I had not seen his high mightiness and knight of the saddle-bags, Dr. A—— T——; but in the fulness of time he was ushered into my presence, and we introduced ourselves each to the other, as if we had never met before. Indeed, I should not have known him from any other son of Adam. Such are the changes of a few brief years. He was most truly cordial, making many inquiries for you, expressing a thousand regrets that he had not been to visit T——. He presented to me Mr. and Mrs. D——, the newly matched, in whose company I was to find myself *en voyageant*. Mrs. D——, the *ci-devant* L—— B——, is a nice, talkative, agreeable little woman, and her husband really believes that since the days of Eve, so fine a feminine specimen has not appeared, and of course showed himself a most lover-like husband. Dear me, what a pity that married life could not all be one honey-moon! There would be a trifle more of poetry in it than usually happens. But a truce to dissertations. We left Baltimore on Friday

morning in the cars, passing through Harper's Ferry, so renowned for its miracles of fine scenery and views which a painter loves. Not far from here, and perched on a lofty hill, is Mrs. Phelps's young ladies' manufactory. The place is called Ellicott's Mills; a more eligible spot for the purpose could not have been selected. Her school is renowned in these parts, and seems in a most prosperous condition. We reached Cumberland, the railroad terminus, the same evening, and as the party all complained of the wear and tear of travel, it was deemed advisable, by the majority, to rest until the next morning, instead of staging it all night. So like the aristocratic caste, that journey for pleasure, not business, we bestowed ourselves comfortably by a nice coal fire, and 'took our ease in our inn.' Have you any idea what a great thoroughfare this same Cumberland is? A—— says, without fact stretching, that five hundred stages meet there from the various points! Now I did not see half that number; but I assure you I saw whole processions of them dashing past the hotel, all crowded like a stuffed pincushion, drawn by four and six matched horses, giving an idea by their number, speed, and appointments, of some great occasion that all the world was coming together to see. At this point begins the great National Road, so largely due to the genius and perseverance of Henry Clay, — and a splendid thing it is. Broad, macadamized, stretching through a section of country whose natural beauty and sublimity has probably no parallel in this new world of nature's marvels. Thronged by long lines of crowded stage-coaches, altogether I consider it the most interesting strip of journeying I have ever taken. At four o'clock, the following evening, we were *en route* for Brownsville, seventy miles distant, with the sad prospect before us of catching what small favors we could from Morpheus for the next sixteen hours, on now and then a shoulder for a *downy* pillow. Our little party, plus three

gentlemen, stuffed out the pincushion, and all in excellent humor. One middle-aged man, who showed himself very intelligent, and spiced with the facetious, sat opposite A——. The latter was in the act of tying his hat upon the stage roof, when the furious driver dashed over a huge rock, or into a deep mud hole and threw A—— plump into the stranger's face, *sans ceremonie*, to the great detriment of his facial organs. A——, in his courteous way, patted him on his cheek, and made a handsome apology; this introduced them to each other, and they were the best of friends thenceforward.

“You and I have seen the Verd Mountains, and the fine Hudson River scenery, and all that New England has most delectable in the way of the sublime; and now let me tell you that the Alleghanies have triumphed gloriously. These grand old hills forcibly reminded me of the descriptions I have read of the feudal fortresses of the Rhine. They have a castellated aspect, that a slight illusion of the imagination could readily metamorphose into gloomy turrets, bastions, and other *et cetera* of an antique baronial fortress; and as the daylight paled, and the clouds settled heavily upon their summits, I could well fancy each tree an armed retainer, ready to make a descent from the lofty battlements. As the night deepened, each coach of our procession, *twelve* in number, was lighted, and could you have been stationed at any point of the route, and seen us rattling past, you would have said it equalled any political torch-light getting up! But alas! ‘this clay will sink its spark immortal;’ and sure am I it never had more to combat than the joltings and bouncings of that night's journey. Fine scenery, old castles, and all that soon yielded to leaden eyelids; and oh for some hook whereon to hang a nap, was the one earthly wish! Carpet-bag, shawl, seat, all tried vainly, till a very honest-faced fellow, who sat beside me, begged me to lean on his

shoulder. I would gladly have declined; but the intention seemed so kindly made, and A——'s advice to do so, coming in, I could not refuse without some false delicacy. So I pillowed myself there, and slept I know not how long. I was really vastly obliged, and thanked him most cordially. A—— wished to do me this favor, but was obliged to yield his seat to one who was made sick by riding backward. After being bruised, until a thousand bruises became all one bruise, and I felt, I fancy, as the fool did who, in Solomon's time, was brayed in a mortar until his foolishness left him. We arrived in Brownsville, where we took a steamer for Pittsburg.

"Pittsburg is a great city, apparently as large as Boston; with a situation for internal trade such as few cities in this country enjoy. Our hotel was opposite the levee, where steamers and canal-boats stretched in a line, as far as the eye could reach; and the whole thronged by the busiest population imaginable. But if you would like to be begrimed with coal-dust, smoke, and cinders, — if you would like to see every thing you touch leave your hands of the hue of a kitchen scullion's, — if you would wish to have it doubtful whether you belonged to the black or brown race, — if you would choose to inhale smoke and coal-dust instead of the usual compound of oxygen and nitrogen, — if you would admire to see every thing you put on go speedily into mourning, without an *apropos* occasion, — in fine, if you would eat, drink, and wear coal-dust, then go to Pittsburg, and all these magnificent desires would be realized. To enjoy all this, we staid two days, when we went on board the *Hibernia*, for Point Pleasant. As we got under way we had a fine view of the two rivers, in their nuptial union, at the point of old Fort Du Quesne; then we launched out into the Ohio, where you anticipated accident; but the 'all is well' of heavenly protection, hovered like an angel

above our boat, and danger kept aloof; yes, from us, but not from others. Two shocking disasters have just occurred on this river. The conflagration of the steamer Belle, and the bursting of the boilers of another; by both a large number of lives were lost, in a most distressing manner. The Ohio is the most monotonous river in the world. I saw it at high water, and in the most turbid state. Its banks are high, barren, treeless bluffs; with now and then a naked, unhomelike looking house, squatted down by its side. Not a solitary spot did I see where I should like to say, ‘there stands my home!’ The western steamers are long, drawn out things, very narrow, reminding one of a stick of candy. They are not at all elegant compared with those of the Hudson, but comfortable enough. We reached Point Pleasant the day following our departure from Pittsburg, where we left the Ohio steamer, and waited for a Kanawha boat. She did not make her appearance until four o’clock the next morning, when we were roused up. Half-dressed, and every thing hanging, I waded through the mud, with the rest of the party, and got on board, not more than half awake. Up this charming little river to Charleston is not far, but delightful. The banks are of the Wissahickon type, picturesque, wild, and romantic. Plenty of Kanawhaians on board. Learned one nice item of intelligence, — Dr. Parker and lady absent from home! gone to the Queen City of the West, to attend a medical convention.

“One o’clock, Charleston in view, — bade the newly matched ‘good-by,’ — they going on to the Salines. A — took me to the deserted home, summoned the servants, ordered fires and good cheer, then rejoined his party, — his home six miles above.

“Well, I have taken possession in full, — am, *pro tem*, lady of the castle; all is in handsome style and nice order. The servants admirably TRAINED. Lucy, the cook, seems

to have inexhaustible resources at command, and I sit down in solitary majesty, like some old dowager, three times a day, to a repast that does her credit. But her skill is not potent enough to inspire an appetite, and I am scarcely more than a looker-on in Venice. This journey has made me into some old ruin; and never in my life felt I so little vitality. But I hope M. will renovate me; indeed, I wait his return impatiently. I have been here two days, and have wished to write before, but really have not felt equal to the effort.

“This is a pleasant residence. The river flows right before my window, with green-wooded hills beyond; and were it not that the view is partially obscured by a row of stores beyond, it would be magnificent. Steamboats and other craft go up and down continually, and all has a lively, animated aspect. Of the rest of the town I know nothing. M. and H. are expected to-morrow, and I think they will be surprised to find their home swept, garnished, and occupied. They had despaired of my visit, we were so long in coming. . . .

“Well, I am sorry that I have occupied so much space with the *first* person, leaving so little for the second. But how are you all in T——? I would gladly have lengthened my visit with your kind and polite hostess, with *m’ amie*, and the lively Marie, and the dear girls. Do give *my best* love to *all* the inmates of the house; distribute it *judiciously*. *Some to all*, and a great deal to some. *Comprenez vous?* Write soon and definitely. Adieu.

“Ever thine,

JULIA.”

The last month of spring and first of summer found Miss Parker very happy in the home of her brother, from whom she had been separated some years. But the climate of the Kanawha valley

seemed adverse from the time of her first arrival, — her health less firm. Early in July, from a slight exposure, a most alarming illness resulted, and although there was an apparent recovery, yet her constitution had received such a shock, as could not again be withstood. The following extracts are expressive of what she suffered, and the result of this near approach of death upon her views and feelings.

[To her Sister.]

“KANAWHA, October, 1850.

“MY DEAR SISTER, — You have been informed before that I have been very sick, even to the gates of death; but have arisen again, because ‘the Lord sustained me.’ I was confined to my bed by a raging fever several weeks; during a portion of the time there seemed for me almost no hope of life. I know now what it is to look eternity in the face, and to prepare, as far as in my power, to die. I know what it is to see every thought, word, and action in that searching light, so unlike the glare of this world. And although I may consider it, in some respects, the severest affliction of my life, yet I firmly believe that I needed the chastening, and that my best good will result from it. I am purposed, and will try, by the grace of God, to lead a more righteous life. But it is with alarm at my own weakness, that I find with returning health, returning influence of this world. Oh, my sister, pray for me, and never allow me to forget for a moment, ‘if the Lord had not been on my side, the deep waters had gone over my soul!’ Thank him with me, thank him for me, for I cannot feel half enough gratitude. Encourage me in that path of ardent piety from which I wish never to swerve. And now let me tell you, that nothing I ever had in possession, nothing I ever hope

to enjoy, but I would have relinquished to have found you, the angel of my sick room; when the burning lava coursed madly through my veins, oh, that I could have felt your hand upon my brow! But let me bear glad testimony to my brother's untiring devotion to me. While I was so ill, he gave up his business and attended at my bed-side, both night and day, administering all my medicines with his own hand. I shall ever owe him a debt of warmest, tenderest gratitude.

"I cannot abide this climate, neither dare trust myself in New England, for this coming winter, and have determined to return to Eastern Virginia, to remain with my friend until next summer, when we shall return North together."

[To the Same.]

"TAPPAHANNOCK, November, 1850.

* * * * *

"Yes, safely moored, — health improved, — mind at ease in this new resting-place. The adieus are all over. The chamber of disease and suffering abandoned. Trunks unpacked, and after a long journey, commune with thee from another part of the 'Old Dominion.' Yes, I am again at rest, and the adverb, quietly, which you seem to hold in such estimation, broods like some gentle dove around me. With many regrets I bade my brother good-by, and abandoned myself to the tender mercies of the stage, steamboat, and car again. The steamboat trip down the Chesapeake occupied some thirty hours, and such a time I never again wish to experience. I did most firmly resolve, if once more an inhabitant of terra firma, no earthly consideration should again lead me to trust myself to the pitiless sea. But we feel more gratitude for safety after danger, than in perpetual security."

[To Miss B——.]

“TAPPAHANNOCK, December 25, 1850.

“MY DEAR N., — Christmas shall not pass until I have paid my long-promised devoirs to my fondly loved friend. So while I hold on to its skirt with one hand, with the other I am going to trace out cabalistic characters for your eye alone. Be it known, then, that I write you to-day, not because a common friend of ours has told me I ought to write you, but simply and entirely because I wish to do it for my own sake and no one's else. This may be quite selfish, but this time I am resolved to please myself. Now sit down here by my side, and let me take your hand and talk with you just as I think and feel. How glad I am to be with you again! You have changed a trifle since I last saw you, — your face has a shade of sadness, or rather thoughtfulness. But your heart, — draw aside the curtain, if you please, and let me look therein. Ah, there is no change here; still as young, fresh, and fair as when I first erected my statue in one of its niches. Time has no dominion here, — years may pass, but they shall not leave their furrows on our hearts, dearest.

“Another year has smoothed down his pinions, and is about trying their strength to bear him to the land of the mighty past, to join there his departed kindred. Will he tell a good account of us, my friend? how has it gone with thee? Thou, too, hast known sickness and sadness, as well as myself, and perchance the closing of another of time's pages finds us both more perfect through suffering. My dear N——, this has been a year of peculiar trials, as well as peculiar joys. It has brought me sore chastisement from my Father's hand, in sickness almost unto death. It has stripped off the illusion from things earthly, and shown them to me in their true, inherent value, wherein is nothingness and vanity. It has told me, in a most solemn voice, of the necessity of being always ready, and made me feel that a soul washed, and

sanctified, and made meet for heaven, for a glorious hereafter, is the one worthy object of pursuit. It has made me resolve, I trust sincerely, to live no longer to myself, but to *Him who died and rose again*. Blessed be God, it has seen me rise again from a sick bed, to take part in the particularities of existence. And for what have I been almost miraculously spared? Is it not that I may glorify God, and serve him with a holier and purer zeal? Oh pray, my dearest one, that it may be thus improved, and my soul's best interest advanced by the trial of this fiery furnace.

“My dear, how much I have thought of you since you have been an invalid, and wished most ardently that so great a distance did not divide us. Our friend has told me all about you. Indeed, I seem to know all that relates to you, as if I had been an inmate of your chamber of peace. I do not know that we shall ever meet again, amid the changes and chances of life,—but I assure you that it is one of the dearest wishes of my heart. I expect to visit New England in a few months, and may we not *hope* to be happy together.

“Your sweet little note, with the embalmed violets, I received, and long ere this you merited a warm acknowledgment. But until lately I have spared pen and paper to all my friends, although my thoughts have been present with them. And now, friend of mine, accept the heart-warm wish and prayer that this glad anniversary may find you in health and happiness, and in the smile of our father's countenance. God bless and keep you, ‘as the apple of his eye,’ bestowing on you all desired gifts.

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“Believe me ever thine own true friend,

“JULIA.”

So closes the year 1850, marked indeed “by peculiar trials, as well as by peculiar joys.”

CHAPTER XV.

IMPROVED HEALTH — OCCUPATION — IMPRESSIONS OF DEATH
— RETURN HOME — LETTER TO MISS L — — MARRIAGE
— “FAREWELL TO ACWORTH” — RETURN TO SOUTH CAROLINA — LETTER ON THE JOURNEY — ARRIVAL AT HER NEW HOME — SICKNESS — DEATH.

THE year 1851 opens with our friend in improved and improving health. Her pen was resumed again, as the medium of agreeable and valued intercourse with a large circle of admiring friends, offering, too, an occasional contribution to the current literature of the day. But a larger portion of time was spent in the duties of her vocation. In all this varied occupation the utmost earnestness was manifested, and life seemed to have acquired new value, as presenting an enlarged opportunity for usefulness; and above all, as affording a longer season for preparation, before entrance upon the unseen and eternal. Death had been viewed as very near, and the reprieve granted, seemed to awaken profound gratitude. The study of the Holy Scriptures, the earnest exercises of devotion, spoke a mind deeply penetrated with the excellence and superiority of divine things. Although the promise of life and health

had at no period been more flattering than now, yet no one subject was so often introduced as that of death, — not in abstract comment, but as something to be met as an event both certain and near. It was the chosen topic, whether abroad, surrounded by the charms of external nature, or in the recesses of retirement; in the occupation of the day, or the stillness of the night; — the listening ear of friendship heard it oftener than all others. There was fearfulness frequently expressed of the struggle between the material and immaterial, a dread of relinquishing the seen for the unseen, the known for the unknown; but over all these sad pictures fell the light of a holy faith, a deep and abiding trust in the Father of spirits. Death, however fearful to mere shrinking humanity, was the gate to a certain and happy immortality. “God manifest in the flesh,” had robbed death of its sting, the grave of its victory. We recall these conversations as the foreshadowing of what was shortly to be experienced; as the merciful preparation vouchsafed by indulgent Heaven for meeting the last foe, for strength slowly but surely gained, to triumph in the last struggle. But we abstain from undue anticipation. The current of life each day flows seemingly stronger; much remains unwritten that belongs to the earthly record.

The winter, the spring, and the first of the summer of this year were passed in Virginia, but the letters from which we make most of the following extracts, are written from her early home. They breathe of glad meetings of the household

band, of the fine scenery, of purest enjoyment, of affectionate devotion, of cherished friendships, and of future hopes, not unmingled with anxiety. So many topics directly personal are interspersed that the extracts which remain to be presented are more brief than the preceding from her correspondence.

[To Miss L——.]

“ACWORTH, August, 1851.

“MY BEST FRIEND,— With more leisure and quiet to pay my respects to you, I shall enjoy most truly the opportunity. Our parting, at the close of a long journey, was as unceremonious and unsatisfactory, as the hurry of steam could make it. My foot had scarcely touched the soil of my native State, when I turned to *look* at least, one more fond adieu, but with restless speed, you had been borne from view. But it will be long, I hope, ere the rush of steam will reach me in my present fastness; for I write you from the dear old homestead, and never did it seem more dear, more beautiful than now. Could you only have accompanied me here, nothing would be wanting to my enjoyment. I might have taken you by force, in defiance of steam, had I known the aid that could have been quickly summoned, at the point where we parted. Two vehicles were in waiting for my arrival, one for my earthly goods, the other for my precious person, and after the rain, which came up so furiously in honor of my return had subsided, I commenced my pilgrimage to the dear old haunt where I found L—— in all the excitement of expectation for a sight of her long absent southern sister. I need not tell you how happy we all were. . . .

“Every thing here looks as it did any number of years ago, save that I think I never saw our charming village and country look so lovely before. I have always regarded

Acworth as a delightful Auburn-like village. As for the scenery around, it is unsurpassed from the ocean lakes to the most southern limit of our country. As I stand at my vine-curtained door, the panorama that spreads out before me is one of picturesque and most romantic beauty ; such a living green as every thing wears, I have seen nowhere this season. Sunshine and showers must have united their magic to effect such loveliness. The maple grove, my mother's grave, the orchard, the garden, have all been visited. The familiar look that each object wears at times oppresses me, — at others weaves such an illusion around my memory, that I forget time and change have laid their hands upon me, — forget even that I am no more a child, roaming among old haunts with the book of life's experience all unconned. All at home seem to be enjoying my visit vastly. I believe L—— is as happy as one can be ; as for myself, save a few distressful thoughts that will come, I drink happiness as from a fountain.

“To meet my family and friends again after so long an absence, after many wanderings, after much bodily suffering and many anxieties, is no ordinary blessing ; and one for which I hope I do feel profound gratitude to the Being who has thus far guided, protected, and delivered me. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me, and I will bless God with my heart forever.

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“And now when will you present yourself at our hospitable board ? I shall certainly expect you soon, with our kind friend, as promised.

“Ever yours, JULIA.”

[To Miss M——, of Philadelphia.]

September 1, 1851.

“I had thought, my dear C——, to have sent you a few random shots from off the granite hills long ago, but my

pen takes long *siestas* these days, deputizing the unruly member to attend to all affairs. But as you are out of its reach, I have concluded to use my pen as the only one that can now talk with you as friend with friend. These home visits are bad things for expecting correspondents. The novelty refuses to wear off. Reading, walking, gazing with eye untired upon the delectable landscape that is spread out in loveliness beyond its utmost ken, — revisiting old haunts, — raking open the ashes of by-gone remembrances, — shaking hands with the friends of other days, — and, above all, saying so much upon what I have seen and heard since last among them, — can you not understand why I find no time for any thing I ought to do? . . .

“And my kind friend, let me assure you, that never has the sentiment of sincere thankfulness so taken possession of my heart as now. I am once more permitted to see the home of my childhood and youth, and to find it less changed than many another near me; to meet in health those who linger amid its sacred precincts, all in peace and prosperity. My dear C——, I cannot tell you how precious these days are to me, how covetous I am of them, even as a miser of his gold. How I rejoice when ‘the wings of the morning’ hover above my window, and the voice of the birds call me up to new life and enjoyment; and again, how I regret, as the evening closes, that another day has gone to return no more. Alas, for the wheels of time, they bear us away from our joys, leaving instead of fresh blooming roses, only dried specimens for memory’s herbarium! A happier summer than this one that has just bidden us adieu, I have never spent, and perhaps shall never spend again. But should it be so, I shall still bless God for this, and make it the theme of my grateful heart.

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“Ever thine, sincerely,

J. A. PARKER.”

The future is wisely shut from view, that the beneficence of the present prove not a valueless gift. Thy "*happiest summer,*" and *thy last on earth!* Before another came, rich in manifold beauty — charming even as this — thy spirit had sought the home of beauty and changeless joy; and we gather, with heavy heart, these roses of earth, for the "Herbarium" of thy fond and faithful "memory."

[To Mis L——.]

"ACWORTH, September 5, 1851.

"Truly, my best friend, I did think I would wait, before writing you, until I had something of interest or importance to communicate. Do you think a letter should ever start on its way without the consciousness that it bears either something to comfort and console, to amuse and gladden, or to convey news? But really nothing will be forthcoming, and lest you should think, with Tupper, that 'the slow answer denoteth a cooling friend,' I feel myself obliged to give you a gentle pull backward from such a conclusion. Indeed, my dear friend, if possible, I love you more ardently when absent in the body, than when present, for then memory has her perfect work.

"All you have ever been to me since first we met, rises in truer, deeper picture before me; when alone, or left to my own train of thought, there is no one thing I love more to dwell upon than the faithfulness and constancy of your friendship. How tenderly you have nursed me in sickness, — how kind and affectionate at all times. And, my friend, I love much to think of this now that we are separated, perhaps to be little more together on earth, although I would fain hope better things. But whether present or absent, my holiest affections will ever be with you; and all you have proved yourself of the true and tried friend will wear

deeper and deeper channels in recollection, as I find myself further away, and surrounded by others whose hearts cannot be less selfish. But come to me, my friend, the earliest day you can leave home.

“The weather, after sundry very unhandsome specimens for August, has settled down into perfect loveliness. A day so bright and glorious, a sky so cloudless and serene, an air so sweet and pure, never regaled my senses as in this one of early autumn.

“I have been to the grove to haunt its bowers of memories old, and to read there ‘Proverbial Philosophy.’ Were you here I should spend all my time in the open air. The nights, too, are becoming so heavenly ; — the spirit of beauty is abroad everywhere. How sorry I was last night to shut the door upon the delicious moonlight. It seemed like excluding angel visitants. Our Father’s love is everywhere ; it has garnished the earth in such beauty. Earth would be Eden still, were it not for the curse, the unrest born of sin.”

We have given the preceding extracts from the correspondence of this year. From the materials offered, these might be greatly multiplied ; but without further addition for the present, we notice only the general features of the entire correspondence of this period. It is especially marked by an admiration very enthusiastic, for the beautiful and grand in the scenery of her native State, — by the expressions of a heart most fond and truthful in its warm affections, — by a calm and perfect trust in heaven, and gratitude for its bountiful gifts. All these topics, full of deep interest, are expressed in winning diction, in graceful and charming elegance.

The scenes amid which she lingered, so endeared by fond memories and happy associations, were to be exchanged for others. The affections so strong for home and early friends were permitted to experience extension, and find another resting-place under sunnier skies than those which had canopied her early years. Late in the autumn of this year, Miss Parker was united in marriage to J. Dyson, Esq., of Clarendon, South Carolina, a gentleman of polished sense, extensive acquirements, and high social position.

Upon the consummation of this event, the new home was sought; but the promise of long years of usefulness and domestic felicity were not to be realized. The appointments of Heaven were otherwise. A severe cold contracted just before leaving Charleston, terminated in the disease with which she had previously been threatened, towards which there was no doubt a constitutional susceptibility. Her "farewell" to her native place, a few extracts from the limited correspondence of the few months of sickness and bodily suffering, and the history from *her own pen* is complete.

The closing scene, so triumphant, is given in the words of him to whom she had pledged a faith changeless unto death; the *one alone* of all those she had most loved, who was permitted to wait at the bedside of the dying, to hear the last words, and mark the last change. Of all trials that attend this changeful, fearful life, we can picture none more sad and touching, than to become the chronicler of hopes so unexpectedly blighted, to record the messages of the dying with the same pen that had so recently

responded to congratulations offered for promised life and happiness ; but done with so much of true acquiescence to the holy will of Heaven, with such true fidelity to the dying, with such feeling and sympathy for the living, it speaks a nobility of heart and Christian excellence of rare degree.

The article here introduced was an offering to a literary association of her native town ; some tribute from her pen being asked, the following was returned : —

“ A FAREWELL TO ACWORTH.

“ Farewell ! This is the saddest of words in the language of *earth* — for *heaven*, in its celestial thought medium, has no such term ! *There*, the blest meet, — but here below, *partings* must be known and endured, let them rend the heart-fibres as they may, and lacerate the most delicate sensibilities of the soul. Trying as they may be under ordinary circumstances, how much more so, when we bid adieu to the home of our youth, and our beloved father-land ! Then it is that memory, like the vasty deep, with all its treasures, seems bidden ‘to give up its dead.’

“ Thoughts, feelings, affections, family and social relations, fond associations of old haunts and dear familiar scenes, all come rushing up at the sound of the parting word, till the very heart lies crushed and broken, and tears, thick and fast, alone denote the overflowing of the soul !

“ But blessed be God, I have again, under happy circumstances, been permitted to revisit the land of my birth, where dwell my kindred, and beneath whose green turf reposes the precious dust of those who have already ‘entered into their rest.’ I have seen it in its summer loveliness, in its autumnal glory, and in its now wintry desolation. I found it

fresh as Eden, in its surpassing greenness and beauty ; with its 'everlasting hills' reposing in the mellowed radiance of its summer skies. I have seen its glorious forests put on their gorgeous livery, till every leaf and every tree seemed rainbowed with a thousand hues from the spirit of beauty's own treasury.

"But, alas ! Ichabod is written on all, for the glory thereof has departed. The proud garniture of the trees now rustles beneath the footsteps, and they lean their naked tracery against a cold sky, and seem shivering in the northern blast. The birds, that poured forth their wild anthems from their leafy homes, have migrated to brighter lands, till the desolation of an almost arctic winter shall have passed. Like a bird of passage, I too seek a summer clime. My waiting home reposes beneath the shade of the orange trees, and a sky more soft and fair than this. Hearts too, warm and generous as their own genial clime, beat in that southern land. Yet, still, it is the *land of the stranger* !

"Nature, manners, customs, social life, all wear an unfamiliar aspect, and remind me, but too forcibly, that many a weary league divides it from the land of my puritan ancestors, and from the institutions they have so nobly bequeathed to us. Happy I hope to be ! yet happier far, could I say with the Shunamite of old, 'I dwell among mine own people.' Yet, if Providence has ordained it thus, may I not hope that the prayers and blessings of those with whom I have been so long familiar will follow me whithersoever I go ? Often will my thoughts revert to all I have left, to all that my heart holds dear and sacred in recollection ; and whatever of happiness I may find in the far-off home I seek, I shall still indulge the fond hope that I may again revisit my own New England, — my heart's best father-land !"

[Extracts from Letters written during the Journey.]

“NEW YORK, November 7, 1851.

“MY DEAREST FRIEND, — I am really here in Gotham, and were my writing materials at hand, would send you a long letter ; as it is, it will require all your love to pardon the bad qualities of this. I left home, friends, and fatherland, on the 13th instant. Yes, the solemn words have been spoken, heart pledged to heart, adieus exchanged. You ask how I passed through all this? I confess that such emotions rushed upon the soul as find in words but dim portraiture. The past with its powerful pleadings, the future so urging its promises, — its hopes, not unmingled with fears, for a time robbed the then present almost of consciousness. But I am now myself again, disposed to look upon life with a quiet, tranquil eye, to indulge only wellgrounded hopes. I would enter upon the duties of my new station with fidelity and tender interest, and pursue them, animated by that delicate and true affection, that makes home the heart’s fond resting-place. . . .

“Most faithfully yours, JULIA.”

“CLARENDON, November 27, 1851.

“MY DEAREST FRIEND, — To write you on the wing was impossible ; and as my flight was not a very rapid one, I hope you will pardon what may seem great delay in writing. But now I am safely anchored, I shall hope often to commune with thee, my cherished friend. . . .

“I left New York soon after my last was written, and proceeded directly to Baltimore, where we spent a short time ; thence to Washington. At this place I found much to interest ; the hotel superb, and there was much to be seen. Spent much of the time there, at the patent office, where are collected curiosities from all parts of the world. The busts

and statues of our great men collected there, are a study by themselves. Then there are other paintings of great interest, besides wonders brought back by the exploring expeditions, that are extremely curious; such as native cloth, female costume, ornaments, domestic and war implements from the islands of the South Seas. There are mammoth bones, fossils, stuffed animals, birds and reptiles, beautiful corals, ores from every land, and precious stones in abundance. Here you may see the military dress of Washington, his camp equipage, and table arrangements at home. Here is Franklin's old printing-press; the original 'Declaration;' all treaties made with foreign powers; curious medals, and things innumerable, which a visit alone can reveal. The patent office is a splendid building, and altogether one of the most interesting things to be seen at the capitol of this great American nation. . . .

"We had a long, rough, but safe passage to Charleston, where we spent several days very pleasantly, staying a part of the time at the hotel, a part at Dr. G——'s mansion, one of the most splendid and sumptuous, perhaps, in this city. His library occupies two large rooms, and contains every thing one can desire in the way of books. Saw there Audobon's great work on ornithology, in four immense volumes; you know my estimate of this work. Mrs. G——'s drawing-room is gorgeous, and contains many rare things from different parts of Europe, visited by Dr. G——. Mrs. G—— holds very stately receptions in this same drawing-room, on Monday of each week, at which times her friends are expected to be present. . . .

"Saw Mr. and Mrs. W——; listened to a very good sermon from Mr. W. Reached home on the 25th, after a very prosperous journey, so far as our persons were concerned, but somewhat adverse in other things.

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"I have written you a very lengthy and particular account of my journey, and find myself very happy in my new home. My pretty Grecian cottage should sit for its picture now, but my hand is not steady, — cold, accompanied with feverish excitement, robs my pen to-day of all *point*. I hope it will soon pass away, and leave my hand power to do the bidding of the heart to thee, my kind friend, and to all I love.

"Thine, most fondly, JULIA."

Alas! the hand instead of regaining its accustomed strength, grew, day by day, more powerless to do the heart's bidding. But the heart in its warm and holy affections was unsmitten by disease; and as the hand grew weaker, the heart became more strong in fond devotion, in holy faith. A few days later we give her own statement as to the progress of the fatal disease, from a letter addressed to her brother, Dr. M. Parker,

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — Although it is some two weeks since I reached my new home, this is really the first day I have been able to announce the fact. First, I have been very much indisposed; and secondly, much occupied with visitors. I have taken one of those disastrous colds in my journey, which has resulted in a most distressing cough, attended with chills and fever. In such an irritable state are my lungs, I cannot lie down without much suffering, or speak without coughing. I feel better, however, to-day, and hope it may wear off."

That hope was not to be realized; and even then, was no doubt entertained with much misgiving. It seems, from the first stages of the attack, there lin-

gered, at times, a strong presentiment of the fatal termination; and the earthly house of which she speaks of setting in order, was in a measure soon forgotten in preparation for the eternal home. The exceeding value of life, the end to which it should be made subservient, had fully and entirely impressed the heart and the understanding. Death had been viewed as very near; and as the certainty of his approach became more manifest from day to day, a calm and holy acquiescence seemed to pervade her whole being. In the Mighty to Save centred every hope; and the prevailing sentiment of the soul was, Thy will, O God, not mine, be done. The last fragment from her Diary, breathing this sentiment, bears the date of February 2, written in pencil, reading as follows:—

“Have had a most comforting visit from our kind pastor. He advises me to commit my case entirely to the Great Physician, as the only sure ground of trust. I will do so. Lord, I confess in this illness I have leaned too much on human aid. I now cast myself bodily and spiritually upon thy Almighty arm. Thou hast but to speak the word, and thy servant shall be healed from that same hour. I pray for restoration to health and comfort, and to usefulness; but I desire far more earnestly, perfect submission to thy most holy will. I would be passive in thy hands, and know *no other* will but thine.”

And thus she writes also to a cherished friend:—

“I hasten to make the best reply in my power to your last kind letter, and beg, by the love you bear me, to dis-

miss anxiety from your mind with regard to my health, not allowing yourself to be made thus miserable; all will be well, whether life or death. Let us hope, let us trust in God's mercy, not troubling ourselves with anxieties about results which he controls in infinite wisdom and goodness.

"My home is delightful, — my chosen friend devoted and kind beyond the expression of words, — but I repeat, whether life or death, the will of God be done."

Similar sentiments we find in a letter to a member of her own family, bearing the date of February 12: —

"I am sorry to write with a pencil, but it requires much less effort from me, and I trust you will excuse it. I have been so long confined to my room without exercise and with disease upon me, that my strength has to be consulted. Your allusion to my visit home last summer deeply affected me, for it reminded me forcibly of all my suffering since. But, with you, I rejoice and thank God that we were all permitted once more to meet together on earth, under very happy circumstances; while I live I shall not forget my own happiness, and favors shown me. You speak of my new home, and seem desirous to have some daguerreotype by which you will know my locality. Our house is a cottage, with a very pretty Grecian portico, supported by four Doric columns. It stands on an eminence, with bright green orange trees scattered about, which have a most cheerful aspect in winter. There are a great variety of trees surrounding, which are now budding, and soon will be beautiful. At a little distance are a small lake and creek, whose waters may be seen sparkling in the sunbeams, — so much for the exterior. Of the kindness within, and the delicate, constant attention of my neighbors, I cannot adequately

“speak. Pray God with me to reward such kindness ‘to one of the least of these.’ I believe I am willing that the holy will of God should be done. Pray for me, that my faith may strengthen.”

The last attempt made of the use of either pen or pencil, bears the date of March 21, 1852, a short time previous to her death, thus writing to her sister :—

“Your affectionate, sympathizing letter, gave me much pleasure ; I trust that you still hope and pray for me. My love for you is indeed deep and fervent. I trust we may not be torn from each other, but meet again in the flesh. God is merciful, and we will never fail to trust him. My visit home is remembered with unalloyed pleasure. I can never be sufficiently grateful to Heaven that such friends have fallen to my lot.”

So closes the last expression of trust and affection *her pen* was to express. Its eloquence, its truth, its moral purity, its religious devotion, hushed for ever. Oh God, thy will be done, — thy ways are not our ways, — thy wisdom ruleth, all in mercy. It is thine alone to see the end from the beginning.

Of the brief interval that passed between the last date and the close of her earthly pilgrimage, the pious hand of affection has treasured the leading incidents. When the fever lessened, and the mind could exert its accustomed control, listening to the promises of the Holy Scriptures, pious conversation, and prayer occupied the time. As the shadows of the darkened valley began to close around, a calm

and holy faith, like the pillar of fire, pointed onward to a brighter world — the spirit's resting-place. The retrospective glance spoke no unwilling regret, and the tender remembrances of fond affection were sanctified in the furnace of trial, and borne onward to the land whose beauty and holiness and rest welcome the pure in heart forever.

We give the closing scene, from the pen of Mr. Dyson, upon whom devolved the melancholy duty of transmitting the sad intelligence of her death to her family and friends.

[To Miss L——.]

“FULTON, April 13, 1852.

“When I last wrote you, I little expected the painful duty would so soon devolve upon me of communicating the intelligence of an event which has filled us here with sorrow and mourning, and which will doubtless be received by you with the deepest regret. But the Almighty, in his dispensations to which we must bow with submission, has so ordered, and it now becomes my mournful duty to inform you of the decease of a long valued and beloved friend, and to me an affectionate and dearly cherished wife. She breathed her last about half past three o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 8th instant, with entire resignation, and in full faith of pardon and acceptance with the Redeemer, and in hope of a blessed immortality.

“Soon after writing you last, about a week previous to her death, her disease took a change for the worse; and it became evident that all our hopes of convalescence from diminished fever had been delusive, much more so with us than herself; for she often said she was gradually sinking, or that she was no better. In fact, throughout her long and tedious

illness, all the medicines administered seemed merely palliatives, or at most, had but a temporary effect. Fever now increased, and her strength became so greatly prostrated that she could no longer sit up, and two nurses were required to administer to her comfort.

“On Saturday night previous to her death, the paroxysm of fever came on about 2 o’clock, A. M., attended with distressing symptoms and an irregular pulse; but after a time she was relieved. The Sabbath following, being conscious that the time of her departure was drawing near, she took occasion to converse at length on the important change that was soon to take place with her, — to express her views and feelings respecting her future state, — to make known her wishes and feelings towards her relatives and friends, and to give directions respecting sundry small bequests which she intended for them as mementos of friendly regard and affection. In all this she exhibited a degree of composure and self-possession that I have never seen surpassed; and as all her bequests had been arranged some time previously, in her own handwriting, I was satisfied that she had steadily kept in view, throughout her illness, that it would possibly close her mortal career.

“I feel assured that it will be a consolation to you, as well as to her relatives and other friends, to know that from the earliest stages of her illness she had been steadily making preparations for her earthly exit, by religious exercises, — of prayer, and reading the Scriptures, and other choice religious reading, as well as those employed during the visitations of her pastor.

“You will desire me to acquaint you with the particulars of the closing scene, so full of hope and consolation, and where, as I trust, ‘death was swallowed up in victory.’ About 12 o’clock of the last night, after having been tolerably comfortable through the day, her fever began to rise,

and about 2 o'clock was at its height ; several of her kind friends and myself were at her bedside. It was apparent that an important crisis was approaching. Great internal heat, restlessness, and difficulty of breathing ; finally, about 3 o'clock, still greater distress, with an irregular pulse and cold extremities, supervened. She now said, 'I wish to know if my pulse indicates approaching death.' The painful question being addressed to myself, I leaned over her, and speaking near in her hearing, said, 'I feel it my painful duty to inform you that it does, — I hope, my dear wife, you are prepared to meet your Maker.' Upon this, she elevated her hands, with open arms, to receive my last embrace ; which being done, she turned a little on one side, and extending her hands in the attitude of supplication, exclaimed, in a clear and distinct voice, '*Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.*' She then turned quietly on her back, and seeming oppressed with heat, said, in a faint voice little above a whisper, 'fan me.' She spoke no more. 'No more,' fearful and solemn words, — 'no more on earth for ever. But the eloquence of earth is exchanged for the harmony of heaven. The freed spirit has its home of rest and peace in the bosom of Jesus.'

The same communication adds, in a following paragraph : —

"The high estimation in which your deceased friend was held here, and the deep regret felt at her untimely death, speak a higher eulogy than any thing coming from myself. To me her loss is irreparable ; and while I feel all my plans of domestic happiness are broken up, and now left alone to meet the trials, the crosses, and disappointments of, perhaps, a weary pilgrimage here, yet I cannot but rejoice in the belief that she is a great gainer. It is also a consolation to

know, that if our journey together was brief, it was one of perfect and unbroken harmony.

“In her last private conference with me, already alluded to, she requested me to write affectionately to her relatives and friends, particularly to her brother M——, her sister, and yourself.

“It now only remains, that I should perform the mournful duty of conveying to you her last and dying message of friendship and regard, and through you, the same to mutual friends.

* * * * * *

“With affectionate esteem,

“J. DYSON.”

Where the flowers pay their first tribute, — where the leaf scarcely feels the winter blast, — in family proximity with those who served their country in the early struggle for freedom, — with those who have mingled in her councils and legislated in her halls, — have graced the bench of the jurist and honored the altars of religion, — in such companionship the sacred dust slumbers, awaiting the resurrection morn. The requiem that a deathless affection breathes, is chanted here by the gentle breezes, as they come and go, as they sigh amid the thick foliage, or lift the drooping stems of the funeral flowers.

Rest to the departed, — rest !

Earth, press lightly on the breast,

Once the home of feeling strong ;

Beautiful flowers, with scented breath,

Wave round her tomb — it is not death —

To our nobler being doth belong

A soul that cannot die,

But leaves the earth for its home, — the sky.

Peace to the departed — peace !
Now anxious thought should cease,
 Naught can give unrest —
Here, the sweet zephyr's breath
Speaks not of chilling death,
 But from a heaven so blest,
Bears a faint echo to the ear,
Telling of bliss we know not here.

Sleep to the departed — sleep !
Angels a kind watch keep
 Around the hallowed dust —
To the earth's embrace once more
The cherished we restore
 In holy, changeless trust,
That this slumber will pass away,
When dawns the promised day.

Sleep to the hallowed dust !
Ours is a holy trust —
 The spirit lives in heaven, —
Lives with the good and pure,
Of glory now secure,
 And though the heart be riven,
We weep not for the spirit blest,
Gone early to a peaceful rest.

* * * * *

MISCELLANIES,

BY

MRS. JULIA A. PARKER DYSON.

MISCELLANIES.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

WOMAN has been compared to a *floweret*, springing in the path of man, which, by its lovely hues and gentle fragrance, beguiles him of the tediousness of life's rough pilgrimage, and teaches him to forget the sorrows of a wayfarer through an inhospitable world. She has been called the *harp*, whose soft breathing music can lull the stormy passions of the human breast, and "lay discord to rest on the pillow of peace." She has been likened to that *one star*, whose ray is a guiding light to the tempest-tossed mariner. Her appellations have been the *fireside ornament*, — the *presiding deity* in the temple of home, — the *China vase* among the stoneware of humanity. She may be one, or all of these; yet it is chiefly as a moral agent, as the gentle minister of virtue, that the fine gold of her character appears.

Since the light of Christianity has dawned upon man, and shown him that his highest happiness, as well as his true greatness and glory, is intimately interwoven with the dignity and elevation of woman, her influence has been

gradually gaining new accessions of strength, till at length it has been felt in every land and in every clime. True, we do not find her, like Joan of Arc, or Margaret of Anjou, heading victorious troops on the field of battle, making her voice to be heard above the din of the war-strife and the dying groans of thousands. She is not found in the stormy debate of the senate-chamber, nor do we listen to her eloquence from the pulpit or the rostrum, or hear of her intemperate zeal for the success of rival and ambitious demagogues. But is it the noisy partisan, whose voice arouses and kindles the passions of multitudes, blinding them to the dictates of sober reason and sound judgment? is it the conqueror of nations, whose single will is a talisman to the thousands who follow him to the field of carnage and death? yea, is it the preacher, who weekly meets his congregation in the temple of the Most High, from whose lips fall the pearls of wisdom as he unfolds the treasures of the "Book of books?" is it these, who exert an influence of that constant and habitual character that alone can exercise a controlling power over human conduct, or move the springs of society? No. This belongs to the ministry of woman, — enlightened, intelligent woman. But it has been said, that man, from his coming in contact and collision with a greater mass of mind, must necessarily be the chief agent in effecting revolution and reform. Is it indeed so?

When we look into the natural world, do we not find that nature accomplishes her most wonderful and astonishing results by the most noiseless agents, — by the most silent and imperceptible causes? The mild sunshine, the genial atmosphere, the gently descending shower, are employed to transform the acorn into the majestic and lordly oak. It owes its strength in the tempest, its defiance of the whirlwind, not to the mountain torrent, the thunder's voice, or the lightning's bolt, but to the gentle influences of maternal

nature. The diamond of the rock derives not its existence from the tempest's fury, the hurricane's commotion, or the earthquake's shock, but to the silent agency of time, and the water-drop. The whole universe is bound together by the simple principle of gravitation, — a something unseen, unheard, unnoticed, — yet felt to the remotest bounds of the Creator's empire. Thus it is with woman. Man may cause a moral tempest, he may shake the whole fabric of society, but he may be like the wind that lashes into foam the billows of the ocean, and tosses about its waves; but 'tis the sunshine alone that penetrates its depths. It is not in the bustle of the world, in the din of public life, that man arms his soul for conflict, or fortifies himself in those principles that are to be his anchor in misfortune. No. These are imbibed in the sanctuary of home, and learned at the domestic fireside. From thence the child carries with him those sentiments and feelings that are to sway the future man, and perhaps stamp the character of his age. Our own Webster, speaking of maternal influence, says, Time may destroy the canvass on which the painter has bestowed his labor, the marble of the sculptor may crumble to dust, but woman works on a substance that is impressed with the seal of immortality.

But in speaking of the influence of woman, the female writers of this and past ages should not be forgotten. If the consequences of her example, and her verbal instructions are so powerful, so deeply felt, so far-reaching in their results, what must be the influence of the inspiration that breathes from the eloquent pages of our female poets, moralists, and essayists, whose thoughts and feelings are thus handed down to posterity, and destined to wield a sacred and holy influence in all coming time? In the writings of men of genius, in their proudest triumphs of mind, we too often find interwoven with the most splendid conceptions of

creative intellect, like dark threads in the silver web of thought, sentiments of an impure and immoral tendency, calculated to taint and corrupt, rather than furnish healthful nutriment to the mind that receives them. But if the vital spirit of virtue, when allied to high and ennobling thought, is alone worthy of an undying laurel, we must grant to woman a high rank among the writers of genius, with a fame perpetually increasing in the same ratio as the morals of society become pure and elevated, and virtue and morality receive their proper homage.

Such a writer is Mrs. Hemans, whose poetry is that of the "household and the heart," the influence of which is healthful as the breath of morning, and holy as her own deep affections. None can rise from the perusal of her works, without feeling that the current of thought has been purified, and the whole character elevated and improved. It is the end and scope of her writings, to render woman attractive, by the charms of moral purity and heavenly virtue, — to make her lovely at the social hearth and in the domestic circle, where she diffuses around peace and serenity, and exercises the kindly charities and sympathies of her nature.

Much might also be said in eulogy of the writings of Hannah More, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Ellis, and many others in England and our own country, whose talents have been enlisted on the side of intelligence and piety. These are the true priestesses at the shrine of virtue, and they have brought from the inner temple those rich gifts that alone can satisfy the pure in heart.

Thus may woman, by a spotless example, by her gentle teachings, her consecration to the glorious work of ameliorating the condition of humanity, by raising the standard of mental and moral excellence, become the vicegerent of God himself, and his instrument in the regeneration of the race.

RIZPAH.

THE day lay dying on the far summits of Judea's purple mountains ! The drapery of her cloud-pavilion was rich in goldenness and beauty, and around her couch stood the courtiers and attendants, whose gorgeous robes were to pale with the parting of her sceptre. Yet for a time she lingered amid all the pomp and regalia of her short-lived royalty, with the golden circlet of the declining sun resting upon her youthful brow !

Beneath this scene of glory, and not less beautiful, lay, like some splendid panorama, the goodly land of Palestine. The sombre green of the olive groves had caught the smile of the dying day, and raised their snowy blossoms more caressingly to heaven. The harvest plains awaited the reaper's hand, and the summer lay sleeping like some flower-crowned cherub in the bright green valleys that peacefully severed the sloping hills.

The sacred Jordan rolled onward its yellow waves in majestic grandeur, now chafing into foam against the wild luxuriance that fretted its margin with living emerald, anon upheaving, as from some exhausted mine, a thousand golden ripples, and again, with a dark and troubled flow it hasted to quench its billows, whose birthplace had been the snow-summits of the distant Lebanon, in the baleful waters of the sea of death ! The sky and earth, enamoured of each other, seemed reading to man a gentle homily of love and happi-

ness, lulling him into a sweet forgetfulness that the fair scene around was not the primal paradise fresh from its Maker's hand! But, alas! there were eyes, tears, moistened eyes, that saw no glory in that sky, no beauty in that earth! Hearts — crushed, broken hearts, that thrilled with no joyfulness at such an awakening of the beautiful; for the day, whose farewell had been so glorious, had witnessed a fearful, a bloody tragedy in Judah! The red right-hand of vengeance had arrested the princes of the house of Saul, and on the hill of Gibeah they had expiated, with their lives, the faithlessness and cruelty of their royal father to the enslaved and devoted Gibeonites, and thereby stayed the famine that betokened the wrath of heaven upon his chosen people.

The sacred chronicler has left no record of those who thus perished in the bloom and strength of their early manhood, save that the sins of the fathers were fearfully visited upon the children by Him to whom belongeth vengeance! But we need not seek to lift the curtain of silence that veils their history; whether worthy or unworthy, noble in character as in birth, we ask not. It suffices to know, that in the heart of her who bore them, they were loved with that “deep, strong, deathless tenderness, that lives but in a mother's heart!” Two of these unfortunate offspring of a kingly line were the sons of Rizpah, and death had despoiled her of her treasures.

But, in the death of one whom we love with the heart's mightiest idolatry, there is a *drop of mercy*, when that friend, after nights of weariness and days of anguish, sweetly resigns, with a prepared and willing spirit, this coil terrestrial for the vestments of the celestial paradise, — when the last fond look rests upon us in unutterable affection, — the hand's last pressure thrills our own, and the sculptured marble, more beautiful even than when warm with the

mystery of life, lingers in our presence till it has unfadingly daguerreotyped itself in the chambers of remembrance, then to be laid in an *honored* grave to slumber till the eternal morn. I say, under these circumstances, there is a star of consolation that struggles dimly through the thick darkness of the woe-stricken spirit! But to see disgrace and shame coiling like loathed monsters about our idols, blackening and polluting the names we had written on our very hearts' tablets, and entwined with the fairest flowers of innocence and love! Oh, this is agony, in comparison of which, all *common* sorrow is but as the scattered drops that prelude the full burst of the lightning-winged tempest! What imagination can adequately picture the dark anguish of that lonely widow in Judah, as she goes forth from her royal home, where she had daintily shared the soft refinements of a court, with her sackcloth in hand? Timid as is her woman's nature, that ever asks for shelter and protection, she seems unmindful of the gathering darkness that is folding the earth in its brooding wings, as she takes her solitary way to Mount Gibeah, where hang the lifeless bodies of her sons.

At that solemn hour, in the presence of that company of the dead, whose distorted and ghastly features might well have sent back the warm blood from the cheek of the strong man, who had grown familiar with many a bloody field, did this lone woman spread her sackcloth couch. The rugged rock pillowed her gentle head, the sackcloth chafed her delicate limbs, but she felt them not. There is a grief, that in its mastery overcomes every effeminate custom, every luxurious habit, every desire ministered to by taste and elegance, and to which *privation* and *destitution* are *luxurious*. There is a grief that could render that rock-couch on the mountain summit, canopied by the nightly firmament, and sentinelled by the grim corpses of the slain, a downier one than

that beneath whose silken tapestry slumbers the heir of a regal crown.

The night deepened! The stars came out, one by one, from the chambers of heaven, till a thousand loving eyes seemed watchful over the sleeping earth! The mountain breeze swept past with a chilling breath, and the solemn majesty of night inspired the soul with reverence!

The wild beasts, whose lair was the thickets of the Jordan or the mountain solitudes of Judea, ever and anon disturbed the fearful silence with their howlings, while the birds of prey flapped their huge wings ominously in the distance, and sent forth a piercing cry that added horror to that midnight scene! Still Rizpah lingered, the guardian of her dead, unconscious of fear or danger. As if awed by the majesty of sorrow that thus inspired with superhuman energy this solitary, defenceless woman, the ravenous beasts, famishing for food and thirsty for blood, turned back to their dens, while the vulture and the eagle sought their eyries, disappointed of their repast!

Morning broke upon the hills with a serene and quiet loveliness, and again the sun sent down his piercing rays upon the land he warms into beauty and fertility; still she turned not homeward her footsteps, for her dead were unsepulchred. Again and again came and went the fearful night. Still she lingered till the strange devotion of her woman's heart had aroused the admiration and sympathy of the king, through whom she saw the remains of her loved deposited in the burial-place of the house of Saul.

This is woman's affection! this is a mother's love! There is a moral sublimity in this passion, that awes the soul! It scorns the sordid bonds of mere interest! It can exist in all its strength, without personal or even mental charms for its aliment! It can robe with an ideal loveliness those whom the world has cast off in its scorn, defying

danger, obloquy, and contempt ! It lives alike fresh and verdant, amid all Time's changes, whether pillowing the soft cheek of infancy, or resting with pride on the manly brow ; whether playing with a lambent glory around the couch of the departing, or weeping at the sepulchre, when all other tears have ceased to flow.

Peace, oh desolate one, if thou hast a mother on the earth ! The world may forsake thee, thine own familiar friend may speak with an altered tone, — “ weary with the march of life ” thou mayest rejoice to find the grave, — but know that its sod shall be moistened with precious tears, and thy memory, fresh, pure, bright as the dew of the morning, shall linger in *one* human heart till the last pulsation shall consign the clay it animated to thy own lowly bed, to rest by thy side till the dawn of an immortal day.

TO MY MOTHER,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER DEATH.



FOUR years have passed away, mother,
Four weary years to me,
Since thou to earth didst bid farewell,
A brighter home to see.
And though in this sad world of change,
My heart hath often sighed,
To see the eyes that wept a friend,
Of tears so quickly dried.

Yet all thou'st been to me, mother,
How can I e'er forget?
Thy image *lives* within my heart,
In memory's jewels set;
And time, that from the canvass steals
Its beauty fresh and fair,
Shall seek in vain to lay his hand
On what I've treasured there.

Four times hath gentle spring, mother,
With soft and airy tread,
With living green renewed the turf
That crowns thy lowly bed;

And love's untiring hand hath taught
Full many a flow'ret rare,
Its wealth of beauty to disclose,
And breathe its perfume there.

And when to that loved spot, mother,
My pilgrimage I've made,
And felt how all I cherished most,
Within thy grave was laid, —
How to the yearning, trusting heart,
But *one such friend* is given;
No tie on earth hath seemed so sweet
As that which links to heaven.

But though thy gentle voice, mother,
On earth no more we hear,
Like some sweet melody of night,
That charms the list'ning ear, —
Yet voice there needeth not to tell
That the fountains of thy love,
Which made earth's path so green and bright,
Still gush for thine above.

I've read in heavenly truth, mother,
That spirits pure and bright,
With sheltering wings infold us here,
And guide our steps aright.
Then oh, my mother, let me feel
That *thou my angel* art,
To cheer, to bless, to shield from harm,
And peace and joy impart.

Then with a strong high heart, mother,
I'll meet the ills of life;

Stand in my lot with dauntless trust,
And conquer in the strife ;
And the fond hope shall cheer me here,
That when the watchword's given,
My dust shall rest with thine on earth,
My soul with thine in heaven.

THE MOMENT OF SUCCESS.

IN the fair bowers of Paradise, ere the serpent had accomplished his deadly work, or the tree of knowledge yielded its fatal gift, labor and care were unknown. Fruitful nature yielded, unsought, her richest treasures, and the bounties of heaven, gently as its own dew, descended upon man, demanding no return, save gratitude and enjoyment. But when he had passed the precincts of that happy place, for ever closed against him, by the flaming sword of the angelic guard, far different were the conditions of his being. In the sweat of his brow was he to eat his bread; with labor, toil, and suffering, was he to purchase all earthly good. Stern as was this decree of the Almighty, mercy was enclosed therein, — dark as was the cloud of human destiny, the rainbow of peace and joy was planted upon it. Rest was to be doubly sweet after toil, — prosperity more bright after adversity, — success more glorious after obstacles surmounted and difficulties vanquished. True it was, the soft vales of Paradise were no longer to be his inheritance, and the bright inhabitants of heaven his familiar guests no more; yet some flowerets of bliss, lovely as those of Eden, were to gladden his exile with their beauty, and still be to him and his descendants the sweet teachers in the lessons of happiness. Yes, surely, in this desolate world,

“Some moments are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.”

some brief seasons, which fully compensate for years of

toil and pain, bringing to the soul an intensity of enjoyment, which makes it conscious of its vast capabilities of happiness, when the fetters of mortality shall be broken. In the arrangements of Infinite Wisdom, such feelings have been decreed to man, as the reward of exertion in the attainment of laudable objects, — the laurel crown of well-directed effort. No faculty of our being, exercised in its proper sphere, can fail to bring this promised blessing. And though all experience this happiness in *kind*, from the child who triumphantly sees his tiny house stand secure, to the sovereign who beholds successfully carried out his vast plans for a nation's welfare, yet the *degree* must depend on the *greatness* of that purpose, and the *difficulties* that have impeded its accomplishment.

Who can know what a moment was that for Columbus, when, after years of untiring but ever baffled effort for the attainment of his favorite object, after a thousand dangers of an unknown ocean, and many a sleepless and anxious night, he saw floating near his vessel a green herb, the joyful herald to his troubled spirit, and the long sought object of his ardent hopes! And when these joyful anticipations were confirmed by the sight of that lovely island, reposing upon the ocean in all its greenness and beauty, inhabited by an unknown race, perhaps the neighbor of a mighty continent, which was by him to be bequeathed to the world, and become the perpetual monument of his fame; what emotions must have filled his soul! A joy so pure, so deep, so concentrated, as to have outweighed whole years of suffering! What though his childhood had been spent in the midst of dangers and privations, and the fountains of joy, peculiar to that happy season, to him almost unknown? What though the bright dreams of his youthful imagination were indulged in the silence of solitude, finding in no sympathizing breast an answering chord; and the deep yearnings

of his enthusiastic nature made known, only to be chilled and repressed, by the disapprobation of dull mediocrity? What though his more mature years were marked by disappointment and sorrow, and that agony which a noble mind can so deeply feel when, conscious of its own greatness, and the loftiness and integrity of its purposes, it finds them unappreciated, or met with indifference or contempt? What though he had left the shores of Spain amid the jeers and maledictions of the spectators, denounced as visionary, a mark for the finger of scorn, with a world of dread uncertainty present to his imagination, and none to ask the blessing of heaven on an enterprise so chimerical, or commend him to that Being, who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand? Was there ever prospect so gloomy, ever circumstances so disheartening? But in that moment of success, in the realization of all those brilliant hopes of life's fair morning, in the actual possession of the goal, to gain which his whole life had been consecrated to self-denial and suffering, the trials of the past were remembered no more. He was to return to his adopted land in triumph, to see himself an object of applause and admiration, where but late he had been one of pity and contempt; to be welcomed to the presence of royalty, bearing with him a gift that even majesty would be proud to accept, the gift of a new world.

From Columbus we turn to another of the sons of genius, one who discovered not a world, but the secret and invisible chain that binds all worlds,—the immortal Newton. We are told by his biographer, that when he perceived the great law of gravitation,—a law whose existence for years he had suspected, and labored to prove, was to be established beyond a doubt by his calculations, so deeply was he affected by the grandeur of the discovery, and the astonishing effects resulting from it, that he was obliged to commit to the firmer hand and cooler judgment of a friend, the com-

pletion of what was to give his name to immortality. It was a triumph of intellect, that shook the pillars of the frail tenement that obstructed its far-seeing vision and limited its heavenward aspirations. What had he not accomplished? Truly, he had become the high-priest of science, and entered within the veil never before lifted to mortal vision! Before him was spread out the illimitable universe, with its systems of worlds, all revolving in their aerial and unwearyed journeying in allegiance to that simple but grand and beautiful law, that brought the apple to the ground. What though, since touched by the hand of Omnipotence, the complicated machinery of the material world had moved in "solemn silence," it was now compelled, at the mandate of genius, to disclose its secrets, and reveal to mortal ear its harmonies. In that moment of success, he must have felt that his name henceforth was to be linked with the beautiful order of the universe, and his fame written in the heavens.

On the page of history stands another name, more dear to every American heart than that of the discoverer of this vast continent, or the promulgator of nature's hidden laws, — our own beloved Washington. In the glorious success that crowned his noble purposes and indefatigable exertions for his country's good, another bright example is left to the aspirant after those imperishable honors, that encircle the brow of him who becomes the benefactor of his race. Do they not bid him, when he feels within him the upspringing of a lofty sentiment, a consciousness of powers that may contribute to the elevation of men, to press through difficulties and dangers, with duty for his watchword, and the arm of Omnipotence for his defence, till the object is attained, the victory won? And how boundless is the field of laudable ambition! True, in no far distant ocean may an unknown world be awaiting the approach of genius

to give it a name in the annals of time, — no grand universal truth may at his bidding, stand confessed to the admiration of the world, — nor like Washington may it be his to bring to a successful issue, a great political revolution, and to be the founder of a republic, whose name is a distinguished star in the constellation of nations. Along these bright paths his destiny may not lead him; yet let him remember that in the moral and physical world the cause of truth still calls for champions, that from the great heart of humanity may still be heard the unceasing groan, extorted by suffering, ignorance, and guilt; that the field of doing good is everywhere ripe unto harvest, and success certain, if the spirit faints not. Nor should he forget, that in this struggle for the supremacy of the nobler principles of our nature, the lowliest soldier, if he stands his ground, and fearlessly unsheathes his weapon, contributes to the victory, and will share the reward; that every noble thought, sent forth from his own soul, will find, like the winged seed, its resting-place, and perchance nerve some arm more vigorous than his own, or like a wheel within a wheel, set in motion the energies of some spirit, that shall prove to the world a Washington or a Newton. In the noble cause of good to man, surely none should despair, for

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time
* * * * *
“Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.”

TIS THE LAST OF EARTH; I AM
CONTENT.

DYING WORDS OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.

BRIGHT were its joys, as the paradise flower
That swayed to the zephyr's soft wing;
They brought to my heart a glorious dower,
Like the roseate wealth of spring.
And I wreathed Life's mantling cup around,
While its wine gushed sparkling o'er;
But Earth's Marah drops in the draught I found —
I am content to quaff no more.

Its hopes were like birds of a tropic clime,
With their winglets of rainbow light;
They filled with sweet visions my morning prime,
Till the mystic future grew bright;
But the leaflets have fallen from fancy's bowers,
And my gay plumaged hopes have flown;
Their music hath died with the vanished hours,
And memory weepeth alone.

Farewell to the fame I've struggled to gain,
In the thick-tented field of life!
When with heart mail clad, a maddened brain,
I rushed to the desperate strife.
With the garland I snatched the thorn was twined,
And a blight on the myrtle lay!

No more false glory bedazzles my mind,
Away with earth's honors ! away !

Life's sorrows no more my torn heart shall know,
That with change and with chance hath striven ;
No more shall it mourn lost treasures below,
When its quivering life-chords are riven !
But faith hath caught visions of brighter worth,
Where rest to the weary is given ;
I joy to find the Omega of earth !
Death opes to the Alpha of heaven !

THE HEROIC WOMEN OF ROME.

THE history of Rome! What a treasure-house of intellectual wealth does it furnish,—gems untarnished by the finger of time, gleaming faintly from the darkness of ages, like the stars of night, far off, but glorious and sublime! It is an inexhaustible ore, where mind of every order may search, nor find its toil in vain. To the spirit that thirsts for military glory, or the triumphal car of a nation's admiration, she holds up the example of her Cæsars and her Scipios. For him who would bind a listening multitude in willing bondage by the golden chain of heavenly eloquence till every individual intellect was lost in the one master-mind, she has her Ciceros; for the historian and poet, her Livys and Virgils; for the statesman, her rich lore of political wisdom, her examples of patriotism, so stern and unyielding as to silence the strong pleadings of nature, and to lay them a sacrifice on the country's altar,—a gift acceptable to the gods.

But has she no chaplet for the brow of woman? When weary of life's petty cares and the dull commonplace of every-day existence, or disgusted with the heartlessness of her flatterers and the world's hollow smiles, her spirit would fain escape for a time from the present, and fold its tired pinion amid the glorious memories of the past,—is there no example of heroic virtue, the contemplation of which would impart new energy to a fainting heart, and from which she would return to the duties of her sphere, more strong to act,

more patient to suffer? She turns with horror from the blood-written page of the warrior's achievements, for glory is for her no talismanic word. Her fancy hears, in the proud moment of victory, but the groans of the dying,—sees but the despair of families bereaved, and the sacred ties of social life wantonly sundered by the sword of ambition; and her woman's heart, made for the tender sympathies of life, sickens at the thought. She reads not, indeed, without interest, of the grand and spirit-stirring events that live in the history of this proud nation; but alas! what practical wisdom may she draw from thence to crown with a new halo the sanctuary of home? Her place is there, and naught relating to conquest or to empire can throw a charm over her lowly duties.

But she does not turn in vain the page of history for examples of heroism in woman. There, beautiful and bright, stands Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, the noble daughter of the great Africanus. She was a woman whose qualities of mind and heart were of so exalted an order, they needed not the reflected lustre of her splendid lineage. Her heroic self-reliance, her astonishing fortitude and calmness in the heaviest afflictions a human being can suffer, her magnanimity of soul, are unparalleled in the annals of history. Having followed to the grave her husband and nine of her children, she did not fold around her the mantle of sorrow and sit down in despair. She did not indulge in the selfishness of grief, nor say to her tears, From henceforth ye shall be my sole comforters. Oh no, such a course was not for Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. Though the arch destroyer had been at her casket of gems, he had not taken them all. Three of her children yet remained to her, and she resolved to lay aside the habiliments of sorrow, and deck herself with these her jewels. For them she was now to live; to make them a gift acceptable to her country, was

now her sole ambition. Her beauty, her talents, her virtues, won for her universal admiration, and the hand of a king was proffered her, and a seat on Egypt's magnificent throne. Was she not ambitious? Surely she could not resist so potent an allurements as this. But behold Cornelia, like a true woman, though the laws of society and public opinion stood ready, like powerful attorneys, to remove all scruples, she felt that her heart was now widowed, that the memory of the dead was still its lord, — that her children were a coronet more rich in value than the wealth of a monarch could confer, and she refused the gift.

All the energies of her noble character were devoted to the education of her sons, and she had the happiness to see them, under her auspices, animated by the most patriotic devotion to their country, and long the sternest champions and defenders of its liberties. She saw them the favorites of the people, generous in character, brave and intrepid in war, and excellent magistrates, eloquent pleaders for the oppressed, and filling with dignity the highest places the State could confer on her virtuous citizens. Well might her mother's pride be gratified; well might she feel that she had not lived in vain; that in her country's crown her jewels shone with no insignificant lustre.

But she was yet to experience a calamity more terrible than any she had hitherto endured. She was to see these jewels trampled in the dust, — her noble sons the victims of the hatred and fury of their enemies, — even their lifeless bodies mangled and disgraced in the streets of their native city, and denied the honors of sepulture. Cornelia was a woman and a mother. What was now to become of her? Surely the deep waters had come in upon her; and was there enough of moral power left to buffet these waves of affliction, and turn them back from their work of destruction? Let the muse of history speak, who has with a sun-

beam recorded her greatness. She bore all these misfortunes with a noble magnanimity, and said of the consecrated place where her sons lost their lives, "They were monuments worthy of them."

She took up her residence at Mesenum, and made no alteration in her manner of living. As she had many friends, her house was the seat of a noble hospitality. Greeks, and other men of letters, she always had with her; and all the kings in alliance with Rome expressed their regard by sending her presents, and receiving the like civilities in return. She made herself agreeable to her guests by acquainting them with many particulars of her father, Scipio Africanus, and his manner of living. But what they most admired in her was, that in speaking of her sons, she could recount their actions and sufferings without a sigh or tear, as if she had been giving a narrative of some ancient heroes. Some, therefore, imagined that age, and the greatness of her misfortunes, had deprived her of understanding and sensibility; but those who were of that opinion seem rather to have wanted understanding themselves, since they knew not how much a noble mind may, by liberal education, be enabled to support itself against distress; and though, in the pursuit of rectitude, fortune may often defeat the purposes of virtue, yet virtue, in bearing affliction, can never lose her prerogative.

From Cornelia we turn to the heroic women to whom Rome was indebted for her preservation, in the season of her greatest peril; when one of her own sons, in the person of Coriolanus, stood at her gates at the head of the sworn enemies of his country, thirsting for revenge, and resolved upon her destruction. The city was unprepared for defence; it was torn with faction, filled with sedition, terror, and confusion, — tears flowing down the cheeks of aged men, — the altars of the gods besieged with supplications, and the peo-

ple in despair. It was resolved to send a deputation, composed of the noblest senators and the warmest friends of him who was now an enemy to his country; but they were received with scorn, and haughtily told that peace would be granted only on his own severe conditions. When the time given them for the consideration of his terms had expired, a second embassy was sent, and still more sternly answered. What was to be done? To save the sinking republic there was one last resort,—the casting of the sacred anchor. The priests and ministers of the gods, clad in their sacerdotal robes, armed with all the insignia of their holy office, and all the dignity of their sacred function,—men before whom he was wont to bow in profound veneration, were despatched with full confidence of success. But still inexorable, the same haughty answer was given—to accept the conditions, or prepare for war. Unhappy Rome! The wisdom of thy senators, thy appeals to the gods, thy priests and divines, thy guardians of the sacred mysteries, could avail nought. Must the commonwealth perish by the hand of a traitor? No. It was still to live, and owe its salvation to woman!

Valeria, the sister of the great Publicola, comes forth from the temple of Jupiter, where, with the most illustrious matrons, she had been supplicating her country's safety,—with no look of despair, for she has devised an expedient; she has dared to cherish a hope for deliverance. They repair to the mansion of Volumnia, the mother of him in whose hands was the destiny of Rome. They find her sitting in sorrow with Virgilia and her children, sympathizing in a common calamity. Why intrude they thus on the privacy of grief? Have they come to offer them condolence, and mingle their tears? No, such was not their mission. It was no time for tears, or woman's weakness. The country, the country in peril, was the one thought. With

words of encouragement, drawn from examples in their own history of woman's power to disarm even vengeance of its purpose, they ask the wife and mother of Coriolanus to accompany them to the hostile camp, to supplicate the enemy to spare his bleeding country, or die at his feet. But where were they going? At the unwonted sight of the bristled ranks of a vindictive soldiery, and all the paraphernalia of "grim-visaged war," would not their native timidity return, and their magnanimous purpose be forgotten? No. These were Roman women, and what they could purpose, that would they execute. They made an appeal, not of tears alone, but with the power of reason, and full of eloquence. He embraces them, mingles his tears with theirs, but is silent. Will he relent? He is bound to the Volscians, and has sworn to be revenged on his country. Shall his purpose be broken? Shall he yield to the entreaties of a woman? Is it not weakness, and what will be the fearful consequences to him from those whose cause he has espoused? He hesitates. Volumnia, his mother, and Virgilia, his wife, with her children, throw themselves at his feet; the struggle between duty and inclination is a fearful one, but it is past. He raises them from the ground with tenderness, and exclaims, "Oh, mother, you have saved your country, but lost your son! I go, vanquished by you alone!" With the tidings of peace they return to Rome, and are hailed as the deliverers of their country. For their success in this noble mission, they were treated with distinguished honors, and by order of the senate a temple was erected at the public expense to the "Fortune of Women," commemorative of that exalted patriotism that triumphs over the tenderest personal feeling.

On the wife of Cæsar the historian has pronounced an enviable eulogy,—"the triumphs of her husband never inspired her with presumption, nor his reverses with dejection."

tion." No change of manner ever designated to others when she was the wife of the senator, or the wife of the master of the world. Of the sister of Lucius Cæsar, and mother of Antony, we are told that when, in accordance with the orders of that terrible triumvirate whose decrees were so fatal to the republic, his murderers had broken into the house and were forcing their way to his chamber, she placed herself at the door, and stretching forth her hands, she cried, "You shall not kill Lucius Cæsar till you have first killed me, the mother of your general!" At the majesty of virtue, and the dignity of her mien, the assassins started back, powerless to execute their bloody purpose.

Of the magnanimity of Portia, the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus, we have a remarkable proof. Seeing her husband often buried in thought, with a countenance of deep anxiety, as if he was meditating some dangerous and fearful enterprise, she desired to share his secret counsels, and to aid and solace by her sympathy his agitated spirit; yet she resolved not to ask his confidence, till by a severe, self-inflicted wound, she had made a trial of her firmness in the endurance of physical suffering. When she found herself proof against pain she presented her claims, and received ever after, what she so richly merited, a free and generous confidence.

These are a few of the bright galaxy of names that time with his effacing finger has not been able to erase from the historic page. There they shine in all their native lustre, as an encouragement to woman to nerve herself to noble and generous action. Let her not imagine that her lot is too humble, her sphere too narrow, for the exercise of the sublime attributes of humanity. Though her path may be "along the cool, sequestered vale of life," spanned by no triumphal arch, though no trumpet of fame may blazon to an applauding multitude her heroic deeds, or reward them

with public place or emolument, though from the sway of the affections she may be deficient in intellectual power, and feel her inability to develop the laws of nature, or add new wealth to the treasury of science, yet let her remember that moral is superior to mental greatness, and that to follow the great principles of human duty is a nobler work than to trace with far-seeing eye the progress of the stars. Her place in the economy of Providence is not a less distinguished one than that of the philosopher who interprets the secrets of nature, or the statesman those of government. It is hers to make a Pantheon of the temple of home, where every virtue may find itself a household divinity, to strew with flowers life's wearisome pilgrimage, and to prepare by her faithful instruction the minds committed to her teaching for her country and her God. Surely the mission of woman is one of no inferior dignity. Let her awake to a sense of her high destiny, and arm herself with energy and moral power; and though, like Cornelia, she may be deprived of every prop on which she was wont to lean, and behold the destruction of her fondest hopes, like her may she rise superior to affliction, not forgetting that her commission in the ranks of duty expires but with life, and that the smile of cheerfulness is still to gladden the heart, to become her watchword and living inspiration. From the wife of Cæsar she may learn that equanimity of character which can wear with modesty the laurels of prosperity, and, like the night-blooming flower, look up with serenity and hope in the darkness of adversity. In the example of Portia she is taught that sympathy with suffering, and that firmness of mind that will make her deserving of unlimited confidence; and though, like Volumnia, she never may be called upon to save her perishing country, yet, when true to her high destiny, she may, by a salutary moral influence, impart to it a principle of vitality and strength that shall ever preserve it from ruin.

THE BAPTISM.

It was the holy Sabbath ! silence seemed
To drop her prophet-mantle, as she rose
O'er the vast human hive, whose thronged streets
Had echoed through the licensed week with sounds
Tumultuous, as those that erst were heard
On Shinar's plain, — when God came down to see
The heaven-aspiring monument of pride
And arrogance in man !

The busy din had ceased.
Traffic, careworn, his golden coffers closed,
And commerce furl'd her ensigns. Toil had rest ;
And Penury doff'd her livery of woe.
The "peace, be still," seemed wafted down to earth
On angel wing, and passion's waves lay hushed
Beneath the gentle spell !

The chimes had tolled the hour for prayer,
And silently the reverent multitude
Filled up the vast cathedral's space, where art
Aspired to rear a structure worthy him
Who dwelleth not in temples made with hands,
Yet deigneth his abode, where'er a heart
In humble penitence its sin hath mourned !
A sombre gloom, like the deep forest shades,
Religious awe inspired, and chastened roving thought ;
While richly streaming from each gorgeous pane,
The rainbow light its living radiance poured,

As Grief and Hope were met in glad embrace.
In snowy vestments stood the priest of God,
Meet emblems of that spotless innocence,
That well beseemeth him, whose lips have breathed
The holy vows of world-renunciation ;
Yet the dark scarf that o'er his shoulders hung,
Revealed the lingering sin, whose stain can ne'er
Be purged, till the freed spirit shall put on
Her robes of immortality.
In prostrate attitude the humbled soul
Had mourned its wanderings from its God.
The wondrous Tome, replete with heavenly lore
That angel mind ne'er fathomed, had told out
Its oracles of peace and joy to man.

The solemn ritual ceased, —
And sacred stillness filled the holy place,
As when the glory of the Lord possessed
The gorgeous fane, upreared by Israel's king.
A group approached the altar — with a gift
More precious far than eastern Magi brought,
To greet their Saviour King. Gold, and myrrh,
The tributes rich of Araby's blest land,
How paltry and how vain, compared with this,
A soul immortal — fresh in being, — pure
As the virgin snow-flake, ere 't is stained
By touch of earth, — presented to its God
With sacramental vows, sealed with the rite
Of holy baptism !

Folded in the arms
Of him who ministered in heavenly things,
Upon the cherub face of that fair child,
Fell from the marble font the cleansing dew
In hallowed drops, to that great name above —
The sacred Three in One ! — while on the brow,

Where thought, and care, and sin no lines had traced,
Was drawn the symbol of that suffering one,
Who knew all human sorrow.

Again devotion bent her knee in prayer,
And faith's all-soaring pinion upward bore
The earthly name, at holy shrine bestowed,
That it henceforth might be with seraph pen,
Inscribed within the Lamb's own Book of Life.

And now resounded through the temple vast,
Playing and circling round the fretted dome,
The triumph swell of the full organ choir,
In wave on wave of heavenly harmony !
Till the rapt soul, on the loud pæan borne,
Conceives herself in glory's vestibule,
And hears angelic harps, and trumpet notes,
Proclaim the victory o'er sin to Him
Who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb
Forever and forevermore !

REFLECTIONS ON AUTUMN.

How harmoniously doth nature combine instruction and delight in all her varied teachings! Each passing season bequeathes to man its golden legacy of moral precepts; and though the poet has sung mournfully over the decaying glories of autumn's "melancholy days," and moralists of all time found him a preacher of a sad countenance, yet not more eloquently doth the falling leaf discourse on the brevity of life and the frailty of human hopes, than doth the meek floweret that folds its petals, and breathes out its fragrant life on the bosom of spring, or the gayer children of summer, as one by one they yield up their beauteous existence to their mother earth. Yes, spring and summer, blooming daughters of the year, and rich in youthful loveliness, have, equally with faded autumn, their sybil leaves, on which are inscribed truths of deep import, prophetic of human destiny. The vernal nursling — fairy child of the sunshine and shower — perishing from our sight, emblems the human blossom, cut down by the destroying angel in its first blush of beauty, leaving behind stricken hearts, who with it had committed to dust their shrine of earthly hopes. And the successive departure of the fair "sisterhood of flowers," followed by the consignment of the withered leaf to its kindred earth, most emphatically echoes the melancholy strain, "Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!" Thus do the sad changes of nature become the priestesses of God's

earthly temple, revealing, by their oracular sayings to the listening spirit, the deep mysteries of life. Each season has its images of joy and sorrow, of renovation and decay, of life and death, alternately touching the chords of the immaterial spirit, and making it vibrate in answering tones of happiness or misery. Spring is not a season of uninterrupted brightness, to delude man with chimerical visions of unmingled felicity on earth, nor autumn one of perpetual gloom, to close for ever in his breast the sweet blossoms of hope, and make him the child of despair; so no mortal destiny, however bright, but hath some dark cloud to mar its ethereal blue, some serpent to coil around the loveliest flower; nor, blessed be the Giver of good! none so dark but some faint star of bliss may pierce its gloom, no heart so reft and desolate, that hath not some sweet spring of comfort welling up in the sterile waste, making for the fainting and weary spirit a little oasis, that the world knoweth not of. If the sepulchral echo may ever and anon be heard amid the bowers of spring, and the festal glories of summer, let it teach the votary of pleasure, and the devotee of the world, the baseless fabric of their temporal enjoyments; while the bright gleams of sunshine that beautify the desolation of autumn, shall speak of comfort to the sorrowing heart, and of a pure drop of bliss, even in life's mingled cup. True, the forests are now despoiled of their "coronal of leaves," and earth's verdant covering shows the footprints of the destroyer, yet, as if in sympathy with grief, the soft, mild rays of an autumnal sun play over the desolate grounds, and smile through the shorn and dismantled branches as sweetly as when revelling amid the magnificence of summer. How beautiful an emblem of undying friendship! Can the heart that has deeply and fervently loved, ever stray from the object wherein it had garnered its hopes and happiness, when the winds of adversity have

despoiled that object of every external charm, and desolation and sorrow marked it for their own? Never! The ray of pure affection is like the loving sunbeams, that, while they light up and smile upon the landscape, teach it to forget the vernal bloom and loveliness it has lost. How like, too, is this brightness of nature in her desolation to that faith, that can throw over earth's barren and desert scenes the hues of heaven, and illumine the loneliest pathway thereto with a gleam from that "better land." Thus may all seasons, and the changing aspects of the material world, contribute to the moral education of him who reverently walketh amid the majesty of nature, and listeneth to her deep melodies that the delicate nerve of the inner spirit can alone discern. And, though the autumn winds may sing their melancholy dirge over the wreck of summer's loveliness, his mind, baptized in the pure fountains of knowledge, knows that no particle of all that Deity hath created can know destruction; but that the elements even of the "sear and yellow leaf," shall again reappear under the skilful hand of heaven's inimitable artist, in new combinations of beauty and grandeur. Thus will the contemplative mind be awed "by the great miracle that ever goeth on,— 'the perpetual work of creation, finished, yet renewed for ever;'" and in the very bosom of human frailty will read the glorious truth, "that death shall be swallowed up in life, and the mortal be clothed with immortality."

TO MY MOTHER.

THEY tell me thou art dead, —
That life, with all its heritage of woes,
With thee is o'er. That thou hast yielded up
Thy spirit to thy Maker, — e'en to that God
Whom thou didst choose, in life's fair, cloudless morn,
To be thy portion and thy treasure here, —
Thy everlasting all beyond the grave.
And did he then forsake thee, when the night
Of sorrow brooded o'er thy soul, and clouds
And darkness quenched each ray of earthly hope, —
When fell consumption fastened on thy frame,
Made its abode the citadels of life,
And hung its fearful signals on thy face, —
The eye's unearthly lustre, with the brow
Of settled paleness, — and the hectic rose,
That blooms but for the grave ; — when suffering
And pain — death's sad precursors — had fulfilled
His stern commission, and prepared the way
For the approach of the all-conquering one, —
Did he forsake thee then, and leave thy soul,
Whose faith in his almighty arm had been
Its fast bound anchor 'mid the storms of life ?
Ah no ! They tell me that thy dying bed
Was a rich feast of wisdom, — that thy hopes
Were strong and bright, and pinioned for the skies, —

That dove-like peace her pure and angel wing
Had folded on thy brow; that from thy lips
The words of trust and holy confidence
Did fall like precious pearls; that he, thy God,
Would be the guardian of the stricken ones,
Who wept around thy bed, — yea, and of her
Who, far away, thy pillow might not smoothe, —
Nor clasp thy hand — nor pour her burning tears
With kindred ones — nor listen to the voice,
Whose heavenly teachings, and whose last farewell
Had made her memory's treasure.

Is it so?

And art thou gone, my mother? Shall I ne'er
Again behold thy cherished form, to which
My childhood clung in fond and trusting love?
Nor listen to the voice whose tones had power
To soothe my soul in sorrow, — calm its fears,
And throw a halo o'er my darkest days, —
Ne'er gaze upon thine eye, in whose dear depths
A mother's love lay hidden? Never more
To feel thy tears of joy upon my cheek,
When after absence I returned to meet
Thy fond embrace, — nor, at the parting hour,
To hear invoked upon thy cherished child,
Heaven's richest blessing?

Alas! my home!

The one dear spot of all the earth, to which .
My memory clings, — the gathering place
Of those affections, warm, and deep, and pure,
That ever make the spring-time of the soul, —
How shall I meet thee more? Will it not seem
As if the "silver cord" that bound my heart

To that most loved and sacred spot, was loosed,
The "golden bowl" was broken that contained
My soul's fond treasure? — as if heaven's light
Had fled with her sweet smile? — each household thing
Be gifted with a voice, to wake to life
Slumbering memory? — to tell the heart
Of its bereavement, with a power to probe
Anew its bleeding wounds? Will not each face
Wear that sad look, more eloquent than words
To speak of her, whose step no more is heard?
Will not our meeting strange and mournful be,
In silence and in sorrow? and my soul
Be crushed to earth beneath its mountain weight
Of lonely solitude?

Be still, my heart!

Rely on him whose sovereign word is pledged
Ne'er to forsake the soul that trusts his love, —
'T was he who sent the arrow — bade thee bleed —
That thou mightest know in sorrow's darkest hour
Where lay the balm of consolation pure.
She is removed — thy idol — give to God
The worship that belongs to him alone.

THE OCEAN MONARCH AND THE OCEAN HERO SAILOR.*

THERE is something in the vastness, the majesty, the awful solitude of ocean fitted to inspire the soul with emotions more profound, more elevated, than those arising from a contemplation of any other portion of the workmanship of heaven's Almighty Architect. With the voice of a charmer she speaks, and her tones have power to sever the silken bonds of social and domestic life. Obedient to her mandate, the son exiles himself from the prayers and tears of a fond mother,—from the gentle sympathy of loving sisters,—from the strong ties of brotherhood with his fellow man. The husband brushes from his manly cheek a tear, and bids adieu to the wife whom he has sworn to shelter beneath affection's downy wing from life's roughness and care. The father tears himself from the child, whose sweet innocence and helplessness have called forth those finer and softer sentiments, that like fairy flowers have crept into and beautified the rugged crevices of his sterner nature.

All other relationships are for the time severed when

* This noble vessel sailed from Liverpool, August 24, 1848, freighted with a valuable cargo, and having on board three hundred souls. Scarcely had the breeze filled the sails, when the terrible announcement was heard, "the ship is on fire." Frederick Jerome, "the ocean hero," belonging to the ship *New World*, risked without hesitation his life, and saved large a number of helpless persons from the burning wreck.

the mariner becomes the ocean's child. To her broad bosom he commits the floating tenement that shelters him, in the enthusiasm of confidence and hope. Her calm beauty in the stillness of repose, — her terrible sublimity in the rush of the tempest, — her crested waves, like avalanches from the mountain's brow, — the voice of the storm as it wantons with her breakers, all are to be to him henceforth familiar as household words.

With the magnificent panorama of the deep, with all her change, yet with all her immortality, — heavy with the flight of centuries, yet young and fresh as when the sons of God first shouted at her wondrous birth, — spread out around him; the glorious sky overspread like a tent over all; methinks there must be an expansiveness of soul, a magnanimity, a contempt of danger, a noble daring about the sailor, that such lofty images cannot fail to excite, and which are so rarely found in any other class of men.

On land, the petty details of life, the traffic and exchanges of business, the clashings of interest, the strifes, the emulations, weave their hardened coils around the heart, and man intrenches himself in his selfishness, forgetful of the broad claims of humanity upon him. Where he sees apparent want and suffering, he suspects duplicity, and thrusts back the kindly charities they elicited. What is fair and honorable in exterior, he fancies is only a mask to some hidden guile, and in all his commerce with his fellow men, he assumes it as a truth, that noble generosity and self-sacrifice are virtues that exist only in the abstract, and laughs at the folly that would attempt to make them pass current among men.

Even the calm security and quiet happiness of home, refining and mellowing as it may be in its influence, may foster only an enlarged selfishness, when man forgets the great truth, that in every man he is to recognize a brother.

But the true son of the ocean cherishes a soul capacious as the element he braves. Living as he does continually in the presence of danger, he clings not with undue tenacity to a life that a rising wave may at any moment extinguish. Yet he has so learned the omnipotence of efforts in the hour of peril, that he can calmly devise expedients, and execute them with a reckless daring, when his own life, or those of his fellow men are at "the hazard of the die." The storm fiend may lash into madness the foaming billows beneath him,—it may shatter his frail vessel, and threaten to engulf it in the angry waves; but in the breast of the sea-taught mariner it produces no agitation. Calm, self-possessed, undaunted, he meets the danger and conquers it, or dies heroically in the struggle. If there be one act more than another that impresses us with a sense of the grandeur of our nature, and of inborn nobility of soul, it is such a deed of heroism as lately transpired on board the ill-starred ship, so vainly termed the "Monarch of the Sea." On that narrow theatre, superior beings might have looked and felt there was that in man that well might claim a near affinity with themselves. Imagination may daguerreotype that scene; but the poverty of words is impotent to the task.

A poor sailor, unknown to fame, unthirsting for human applause or reward, from the free, generous, and magnanimous impulses of his own soul, offered himself in sacrifice, that he might rescue from the devouring flames, that were wreathing their tongues of fire around that doomed vessel, the remnant of its victims that despair had almost rendered maniacs. Beneath that burning wreck he stood like some heavenward commissioned angel, bearing from the very jaws of destruction woman in her helplessness, childhood unconscious of its danger, and old age paralyzed with the terror of the scene. When the claims of suffer-

ing humanity were all satisfied, when the life-boat had received her freight of souls, then was this vow performed, — then, and not till then, did he think of self-preservation. Here was true nobility in man, a nobility that puts to shame the pride of ancestry, the distinctions of caste, the assumptions of wealth. The vaunted heroism of the battle field shrinks away before it.

The pomp and circumstance of war, the thirst for fame, and the dread of a coward's doom have entwined the brow of many a hero with the laurel crown, whose heart never thrilled to one lofty, disinterested impulse, whose hand never performed one act of generous self-devotion. Even the laurels of the purest patriots have been wet with the "blood of many slain," and gemmed with the widow's and orphan's tears. The statesman's civic crown has too often been purchased by the surrender of the noblest and purest sentiments of the soul; but on the fame of this ocean hero there rests no stain to mar its lustre, — a purer and a nobler man never won. 'T is a golden chain, spanning the glorious element of his adoption, and proudly claimed by the Old World and the New. May both render to him the reward that is justly due to his heroic achievements!

But medals, and honors, and applause are but airy baubles compared with the calm self-consciousness of his noble deeds, and the sense of the high approval of Him, who graciously assures us, that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE FLOATING CHURCH.

LET the floods clap their hands, and o'ersweep
The wild thrilling harp of the sea,
Till the darkling chambers of the deep
Give back the sounding jubilee !
For the Church of God doth walk the wave
With a step all buoyant and free,
Like Him who trod, the helpless to save,
The storm lashed foam of Galilee !

Come hither, child of the ocean, come !
Earth hath no lovely haunts for thee,
Where the roof-tree waves, and flow'rets bloom,
Ah, points not there thy destiny ?
Thou hast seen the maniac tempest rage,
Where thy fleet, gallant barque hath trod, —
And on the broad sky's glittering page,
The lightning, *écriture* of God.

His *glory*, the grand and solemn main,
In the pomp of its flowing stole, —
As a true High-Priest, in nature's fane,
Hath proclaimed to thy list'ning soul !
But here thou shalt catch that softer strain,
That awakens the lyres above !
Of heavenly song, the sweet refrain —
To the guilty — “mercy and love !”

Then hasten, oh seaman bold and brave,
To man the sacred ocean-ark !
Fear not the storm, nor the crested wave,
It is the Saviour's glorious barque !
His cross-blazoned banner floats a mast —
His own right hand is on the helm —
Full swiftly life's billows shall be past,
And anchor cast at glory's realm !

Let the floods clap their hands, and o'ersweep
The wild thrilling harp of the sea,
Till the darkling chambers of the deep
Give back the sounding jubilee !
For the ark of God doth walk the wave,
With a step all buoyant and free,
Like Him who trod, the helpless to save,
The storm-lashed foam of Galilee.

REST IN THE LORD.

Rest in the Lord, 'tis the only sure anchor,
When the wild waves of sorrow over you roll,
Yield not to despair, that terrible canker,
That corrodes and destroys the strength of the soul.

Rest in the Lord, when the riches he gave you,
On wings of the morning their fleet course have sped,
In mansions of bliss, bright treasures await you,
More rich than the wealth of proud ocean's dark bed.

Rest in the Lord, when health's blushing roses
Turn pale on thy cheek, and the life-lamp burns low ;
The casket may fail, but the gem it encloses,
No blight in its beauty immortal can know.

Rest in the Lord, when the friends of thy bosom
Are borne from thy sight to the desolate tomb,
With white-robed spirits they wander in heaven,
Where the flowerets of life unfadingly bloom.

Rest in the Lord, when the fond hopes are blighted,
That brightened thy pathway in life's early morn ;
If in the soul faith's pure beacon be lighted,
Thy bark shall ride safely through billow and storm.

Rest in the Lord, when death's dart is uplifted,
From whose aim unerring no ægis can save ;
No victor is he o'er the soul, that is gifted
With strength from the conqueror of death and the grave.

Then rest in the Lord, for life hath no sorrow,
That finds not a balm in his lifegiving word ;
Though the night may be dark, a happy to-morrow
Ever dawneth on him who rests in the Lord.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

IN the death of this distinguished individual, humanity has lost indeed a friend, — society her proudest ornament, reason and virtue a great high-priest, to whom it was given to enter within the vail and hold that mysterious intercourse with truth, and catch those glimpses of human duty and human responsibility so rarely seen by man.

But is he dead, “ whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high ?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.”

No, Channing can never die ! True, death has aimed at a shining mark, — nor has the archer missed his aim. But his unerring shaft has but pierced the fleshy tabernacle, and set the spirit free. He needed no longer to stay. His errand to earth was accomplished, — the goal had been reached, — the unfading wreath had been won. The great principles which should direct man in his search after truth had been unfolded ; his inherent greatness and dignity had been impressed upon him ; the torch had been lighted to guide him through the mazes of his own dark and doubtful speculations ; the curtain had been lifted from the temple of beauty, and her heaven-born lineaments revealed to mortal sight, and the noble and excellent in human character portrayed with a master-hand.

For strength, originality, and vigor of thought, for richness of imagination, for force and energy of style, for beauty and command of language, for profound reasoning and convincing argument, for elevated and comprehensive views, where shall we find a writer like Channing? His thoughts cannot enter the mind without imparting to it something of their own purity and excellence, without leaving behind a luminous track, potent to dispel the shadows of narrow and contracted thought. They fan the spark of divinity within, kindle into a holy flame the generous emotions of the soul; reveal to it a consciousness of its wondrous capabilities, and the great end of being and action, and incite it, by the highest and purest motives, to the fulfilment of its sublime destiny. He employed the noblest gifts that humanity may boast, in the noblest of all objects, the advancement of his race in knowledge and excellence.

In himself he seemed to combine all those qualities whose union is so rare, and which form, when united, so perfect and harmonious a character. Ever the friend of man, whether in the palace or the cottage, whether in chains or breathing the pure air of freedom, in the retirement of the study or laboring in the workshop or the field, he regarded him as a candidate for a never ending existence, and forgot the adventitious circumstances of his condition in the nobler remembrance of his destiny. The cry of distress never fell upon his ear unheeded; the tear of sorrow never met his eye unpitied. The moral, the social, the intellectual advancement of his fellow-beings found in his glowing pen an eloquent advocate; the cause of philanthropy an unwavering friend. His piety was of that beautiful and consistent character that made his influence so hallowed, so extensive, so deeply felt. His whole life was a golden volume of moral precepts.

Though a controversialist, he wielded his able pen with

candor and sincerity, alike a stranger to that rancor of feeling and personal invective that too often sullies the sword of Christian warfare. As a theologian, he cherished and defended what are considered by the majority of Christians as radical errors, teaching us the mournful lesson of the fallibility of human reason, and her proneness to lead astray him who would endow her with too absolute a sovereignty over the soul. And though none can deny the very intimate connection between sound principles of belief and a holy life, yet the bright patterns of excellence left by all religious denominations, teach us not to judge, lest we also be judged, and to cast over all whose tenets may differ from our own, the mantle of heaven-born charity, remembering that in this imperfect state, we see but through a glass darkly, and that it is only in that wider and nobler scene of things that our mental vision will be so perfected as to take a full and comprehensive view of all that pertains to us as immortal beings. Truly to be pitied is that mind that would close its narrow vision on the soul-ennobling truths that sparkle on every page of this gifted writer, lest he might find some opinion on the difficult questions of theology at variance with his own, — that would refuse to raise the curtain that conceals from his view prospects more boundless in extent, more rich in variety, more glorious in hue than his fancy had ever conceived, lest some object might meet his eye not in harmony with his preconceived ideas of beauty, and with the wondrous whole. Shall the priceless mines remain unexplored, because some worthless ore may be found? Shall the magnificent worlds, that night reveals to the uplifted eye, fail to inspire emotions the most grand and elevated the contemplative mind can experience, because some cloud be wandering in the firmament?

As an author, let Channing be impartially read, and while his errors are rejected, let his merits be acknowledged,

his excellences admired. Such a mind is an honor to our country, — a glorious legacy. It is a jewel to be proudly worn. May his spirit be a guiding star, his worth appreciated, his influence felt.

SACRED WORDS TO "OH, COME TO ME."

COME unto me, and bring with thee
Thy heart's first love in life's young morn;
In days so bright, I'll be thy light,
And with my truth thy soul adorn.
I died for thee on Calvary,
And freely shed my precious blood;
That thou might'st know the joys that flow
From pardoned sin and peace with God.

Come unto me, when life with thee
No more a smile of beauty wears, —
When sorrow's blight hath quenched its light,
In blasted hopes and burning tears;
Then come to me, for I to thee
A friend will be, and refuge sure;
I'll dry thy tears, — dispel thy fears,
And bring thy wounded heart a cure.

Come unto me, and bring with thee,
Oh, weary soul! thy grief and care, —
In all thy woes, on me repose,
And seek my aid in earnest prayer;
I'll lend my ear, nor fail to hear
The faintest moan within thy breast;
Then look above, in truthful love,
And find in me thy peaceful rest.

Come unto me, when death at thee
His brandished dart doth fiercely aim ;
Thy Saviour 's near, then do not fear
The gloomy vale that leads thee home.
Bright angels wait, at heaven's gate,
To welcome thee, my ransomed one ;
And thou shalt praise, through endless days,
My grace that hath the victory won.

LA PERLE.

THE pearl! 'T is a gem of rare beauty and exceeding worth! White as the light, yet unfolding the rainbow's tints, — pure and transparent as the dew-drop fresh from the rosy fingers of the morning, and withal precious enough for the regal brow! Gently doth its sweet name touch the slumbering chords of many a fond recollection of happy, trusting childhood, when we fully believed in and longed for the fairy gift of "talking pearls," and envied the maiden who, by her gentle kindness, had won for herself so glorious a dower. Meet emblem is it for affection in its sanctity, — for the tear that flows in sympathy for human woes, — for the guilelessness and truthfulness of the heart, ere it has been stained by a breath of the world, — yea, for what the Lofty One doth most highly value, — the purity of holiness. Surely there are some, even in a world where fair deception is the passport, to whom we might truly say with the poet,

"No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee."

Beautifully have the gems of thought found their type in the pearly wealth of the ocean's depths. Like the diver, who wrestles with the sea for its hoarded treasures, doth genius bring up from the "passion fountains" of the soul its costly merchandise, more precious than the golden freight of royal argosies, and destined to be wafted from land to

land, from mind to mind, till it becomes the splendid patrimony of enlightened man, and his legacy to future ages. Ah, lovely are the pearls that inwreath the queenly brow of beauty, and glisten with a starry radiance from the waves of her golden hair; yet wealth alone may purchase them. More to be desired than much fine gold are the gems from the treasure caves of thought, yet the delicate vision of taste alone can discern and appreciate their beauty. But there is a gift more estimable far than these, that asks no sacrifice of wealth for its possession, no vast acquisitions of intellectual lore to decide its value, — a gift potent to impart strength and elevation to the soul, by implanting in it the noble sentiment of duty, and leading it to make a holocaust of selfishness on the altar of philanthropy; that dries the tears of sorrow by explaining the deep mysteries of grief; that interprets nature by revealing its Author; that allies the spirit in which it is inshrined to the pure intelligences of heaven, and leads it, as by a silken thread, through the mazy labyrinth of life, — yea, which can throw a charm over the tomb itself, making it seem but a chamber of repose from which to arise and put on the garments of immortality. Would ye know the name of so wondrous a treasure? 'Tis called, in the Book of Wisdom, the “pearl of great price!” Heir of an unending future! Sacrifice it not idly in worldly pleasure, like Egypt’s voluptuous queen; imitate not “the base Judean, who threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe!” Religion is thy breast-plate, — wear it in the arena of life, and when the conflict is ended it will prove a golden key to unlock for thee the pearly gates of that heavenly city whose foundations are precious stones, whose streets transparent gold, and whose celestial light is the glory of its king!

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is in my heart of hearts, that I bury my dead. In vain may ye tell me, that some have gone down into the far, far depths of the ocean wave; that some in foreign climes, away from their childhood's home, by the aid of the stranger's hand have found their peaceful resting-place; that some, beneath the green turf of my distant native land, have closed their eyes in that long, dreamless slumber, whose spell no charm can break, save the light of the resurrection morn. When I ask for the friends of my youth, no airy, undefined echo dare answer, *where?* But from the sanctuary of my own soul, — from its consecrated ground, a still small voice comes up, sweet as the breathing of an angel's lyre, "they are here — they are here." From their hallowed remains I am never torn. No change of time, or place, or circumstance, no worldly cares or restless anxiety bid me leave the spot their presence sanctifies, or dry the tears of sorrow that meet the world's cold gaze, and return its deceitful smiles. The flowers I have planted on their graves, the vine my hand has taught to twine affectionately over them, know no seasons in their luxuriance. The frost-breath of autumn may pass like the angel of death over the pride and glory of the garden, leaving naught but a sad wreck for the windingsheet of winter, of what seems too beautiful to die.

But upon the blossoms of the heart, sacred to the holy

dead, no blight dares to fall. Equally they gleam upon me in their soft, pale beauty, and send forth their perfume, whether the rosy-footed Spring is abroad upon the earth with her chaplets of green and her hours of gladness, or Winter sings the requiem of the year. They languish not for the "garish sunbeam," nor fold their bright petals in sorrow, when its loving smile is withdrawn from the "beauteous race of flowers." Ah, no! they are no vassals to the inconstant sun, or the capricious shower. The heart has its own dew, its own sunbeam, yea, its own rain, to keep them in perennial beauty.

At the pensive hour of twilight, when the shadowy vale of darkness seems to rest upon and spiritualize all material objects, I especially love to repair to these hallowed graves, to refresh their flowerets with the tears of memory, and hold with the dear departed that sweet, mysterious intercourse that is a glimpse of heaven. For it cannot be that our communion with the dead is a mere idle reverie — a fond ideal — a baseless chimera. Far from me the cold rationalist, who would dart the arrow of ridicule at this beautiful hope, that seems to the stricken and sorrowful soul a "messenger bird" from the "spirit land."

When absorbed in the temporalities of existence, and weighed down beneath its burden of cares and responsibilities, — when, in our fierce conflicts with temptation, we feel that we are wellnigh vanquished, who can tell then the heavenly influence which sometimes descends and rests upon us like a dove, — suddenly restoring to the soul the remembrance of its high destiny, and revealing the worthlessness of what it had pursued with so much ardor, — an influence not born of objects around us, and whose cause we vainly endeavor to trace; — who can tell that these words of lofty import, which fall so sweetly on the ear of the inner spirit, may not have been whispered by some spirit friend? Not

a day passes that this mysterious voice does not breathe words of celestial comfort to the sad in heart. I hear it when my soul is scorched and scathed by the lava waves of sorrow, burying beneath them every bright hope that had root in the soil of earth ; when, in my struggle with a selfish and unfeeling world, I find my armor broken, and my spirit faint and disheartened ; in the silence of solitude and the hush of night, when I would hold converse with thought ; in the gay and heartless throng, when in my very soul I feel what it is to be all alone ; in the midst of the enchantment of Nature, when the soft wind awakes in the forest leaves a thousand *Æolian* voices ; when the song of the rivulet is fallen upon my ear ; when I gaze into the deep blue fathomless sky, or watch the clouds with their silvery beauty, or gorgeous magnificence, moving like fairy shapes over its resplendent surface ; —above all, when the stars look down upon me from their far-off homes, with their calm and tender eyes, ever, ever may my listening soul catch the tones of the spirit voice, telling me of a land more rich in loveliness than imagination with her glorious hues has ever painted ; at whose pearly gates no care or sorrow knocks for admittance ; where the blight of selfishness never falls upon the sensitive and trembling spirit ; where the solitude of the heart is unknown, and its deep longings satisfied ; where the pure earth enfranchised spirit shall find what it has vainly sought below —some twin spirit whose thoughts shall blend with its own like the perfumes of sister flowers, and whose mutual affection shall melt into one, as the rainbow's lovely hues dissolve into the light of heaven. Ah ! it is even so. With many voices do they warn us, the holy departed. "We press upon the brink haply of unseen worlds, and know it not. Yes, it may be that, nearer than we think, are those whom death hath parted from our lot."

The loved and lost, they are around us everywhere.

'Tis no illusion. The heart has mysteries of its own, which it alone can penetrate ; oracles of wisdom that proud, self-sufficient reason cannot interpret. Let us repair more frequently to these sacred Delphi, and catch those responses that shall bring light into the soul in the darkness of life, at which the boasting realist may smile, but want the power to comprehend. If it be indeed true that we are never alone, that those whom the outward eye discerns not are still present with us to encourage and soothe, and lead to heaven, oh, let us never forget that this blessed intercourse that we love is only between kindred minds,—let it lead to an assimilation on earth to the pure intelligences above,—to the culture of high and holy thoughts,—to noble principles of action,—to disinterestedness of purpose,—to all those virtues which angel spirits recognize as emanations of their own bright sphere. Verily, that can be no dangerous illusion, no debasing superstition, which makes the heart better, which strengthens us to support life's wearisome pilgrimage, which restores to the drooping flowers of this vale of tears their lost freshness and fragrance, which lifts the soul into a serene and ethereal element, and opens its every portal to the admission of those glorious truths that concern its high destiny. Yes, 't is in my very heart that I have inshrined my dead ; and, while it shall thrill to the harp of memory, the farewell word shall not be spoken, nor the pangs of separation known ; and when the silver cord shall be loosed that binds my soul to earth, God grant that it may be gently borne by the loved who have gone before to their own bright home, where the glass through which we have darkly seen shall become the purest transparency, and the full and perfect sympathy of congenial spirits shall add new charms to the bliss of heaven !

THE VARIETY STORE.

“But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.”

STRANGE, is it not, that so large a share of the happiness or misery of a human being is dependent on the character of those with whom he may come in contact in the ordinary concerns of life! The heart is a delicate instrument of many strings, which to the soft touch of kindness and sympathy sendeth forth ever its sweet harmonies through the whole being; or uttereth the melancholy music of its breaking cords, when roughly swept by the thoughtless hand of selfishness. Until the day when the books shall be opened wherein are recorded the secrets of our earthly existence, never shall we know how many budding hopes we have remorselessly trampled to the dust, that asked of us but a little fostering care, a single beam of kindness to have made them, like some sweet floweret of the vale, that in the maturity of its loveliness opens its bosom to the sun, and in return for his cheering warmth yields up in gratitude its very soul, a fragrant holocaust to its benefactor. Never shall we know how many noble purposes we have unmeaningly frustrated, — how many pure rills of human felicity we have unwittingly turned into waters of bitterness.

Dost wonder, friend of mine, that my thoughts should have donned so sombre a drapery at the sight of that sweet country home, that nestles so peacefully amid the dark

green foliage of its sylvan guardians, beneath whose drooping boughs sleep the sunshine and shade, as if to remind of those mingled joys, that alas ! are not stranger guests in the homes of earth ? Thou shalt not wonder long. Seat thyself by me on this green knoll that commands a view of the charming portico, inwreathed with flowering vines that seem ambitious to reach the very summit of the cottage they adorn, bearing proudly aloft their precious little burdens of beauty and perfume ; or take my arm in the spirit of friendly converse while we ramble amid the woodlands that skirt the cultivated grounds around, — so tastefully adorned that poetry might wander enamoured through their winding paths and sheltered arbors, exacting tribute from all bright things and fair with which to weave her web of golden fancies.

Rested thine eye ever upon a lovelier spot ? I grant it is not one of those sumptuous mansions where pride sits portress at the gate, and empty ceremony invites within a frequent throng to a participation of every joy save those over which the heart presides. Ah, no ! In many a more splendid residence have I been a guest, but this was a home of peace and love. At richer banquets have I set me down, but here was elegant and ample hospitality. In drawing-rooms more gorgeously and brilliantly furnished have I sought the happiness the world offers, but here was tasteful arrangement and that air of comfortable ease that stops short of magnificence. Elsewhere have I found louder pretension and warmer profession in friendship's cause, but here was a truthfulness and sincerity, a heart-warm cordiality, that stamps as genuine the currency of noble natures. And as I have gazed from yonder window, beneath which thou seest the clustering roses, on this river winding majestically through its rich meadow lands, ever and anon revealing itself to the eye like some mine of pre-

cious silver just escaped from its dark abode to meet the glorious sun and melt beneath his glance; on the dim outline of the far-off mountains that seem to invite the thoughts away from the pleasant scenes of earth to happier ones in heaven. I have seemed to realize my beau-ideal of an earthly paradise, and fancied it just the Eden I would like to call my own.

God be blessed for mountains! I would have my home in sight of the everlasting hills, whose "heaven built galleries," like the angel ladder of patriarchal vision, link heaven to earth in harmony, and make this little globe of ours a neighbor to the skies. But let me turn from nature, fascinating as she may be in her varied loveliness, and full of that delicate sympathy for us in all our changeful moods, that the world does not always offer, to talk of human hearts that have struggled nobly, albeit to the superficial observer as it were vainly, — that have labored and waited, — hoped and endured, — yea, have been made perfect through suffering.

Dr. Carver, the owner of this delightful retreat from the noise and bustle of our large and busy city of brotherly love, was the son of one of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of Town, who together with an elder brother inherited at the death of their father his unincumbered and ample estates. Having availed himself of the choice advantages for an acquaintance with medical science for which our good city is so renowned, from the benevolent impulses of his own generous nature, he nobly resolved that although independent, activity and usefulness should crown his future life.

My first acquaintance with him commenced several years after his marriage with the lovely and accomplished Mary Layton, who, although an orphan and destitute of fortune, had been carefully and judiciously reared by a widowed

aunt, under whose gentle guidance she had become all that is estimable in woman. To yonder beautiful home he brought his charming bride, and never did youthful lovers bind themselves by the irrevocable vow under happier auspices, or with more substantial hopes of the purest felicity that wells up from the troubled fountains of earth. With a perfect harmony of taste and feeling,—worshippers alike of the beautiful and true in nature and in art,—living for and in each other, yet not unmindful of the claims of common humanity, or still higher obligations to the Author of good,—surrounded by all the little elegancies of art which betoken refinement and cultivation, which give such a charm to an existence otherwise happy, though often mistaken as themselves *the sources* of that felicity that springs alone from the deep wellsprings of our inner being,—with life's bright firmament so prophetic of unclouded days, so rich in the heart's inestimable wealth that taketh to itself no wings, save those dovelike ones that waft it back from the world's dark waters to its own sheltering ark of home. I say, with such blessings in possession, what golden dreams, what bright imaginings must have hovered like angels around the sanctuary of their hearts! What a roseate hue must have mantled upon the nectar of life's cup for them! The great groan which creation uttereth in her travail of pain and woe was all unheard, save perchance a few faint echoes like the far-off murmuring of the sea, which softly blendeth with the harmonies of our being.

It was later when I first knew them. The summer of 18— found me an invalid in yonder pent-up and populous city, whose thousand roofs and glittering spires loom up faintly in the distance. Every one knows, who has been shut within his own walls, or threaded the crowded streets of a town, teeming with a busy population, in the hot season, when he looks up to avoid the glare of a burnished

pavement, looks down dazzled with the bewildering sheen of brassy heavens above, at length closes the eye in disgust at the legion of disagreeable sights that haunt his progress at every step, when pallid and anxious faces tell of careworn existence, and the rapid step of business is heard responding to the calls of interest and hastening forward to his haunt of gain, — squallid and tattered poverty looks up with premature decay written in fearful characters upon the brow, — in fine, when every sense seems the inlet of painful emotions, how eloquently, how passionately does the soul plead against this impoverishment to which she is subjected, in the unnatural excitement and false glare of city life! Our whole nature yearns for the green fields and dancing rivulets, the woodland shades and solitude of rural life. Yes, even in health, deeper glows the cheek, and the eye kindles with new lustre as we anticipate an interval of release from the busy temporalities of artificial life, which hang upon us with a baneful influence, as I have seen the dense parasitic moss of a southern clime sap the strength of a noble tree and enshroud it in its own pale drapery. But to the invalid, in whose veins the tide of life creeps sluggishly, whose languid gaze and feeble step appeal to the heart of sympathy, how life-inspiring, how almost galvanic, the sweet dream of the health-breathing airs of Nature's wild domains. How we long, in the sweet language of the Voices of the Night, to go

“Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere;
Nature with folded hands seemed there
Kneeling at her evening prayer, —
Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves,
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.”

Here in this quiet, charming villa I called upon Hope to fulfil her sweet promises of the vigorous step, the elastic spirits, the warm, bright hue of returning health. But ah! the beautiful deceiver, like many another votary, how long I called in vain! The balm-laden zephyrs fanned my cheek, but stole not the lily therefrom; they cooled my burning brow, but left no gift of strength behind. Anticipating no solacement from further medical aid, which I had hitherto found fruitless,—disappointed in the fond belief that the pure influences of country life would be potent to stay the progress of disease, and say thus far and no further shalt thou go, and yet with that strange tenacity with which we cling to a life of suffering and are thankful for the boon of existence, even though it may be fraught with anguish of body and soul, I consented that Doctor Carver should be called in, of whose professional skill and rare success I had heard much. Wert thou ever an invalid? Then thou knowest how wildly the heart flutters in its alternations between hope and fear, as the poor, trembling, nervous patient awaits the coming of one whom he fancies the deputy of Fate, commissioned to utter the terrible words, Dust thou art, or, Arise, take up thy bed and walk.

Numerous engagements delayed him beyond the appointed hour, and as I sat by the open window in my comfortable *fauteuil*, clad *en-invalid*, never did I feel so disposed to chide the little gold repeater I held in my hand for its unpardonable sluggishness in bringing the wished-for moment; and in my capricious mood, anon I felt vexed that its delicate machinery should move on thus swiftly, and, as I thought, unfeelingly careless of my doom. But the hours and minutes were at length all fulfilled, when my door turned upon its hinges and the physician was announced.

My imagination had already delineated him as a little, bustling sort of a man, with nostrums enough for a hospital,

a generous phrenological elevation of self-complacency, and sure I was that he would start back with ominous astonishment at my pale and sickly visage and attenuated form, in which dramatic attitude I should legibly read my irrevocable sentence. Avaunt, thou miserable caricaturist ! imagination mentally ejaculated. I'll none of thy impertinent picture writing more. I will calmly wait realities in time to come, for surely never were preconceived notions more at war with truth. Before me was a tall and superb figure, a countenance whose distinctive characteristic was that manliness that seems to concentrate in itself the exercise of all noble qualities, pervaded and softened by a delicate and unassuming sympathy for human suffering, that beamed from a mind illumined eye, reminding of the gentle air of spring,

As from the morning's dewy flowers it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us.

With an easy gracefulness of manner that bespoke a knowledge of the world, he kindly saluted me ; and without assuming that peculiar business air that seems to say, My visit is a professional one — please hasten to the point and give me a list of your ailments, he made a few passing remarks on the beauty of the country at that lovely season, and noticing on my table a little bouquet of charming wild flowers, which a friend had left there that they might tell me “a tale of the joyous woods” in their own sweet dialect, he said, I will not ask you if you are fond of flowers, they are among the objects that all love, for they appeal to the purest and holiest sentiments of our nature ; they are the illuminated manuscripts of a God of love, in whose delicate tracery we read his wisdom, goodness, and paternal care, for surely their gentle and fragile lives are sustained by his almighty energy, and clad in raiment more gorgeous than

the spirit of beauty ever lavished upon a monarch's robe; may we not believe implicitly that his intelligent creatures are the far dearer objects of his fatherly goodness? How consoling the thought that we are never forgotten by him who has infinite resources at his bidding, — all blessings at his command. This confidence gives us strength to accept cheerfully all the allotments of his providence, whether sickness or health, joy or sorrow; and severing a violet from its blue-robed sisterhood, he proceeded to show how the simplest flower, that timidly opens its dewy eye to the morning, is in itself a little volume of mysteries which, when interpreted by the eye of taste and a mind enriched with scientific lore, discourses most eloquently on the glorious attributes of the great Artist, whose wondrous creations mock at the efforts of human skill to imitate the unimitable.

Needless to say, the rich bursts of enthusiasm from his highly gifted intellect had operated like a diluted lethean, making me quite forgetful of the sensation of languor or suffering. A passionate fondness for my favorite study seemed awakened; and I inquired, with an eagerness unfelt through months of weariness, Does the neighborhood furnish specimens of interest for botanical research? It is unusually rich, replied he, and seldom do I return from my professional excursions without some addition to my already varied collection; and when you feel yourself strong enough to take a little jaunt in the country, I will send my carriage round for you, and Mary and my little Ida shall accompany you. They, too, love flowers, and in your collections and the picturesque scenery around us, I dare say you will find yourself invigorated in body and mind. I feel much better already, sir, said I, and fancy I could ride with only a trifle of fatigue. Yes, but do not smile, patient listener, at the milder tone my malady had already assumed, and the

unwonted strength of the before drooping invalid. Necromancy there was indeed in the change, but it was that necromantic power that consists in a deep knowledge of Hygeia's laws, in which so few of her priesthood are initiated. He believed in the liberty of the soul to work miracles, and when it can be persuaded to use its own high prerogatives, few are the drugs of the apothecary called to aid. With a quick perception of an adept in his art, he had seen in his patient a desponding spirit, whose foreshadowings were dark as night, jealously watching and nursing every prestige of disease, closing a deaf ear to the sweet minstrelsy of nature and the glad voices of hope, and spurning the gentle solicitations of the thousand comforts and blessings, that in the saddest of human conditions would court the despairing heart and seduce it from its sorrows. Through the soul he had touched the springs of life, and the harmony of her intricate, delicate organization was being restored. A few simple tonics remained upon my table after his departure, which my kind nurse prepared to administer. Ah, thought I, would that all whose high mission it is to visit the chamber of sickness and alleviate the ills of suffering humanity, could speak words of comfort and hope to the disheartened spirit, — could inspire serenity and resignation by pointing to that Being who tenderly sympathizes in the sorrows of his children, and chastens but to sanctify! Would that all had power to inspire the undying spirit with the consciousness of its own superior dignity, that it should not only break from the thralldom of bodily infirmity, but assert its own heaven-derived title of sovereignty, and make disease itself its vassal! Physician, forget not the compound being of him to whom thou art called to administer. Bribe, with words of cheerfulness and hope drawn from the true sources of enjoyment, the soul to coöperate with their offices, then shall success more frequently crown thy efforts, and the rich

reward of human suffering diminished be about thee, a mantle of gladness, all thy days.

The next time Dr. C. visited me he led by the hand his little daughter, a sweet child of some seven summers, and said to me, I have brought Ida to see you. She is full of prattle and gaiety, and I hoped she might divert you from the sad thoughts that will haunt us in sickness, in spite of our own unaided efforts. Do not allow her to trouble you, but if you can find any amusement with her, she will be very bountiful of her company whenever you desire it. A world of thanks, Dr. C., exclaimed I, in the gratitude of my heart; with such a companion I shall cease to think myself afflicted, and drawing her to me, I kissed her pure and lovely brow, and pressed her tiny hand in mine, sealing an affection that from that moment never knew interruption.

Children are excellent physiognomists, and in the expression of my eye she had read herself beloved. So soon, so fondly is childish fondness enlisted, that when her father said, Come, Ida, put on your hat, child, we must go, she said, with a beseeching look, May I not stay a little while longer? I will not trouble the lady; and I, seconding her request said, Yes, please leave her, sir, I will send her home safely. Consent was given, and with such a charmer, the hours passed by unheeded.

The very personification of grace was Ida Carver. With a countenance that might have been modelled from a cherub; with those intense blue eyes, that hide a world of meaning in their expression and betray the soul within, and hair, oh! such hair, why a very shower of bright sunny curls hung upon her fine head, laying about her white shoulders like a fountain's descending spray upon the pure marble it bathes. Her voice was all melody, soft and sweet as those tones which the ærial spirit awakens in its own soft lute. What could I do but love her ardently, passionately,

devotedly? If a day passed without the smile of her presence, without her soft arms around my neck, that day was sad and spiritless, — the dark angel returned to the deserted mansion, bringing with him seven other worse than himself. Indeed she had become necessary to my happiness, and soon I found myself drawn out to breathe the fresh air of the morning at her gentle entreaty, or to take a stroll through the garden walks to see the opening flowers and hear the blithe carol of the birds, that filled the very air with the gushes of their wild improvisation. Health, so long wooed in vain, no longer refused her gladdening influences, — the zephyrs now brought healing on their wings. The goblet of life again effervesced with hope and gladness; — and earth, dismantled of her sombre hues, in which a morbid fancy had invested her, again appeared in the freshness and beauty of her primeval dawn. None but a convalescent can realize the ecstatic emotions of restored blessings, which are like the migratory birds that have left us in the winter of our desolation, only to return with a richer plumage — a sweeter song.

The monotony of the day was now agreeably interrupted by the morning walk or ride, in company with my sweet pet and her lovely mother, on a visit to some of the benevolent establishments that adorn the suburbs of the marble city and throw over it that mantle of moral beauty whose rich embroidery bespeaks the fair hands of heaven-born Charity, or perchance an excursion to the charming Wissahickon, where the sylvan deities still hold their court on the very border of Fashion's and Mammon's domains; or by a ramble in pursuit of some of the beauteous sisterhood of wild flowers, whose gentle lives were to be sacrificed, and their remains to be embalmed in my botanical repository. Thus passed a series of happy days, each cementing more firmly the links of a friendship commenced on their part in

sympathy with suffering, on mine in gratitude for the most disinterested kindness, and admiration for the purest and noblest qualities in human character, that breathe of Eden ere the fall.

Years passed on, and often and long was I a guest at the cottage. Ida had grown up to be, if possible, more beautiful and gifted even than the rich promise of her childhood betokened. The idol of her parents, she had yet been judiciously reared, and taught continually both by precept and example, those grand moral lessons without which talent is a fearful dower, and beauty a rose without perfume. Though an only child, her wayward fancies had not been allowed to rove at will, — on the contrary, she had early learned that lesson, so needful for woman, a noble self-sacrifice for the good and happiness of others. In addition to the best advantages of school education, her fine mind had received that home culture, that blends and harmonizes all other acquirements, and, like the skilful grouping of a picture, gives to *each* its relative place and importance, and to the *whole*, a beautiful and unbroken unity. It had ever been the object of Dr. C. to make his daughter a useful and practical woman; and though born to fortune and independence, to enrich her mind with those solid acquirements and habits of self-reliance, that might save her from despair, should poverty or misfortune be her destiny, and be to her an unfailing source of comfort and peace in those dark days of life from which wealth can procure no security. Fortune, everywhere capricious, said he, is especially so in a country like our own; and the tenure by which we hold her gifts exceedingly precarious. The immediate ancestors of the rich man to-day, are too poor and menial for his narrow recollection; and children on whose birth both honor and affluence attended, have worn the livery of servitude and drank the cup of penury. I cannot insure my fortune to

my daughter, therefore would I bequeathe to her a legacy that circumstance cannot depreciate; that adversity cannot destroy. Noble minded man! would that every one born to the lot of woman had such a father! What bitter pangs of disappointment, — what voids within the soul, — what wearisome hours without solace and without support, would often be spared those who, from the revolution of fortune's wheel, have found themselves the subjects of necessity's unyielding law!

But for Ida Carver, rich in youth, beauty, talent, and fortune, — the sunlight of a home of love, — the charm of society, what "death-telling seer" would have dared to have arrayed her future in any hues, save the gorgeous ones of her own bright imaginings? Yet even now, were the dark threads selected to be mingled with the web of her life; clouds yet invisible in her brilliant sky were even now gathering to involve her day in an almost rayless night.

It was a soft, balmy morning in summer; and we were all, save Ida, assembled in the pleasant breakfast parlor to enjoy the lengthened social meal, and in the intervals of our delicious coffee, that talk-exciting beverage, to read and discuss the news of the morning papers. Soon Ida joined us in her snow-white wrapper, her luxuriant hair imprisoned in one of those delicately simple caps, that give such a charm to a lovely face. As a vision of beauty, she appeared before us; and I fancied I saw an expression of joyful satisfaction on the face of her parents, as she filled up the little circle and bade us good-morning in a voice "musical as silver bells." The meal was still in progress when a messenger arrived, announcing to Dr. C. the complete destruction of his city property by a fire which was still raging. He had just invested almost his entire fortune in town residences, eligibly situated, which promised to yield him in rents an ample income; and each day since the purchase,

had intended to secure them by insurance, which a pressure of professional duties had hitherto prevented. Thus, by one stroke of calamity's iron hand, had his inheritance been swept away forever. At this sad intelligence I arose to leave the room, feeling that a disaster so sudden and overwhelming might call forth, even in minds so well fortified by religion's armor, weaknesses and infirmities of our nature that should be unwitnessed. Be seated again, said Dr. C., in a calm and untremulous voice; we now have an opportunity to test the sincerity of our daily prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." God has taken us at our word to make us feel that He alone is the Sovereign Arbiter of events, and has a perfect right to reclaim his gifts, seeing perhaps that they are stealing our hearts from Him, who will accept no divided homage. Then taking the hand of his wife, whose silence, more than words could have done, showed that she felt the blow that was to fall less heavily on herself than on her worshipped child. Mary, said he, our fortune is gone, but God in mercy has taken what we could best spare, leaving us all most needful to our happiness. He has left us each other; our endeared home; some friends that adversity cannot cool; and the means of still obtaining the comforts of life, and the essentials to enjoyment. I have health, and the profession which has hitherto served rather to fill up life with usefulness will now answer a double purpose, and also afford us independence. You and my dear Ida, he continued, shall know, while health is spared me, no diminution of the elegancies of life; and if some of our summer friends should desert us, why, we will cling only the more fondly to each other and the tried few who yet remain, and our wreath of happiness shall be fresh and fadeless as before. A few bright, warm tears, not of regret, but of joy, left their holy fountain to rest upon his hand; and the smile that played

over the still lovely features of the wife, and the words "I want no more," were eloquent in revealing how trifling is the value of all other treasures, compared to those inestimable gems that lie hidden in warm, truthful, loving hearts.

The next two years brought no apparent change to the family of the cottage, save wearing a deeper channel for those warm affections, that flowed onward in gladness and melody. But, alas! that the good should be the stricken ones of earth. Alas! that the citadel of the soul that has once been stormed by calamity seems ever after more exposed to its attacks, and, like the ruthless invader, rests not till he has sacked and left desolate the fortress that has once yielded to his arms. I had seen the golden charm, to which mortals cling with such tenacity, fade away like the dewy garniture of the morning, and no wail of sorrow, — no murmur of discontent broke upon the peaceful serenity of the cottage home. But how find words to paint the agony, the desolation, the despair, that filled that hitherto happy abode, when the husband, the father, the almost worshipped protector and guardian was brought home from one of his professional visits a senseless paralytic! God has indeed passed by in the whirlwind, and every hope and every joy earth-rooted seemed riven and blasted in the fierce tempest. To have breathed words of comfort then, would have been a mockery. There are some calamities that fall upon the spirit with a crushing, deadening weight, leaving the soul astonished and confounded, nay, stupefied with the greatness of its woe, — when even the soft pleadings of religion and the gentle voices of sympathy are all unheard, and nought but the holy dew of time can give strength to arise and put on the garments of resignation. Such was this. For Mrs. Carver the shock was too overwhelming, and nature sunk beneath the load. A violent and dangerous illness suc-

ceeded, and life's many-stringed harp seemed about to utter its soft melody on earth no more.

But as the warrior, who weaves bright fancies from chivalry's romantic page in the soft indolence of peace, starts from his dreams and arrays himself for the fierce battle whose thunder has aroused him, so did Ida Carver—a being so dependent and trustful in prosperity—nerve her spirit for a conflict that demanded a nobler heroism than that of the tented field. Her native strength of character burst from the silken coils, a charmed life had woven around it, and the rich fruits of early culture now clustered upon the young tree and mingled with its blossom. As a superior being she moved through that stricken house, now lending her gentle ministration to an impotent father, anon bending over the couch of a suffering mother. Her soft, white hand smoothed the pillow of sickness, bathed the burning brow, presented the healing drug, and prepared the delicate beverage. The day to her was one long act of self-sacrifice,—the night of anxious watchfulness; yet she, who had been ever a stranger to bodily toil and corroding care, betrayed no look of weariness or suffering. A calm serenity played over her features; a tranquil dignity at upon her brow. Her only prayer had been for life,—the life of the two beings who seemed in their turn to depend alone on her for support and comfort. She had not dared to ask for more, so great seemed the boon she craved; and when at last health and strength revisited one parent and the mind of the other became clear and cloudless, though disease still held the body prisoner, in the fulness of her gratitude she seemed to feel an intensity of enjoyment which uninterrupted prosperity never knew.

So true is it, that when unvisited by sorrow we are unconscious of our bliss, while our deepest, our most ecstatic joys arise from contrast after suffering, doubt, and fear. Strange

it may be, yet I have sometimes thought the felicity of heaven might want vitality and intensity if unmingled with tears. With Doctor C. the hope of restoration to active life seemed chimerical. The nature of his disease, the severity of the attack, forbade the indulgence of any fond anticipation, save that he might for some years be spared to his family as a friend and counsellor, though no longer able to labor for those he loved. Mrs. Carver was now sufficiently restored to watch at the bedside of her husband; and the faithful Ida had once more leisure for rest and restoration. In one of these intervals she grasped my hand as we met in the garden walks, and said to me, Come with me to my room, friend of mine, I have long wanted a private interview with you; and you will see I have a little plan to reveal, which your wisdom may think unwise; yet nevertheless you will be my counsellor, will you not? Most assuredly, my dear Ida, replied I; command me to the whole of my kingdom, I am entirely at your bidding.

To her little boudoir we repaired, and seating herself by me she said, You see the misfortunes that have fallen upon us; first, the loss of our fortune, which we scarcely felt while richer blessings remained; then the illness of my dear father, that has left no hope of a future restoration to health and usefulness. Though he has never spoken of our worldly condition, often in his dreams have I heard him allude to it, so mournfully and bitterly as to convince me that it is the burden of his thoughts by day. I have health and the ability now to labor for those to whom I have heretofore been indebted for all my blessings. My resolution is taken; henceforth I live but for one object—to supply my dear parents by my independent exertions with their accustomed comforts while they live, and to retain in our possession the home which has always been so dear to us. In the world you have had more experience than I,—tell me in what way

you think I can best attain my object. I at once began to remonstrate, and show how impossible I conceived it to be for one so young, so delicately and luxuriously bred, so unlearned in the world's selfishness, to go forth into the walks of business, to come in contact with the rough points of human character, and to struggle for what had hitherto been hers without an effort. Only men, endowed by nature with sensibilities less acute than ours, or women reared to life's sterner duties, can do this successfully. But how could you, Ida?

Tell me no more of this, said she, interrupting me; in the sadness of my thoughts these considerations have all been presented to my mind, but they have not shaken my purpose. I feel myself strong to do what duty and affection alike prompt. I saw that I had mistaken her character; — that there was that in her which the fires of trial alone elicit and purify; that for her, suffering would consist in inaction. In the short silence that ensued I endeavored to think of some way in which an object so noble in conception might be accomplished. Listen to my plans, says the heroic Ida, and give me your approval and aid in the execution of it, if you deem it not visionary. You have said there was but one profession for a lady, and that is true; but have you not observed how large a portion of the mercantile business of this city is transacted by our sex, and that, too, without degradation, and apparently with immediate gain? Be not surprised when I tell you I have thought of opening a store for fancy articles, similar to Mrs. M.'s in Second street. A few days since when in town purchasing a few luxuries for my father, I saw a *bill* upon her store, and upon inquiry found that she had closed her business to reside in the country, having amassed a considerable fortune. Could I succeed to her place, might we not again be independent? Will you do me the favor to break the subject to my father,

who would be so surprised to hear it from *me* that I should find myself unable to repel his objections? My heart was full of anxiety for my sanguine, enterprising friend, but I yielded to her wishes; and as no time was to be lost, hastened at once to acquaint Dr. Carver with the plan of his daughter. *Never*, exclaimed he, when I had finished my unpleasant task, never shall my beloved child submit to this for me. Sooner, far sooner, would both her mother and myself become the recipients of public beneficence, than her gentle nature be thus exposed to the toils, the anxieties, the petty cares incident to business life. Oh! for myself alone I could cheerfully have borne all the visitations of heaven; but for Mary and her — here the husband and father wept. Tears, such as angels weep, gushed forth, pure and holy from the dross of earth, unstaining even manhood's cheek. The struggle within was severe, but soon a thoughtful calmness settled upon his features, and I continued: You wish your daughter's happiness? Self-sacrifice for her parents' sake, exertion for their comfort under present adverse circumstances, can alone secure it. Forbidden to do this, she will yield to your wishes, but her spirit will prey upon itself, and dwell unceasingly upon the sorrows that she believes herself able to alleviate. Consider the subject in all its bearings, and talk with Ida herself upon it. Not many days elapsed before I was again called to the former place of consultation, and with tears of joy Ida announced to me that she had finally obtained a reluctant consent from her parents; and that by her father's permission she had written in his name to an acquaintance of his, a dealer in fancy goods in New York, for such an amount of stock as she had thought sufficient to make a beginning in trade, on which her father had engaged to make the largest payment his previous small accumulations would warrant; the re-

mainder she would soon be able to make from the profits of her sales.

The next day I accompanied Ida to town for the purpose of renting the store in question. A carriage landed us in a remote part of the city before a low, dingy, disagreeable dwelling, which we had learned was the residence of the landlord with whom we were to negotiate. Bell there was none, and the black, dusty knocker looked as if it was seldom molested. Is Mr. Scroots in? inquired I of an old dame who opened the door. "I reckon he may be," was the response. "If ye will walk in I will find him." We were accordingly ushered into a room whose obsolete and uncouth furniture spoke either of its owner's poverty or the miser's hoarded gains,—the external symbols of each being not unlike. Presently a little withered personage made his appearance, answering in all respects to the cognomen of Scroots. Miss Carver, said I, daughter of Dr. Carver, and granddaughter of the late Laurens Carver, of Walnut street. You knew him, perhaps? "O yes, yes, fine old gentleman—good property, too. He and I knew each other right well as business men—landlords in a city, eh!" This young lady, continued I, anxious to spare my friend in her first essay in the world, has called to make some inquiries respecting the store to be rented in Second street, just vacated by Mrs. M. "A good situation that,—a fine place for making money; going to open a dry goods store, ma'am?" A store of fancy articles, was the low and modest reply. "Well, well, Mrs. M. was an excellent tenant—paid rent very prompt—always expect my tenants to pay the day the quarter is out, for I am often in want of money, you see." Assuming some dignity, and repressing one half of the indignation this world-incrusted money-worshipper had aroused within me, I took it upon me to reply. Your rent shall be punctually paid, sir. After some further

tedious conversation we withdrew, bearing with us the key that was to admit my poor friend to scenes untried and new. In due time the store was fitted up and stocked with a variety of splendid and tasteful articles. Customers called and were received by the new tenant with graceful ease and modest demeanor, that in the commerce of business, as well as in the drawing-room, elicit the kindly feelings of the heart.

From morn till night stood the fair young girl behind the counter, answering the many and impertinent demands of the numerous customers ; gentle to the stranger, wearing, with those who had known her in happier days, the calm dignity which conscious duty gives in every sphere of life ; and extending her hand to receive what was a just return for her toil, yet from which she shrank as instinctively as if it was unlawful gain.

The rich and fashionable tossed about the tasteful goods, and murmured to each other their admiration of the beautiful girl who stood before them ; but none saw the vulture of anxiety preying upon the heart, or detected, beneath the fair and calm exterior, the noble spirit that fainted not beneath its burden of self-sacrifice. Soon Miss Carver's store became known as the resort of the fashionables, most of whom, being in the habit of purchasing on credit, insisted on doing so in the present case, otherwise they would purchase nothing. Wishing to make her sales as large as possible, Ida did not refuse, especially as she was generally told to send her bill at any time when she might want the money. A sufficient number of cash payments she daily received to meet all the wants of her beloved parents, and her own personal necessities, reserving the large bills she had credited for the payment of rent and stock in trade. At length the day drew near on which she was to cancel her obligations to the landlord ; and having had a slight insight into his

gain-hardened, sordid soul, as well as from an honorable desire on her own part to meet all her obligations, she made out and intrusted to her collector her demands against the reigning belle, Miss Canon, — the dashing fashionist, Mrs. Ellmore, — the aristocratic Madam Lenaire, with several others of great wealth and pretensions. Reasoning from her own heart, and inexperience of the world, she doubted not that the desire to be just must always be coextensive with one's means; yet with much trembling and solicitude did she await the return of her agent.

In one of the most sumptuous mansions of Walnut street were heard the glad voices of festivity and mirth. The gas-lights poured out their flood of glory, which was reflected from a thousand glittering pendants and golden cornices, making its spacious and lofty saloons one scene of oriental magnificence. Through these floated fairy forms of surpassing loveliness, clad in rich vestures, where velvet and lace, pearls, diamonds, and gold were all laid under contribution to the handmaidens of beauty's queen. As Calypso among her nymphs, more proudly than all, moved with elegant bearing the mistress of that lordly home among her assembled guests. But from that gay assembly no thought was wafted forth to the world of suffering that a large city incloses within its limits; to the thousands whose daily lot is weariness and toil; to the innumerable throng who are racked with physical suffering, with agony of mind, or sad disquietude of heart; yea, life's groaning tide broke not upon that night's revelry, and every face was joyful and bright as if earth were still reposing in her Eden smile.

On the morning of the day that was to end so gaily, Mrs. Ellmore had been called upon by Miss Carver's agent, who, in the most civil manner possible, made known to her that Miss C. would be much obliged if she would settle her bill

at that time. "Good Lord, what an account is this!" exclaimed she, tossing her head disdainfully; "sure I am I have never had half of these articles, and who would have believed that such a person as I took her to be would have had the want of principle to have asked me such exorbitant prices. Credit, eh! a pretty credit indeed — not three months since they were purchased! Please tell Miss Carver," said she, handing back the bill, "that I am very busy this morning, but I will soon call and settle with her, and in the mean time, tell her that any fear of non-payment on her part is quite unnecessary." And turning away abruptly, from that moment was the subject forgotten in the tumult of worldly excitement. Yet this woman was not wholly heartless. Could she have seen the disappointment, the suffering, occasioned by her refusal to pay a just demand, doubtless she might have allowed herself to be drawn a moment from her fancied urgent engagements, and listen to the pleadings of reason and conscience. But in the whirlpool of fashionable dissipation was she borne onward; and *she*, who had never known a want or a solicitude that a full purse was not at hand to gratify, how should she know what human hearts can suffer in a destitution of that *golden* dust that *men worship*; or with what feelings of ardent gratitude the poor receive the tributes of justice?

From this abode passed on the collector to the residence of another prouder beauty, but was told the family were on a visit to a neighboring city and would not return for some weeks; to a third, where he obtained a small payment on a large bill, with the promise of the remainder in a few days; to still another, where a smaller demand must be excused till another month; and thus, with little success, had he perambulated half the city, and returned to give the result of his mission. Unfortunately as the sad tale was falling upon her ear, and a hand of iron pressing upon her soul, who

should her eye rest upon but the scrawny figure of Scroots, who, with stealthy step, had entered. He overheard the conversation. With a quick perception had he read the scantiness of her resources, and without the hypocrisy of civility, which he never used save when it hung upon him like an ill-made garment, in the presence of his superiors in wealth, this avatar of mammon placed himself before her, with an expression of mercilessness that would have awed a soul less firm than hers, and said, "Well, Miss Carver, I believe I have not made a mistake in the day I was to call for my rent — 'spose it's ready, eh?"

I am sorry to tell you, sir, that it is not ready to-day, though I have made every effort to meet my engagements promptly; but if you will have the goodness to wait a few days, it shall be left at your residence.

"A few days, madam! If you will please tell me how much time that is, and when it will expire, I will call again for it." Ida faltered out, this day week, and when she again raised her eyes she found herself alone.

Wearily passed the sleepless hours of that long night to my poor friend. Sleep was courted in vain, or if for a brief season it weighed down her tearful eyelids, it brought with it visions of unsuccessful schemes and broken hopes. God's equal eye looked down upon the bewildered votaries of pleasure, who drank her sparkling cup and feasted in her banquet halls, and on the lonely hearts and watchful eyes of adversity's stricken ones. But on the evil and the good arose the new created day, and with its returning light, Hope's golden beams broke in upon Ida's drooping spirit; and action and effort again strengthened her heart. The day came round for the promised visit of the relentless landlord, and the exertions of Ida had enabled her to pay the demand, while in the mean time a still heavier one had been made upon her by the firm of whom she had purchased

her stock. What was to be done? She felt that she had the means of honorably meeting all, and by efforts such as those alone can make where every interest is involved, she at length succeeded in meeting the first pressing demands for rent and stock.

The peculiar trials and weighty responsibilities of the new position she had taken, now appeared in their true light; but the noble Ida shrinks not from the difficulties in her way, — difficulties that might have seemed insuperable even to one whose life had been devoted to the details of trade. But filial devotion gave a directness to her efforts, supplied the want of experience, — bereaving care of its depression, making labor delightful.

A beautiful and holy sentiment is true filial devotion, — a willingness to sacrifice all in turn for those from whom the fount of life springs; for those who *first loved*, tenderly watched, forgetful of all selfishness, prayed with the earnestness characteristic of holier natures, and guided each footstep with jealous and untiring care. Such had been the guardianship of this noble girl, and such her appreciation and return. Three long years she stood at her post of duty in the mart of business, true to every principle of justice and honor, — true to every sentiment involved in the touching and deep devotion of woman. She lived for the accomplishment of a noble object, toiling unceasingly. Her success would have equalled her efforts, had it not been for the credit system, which in its bearing too often renders valueless financial tact, remorselessly sweeping away the toil of years. This system certainly proved the ruin of Ida's well laid and most generous plans, so untiringly pursued. Credit, yes, the credit extended to the fashionable, who too often by false appearances and promises made to be broken, defraud honest, persevering industry of its just reward. From the first quarter's meagre collection, it had proved the

greatest obstacle in the way of her success, and finally brought such heavy losses, that at the end of three years the enterprise was of necessity to be abandoned. Poor girl! hard was the struggle, the result beyond her control.

From her father, Ida could no longer conceal the difficulties of her situation; who, disappointed as he was at the failure of efforts so nobly and disinterestedly made, had had too much experience in the affairs of men to be surprised at it. By his advice, and the embarrassments under which she suffered, she made preparations for closing her business, paying her creditors, and again returning to her parents just with the world, but again destitute of all wherewith to smoothe their passage to the grave. To retain their former home was now impossible, and to dispose of that, and seek some humbler abode adapted to their altered circumstances, was the only alternative.

At the United States Hotel was announced the arrival of a gentleman from Cuba. After dinner, in glancing over the morning papers, his eye met the advertisement of the sale of Dr. Carver's real and personal estate on the following day. Turning to a stranger who sat near him, he made sundry inquiries into the cause of the sale. The stranger, discovering an interest in the inquirer, entered into the details of the family history, — the misfortunes of the parents, — the generous self-devotion and heroic efforts of the daughter.

The morning that was to see them deprived of all that had made home so lovely, yea, of that home itself, dawned sadly upon the inmates of the cottage. They had arisen at an early hour to make every necessary preparation for a day so trying; and *apparently* for the last time in that domestic sanctuary over which peace and love had so long joined their spread wings, to unite in blended prayer for strength equal to their trials, and for acquiescence to

the will of Him who wounds, with a father's tender love, to heal.

To the surprise and disappointment of the vast crowd who thronged the house, hoping to bear away at their own low estimate its beautiful and tasteful ornaments, not a single article was allowed to be removed from its place. A dark, Spaniard looking gentleman was present whom none knew, who had outbid on every article, and purchased it for himself. In the same manner had the real estate passed into his possession. Thus at the close of that day no change was perceptible in the cottage. It had only changed owners. The crowd dispersed, and the stranger waited to meet the family. To Dr. Carver he introduced himself as his nephew, the only surviving son of his eldest brother. Born on the island of Cuba, to which his father had early attached his fortunes, he had hitherto known nothing of his uncle's family, save by the occasional letters which had passed between the brothers. From these he had learned to think of them with interest and affection; and now that his own family ties were sundered by the recent death of his widowed father, he had resolved to journey thither, hoping that a change of scene and the sympathy of kindred might soften and mitigate the poignancy of his grief. Need I say how warmly, how cordially he was welcomed by his kindred? The interest of natural ties almost at once seemed to ripen into the warmest and tenderest friendship. In the free details of family vicissitudes the hours of the night wore away unnoticed. Dr. C. seemed again to see the features and traits of a brother once so dear to him; and when Augustine Carver said, on their separation for the night, "My uncle, you will allow me to assure you that this loved home, so long the abode of happiness, is again your own," never was sorrow so suddenly turned into joy—never family so blest. None could reply, for tears filled every

eye, and grateful joy silenced every tongue. Each retired to rest, but not to sleep. Young C. found his soul filled with tumultuous feelings before unknown. He had believed to see in his fair cousin his ideal of woman. He had known her but a few hours, but these few hours had been active agents in kindling the flame of love within his heart. Her beauty, her intellect, her winning manners, her filial devotion so won his soul, that he felt that God had now for him but one blessing, sufficient in itself for his happiness, but deprived of which, all others were poor. And Ida, could she forget to be grateful? And is not gratitude in woman's heart akin to love? And when not long after in one of her long rambles she found herself joined by him, in whose generous and manly heart was henceforth to be her throne, and her ear drank in his impassioned vows of truthful affection, the deeper tinge on her blooming cheek, and the tear-dimmed eye, assured him that love's eloquent language needed no interpreter.

The wheels of time have made since many a revolution; those who watched over her infancy and guarded her youth have gently passed away from earth to a better home; but peace and happiness in all her relations have been the rich dowry of my friend. In the circles of the great she moves with courtly grace, and like an "earth-treading" stay among that sacred class — God's poor on earth. From her own deep experience in the trials of affliction's children, she knows how to render timely aid to the suffering, and to speak words of comfort to the wounded heart. Often has she assured me that more than all the elegance by which she is surrounded, does she value the practical lessons she has learned in the school of adversity; and with a beaming smile lighting up her fine features in the eloquence of deep feeling and holy trust she touchingly says, If dark clouds gather around thy pathway, be hopeful and calm. Live

still for humanity ; live in the exercise of an unselfish devotion for the near and cherished, and Heaven's best blessings shall distil around you charming as light, crowning with serene beauty and peaceful happiness a life of generous self-sacrifice.

TRUE RELIGION.

A TALE FOR YOUTH.



I LOVE children ; and for the entertainment and instruction of my young readers, I relate the following simple, but truthful story.

I once knew a very rich and beautiful lady who lived in a handsome house in one of the most pleasant cities of our country. She had a great many servants ; she sat down every day to a table covered with every delicacy and luxury that money could purchase, — and those of my little friends who have walked through a city market will well remember how many different vegetables they saw, — what a variety of meats, and what delicious fruits and sweetmeats greeted their eyes at every step. Well, this lady could enjoy them all, and as she had much gay company, she ordered her steward every morning to bring for her table the choicest things the market afforded. Could you have gone into her house you would have seen the softest, richest carpets, the most splendid mirrors, velvet sofas and lounges, damask curtains and very costly paintings, with marble statues here and there, looking so lifelike that you would think they could speak to you. And when night came, her beautiful parlors were lighted with gas, which blazed forth from the glittering chandeliers with such a dazzling light as threw a charm over every object around. Then the soft tones of her harp or piano, both of which she played very exqui-

sitely, would steal in rich melody through the gorgeous rooms, making one quite forget that there was any such thing as sin or sorrow in the world, and almost realizing one's ideas of an Eastern paradise.

You will say, "How charming! surely she must have been very, *very* happy!" Ah, well do I know how delightful all these things seem to the young, and how apt are our deceitful hearts to whisper, that if God had only given them to us, how full of joy would be our hearts,—how blest, how satisfied. And truly this lovely lady had at her command all that this world can give for the promotion of happiness. But more than her magnificent house, her numerous servants, ever ready to do her bidding, or her carriage and horses, that were ever ready to take her into the green and beautiful country when she had become weary of the town,—I say far more than all these did she delight in a sweet little daughter that God had given her.

Her Emma was at this time six years old, and her eye was full of light and gladness, her step sportive and elastic as the young fawn's, and her laugh more wild and melodious than the spring bird's warbling, when it welcomes the return of leaves and flowers. Her fond parents doated on her young beauty and her thousand winning ways, and when they saw the bloom of health on her cheek, and marked her joyous spirits, they loved to follow her through long years of life, and fancy that when they were grown old and infirm they would find in her their comfort and support. My dear children, how different were God's purposes from theirs, and how often he sees it is best to remove our earthly blessings when they steal our affections from him, and fix them on a world where there is nothing, however beautiful, that can last, nothing, however lovely, that can make us truly happy!

Mrs. Elmore,—for that was the name of the lady of whom

I have been telling you, — one charming afternoon of autumn ordered her carriage for a drive into the country to see a friend who had long been ill, and was as usual accompanied by Emma. This sick friend was a lady of great piety, and the loveliness of her character shone so brightly in the affliction she was suffering, that none, not even the most gay and thoughtless who visited her, went away without feeling that there is something in the religion of Jesus that can give peace and serenity in the greatest of trials, and diffuse a holy calm over the features, when the poor, emaciated body is racked with anguish, and the gloomy grave seems ready to open upon the sufferer. Mrs. Clinton had been in health a friend to the poor, a comforter to the mourner, a teacher to the ignorant, and to all a kind and sympathizing friend; and now that she was laid upon a sick-bed, and about to enter into the presence of that Saviour whom she had so faithfully and affectionately served for a long series of years, the whole neighborhood seemed filled with sorrow. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, vied with each other in rendering her all that heart-felt sympathy which is so grateful to the afflicted. Day by day was her door thronged with anxious inquirers into every changing symptom of her disease, and joy would light up every face, or the tear would start to the eye, according to the nature of the intelligence respecting her. Often would the servant who had answered the bell find at the door the bearer of some rare delicacy or luxury sent with the hope that it might tempt the appetite that no more longed for earthly food.

Slowly, but surely, was wasting away the fleshy tabernacle, but more brightly rose before her spiritual vision that building of God, that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," which she felt she was soon to inhabit, washed and sanctified in the blood that cleanseth from every

earthly stain. Her mind, richly gifted by nature and highly improved by a superior education, remained unclouded by the disease that was preying upon her, and with all who were privileged to stand beside her sick couch would she converse, in tones of angel sweetness, on the preciousness of that Saviour who had ransomed her immortal soul, and whose blessed presence she now felt, when earthly friends could no longer give her support or consolation.

To the young who loved to linger near her, she would say, laying her slender wasted hand upon their heads, or twining her pale fingers among their shining curls, — “ You are now young, and life seems bright and beautiful before you ; you thirst for happiness, and trustingly look for enjoyment from this world ; but, my dear children, take counsel of one who has trod the path you are now treading, and who has drank deeply of all earth’s sin-poisoned fountains. Let me assure you that this world’s pleasures are at best transitory as the dew-drop of the morning, and when most enjoyed, they leave a yearning void within for more substantial food ; and, when life’s dark days come, as surely they will come upon all, the world will leave you without comfort and without hope. Seek, then, the Saviour of sinners ! Oh, who can measure the love with which he has loved you, a love so great as to lead Him to endure poverty that you might be rich, to bear the scorn and reproach of men that you might receive immortal honor, to endure the heavy curse of sin that you might be redeemed from its dreadful penalty ; in short, to die a criminal’s shameful death, that your pardoned souls may be purified and made meet for the glorious home of saints and angels above ! Hear Him saying,

Come unto me, and bring with thee
The heart’s first love in life’s young morn,
In days so bright, I’ll be thy light,
And with my truth thy soul adorn.

I died for thee on Calvary,
And freely shed my precious blood,
That thou might know the joys that flow
From pardoned sin, and peace with God.

When she had finished her tender and earnest admonitions, it was a lovely sight to see those fair young faces dissolved in penitential tears, some burying them in the bedclothes as if unable to control the fulness of their emotions, others clasping her friendly hand, and with upturned gaze imploring her to pray that they might meet her again in heaven, while she, exhausted by an effort beyond her feeble strength, would close her eyes in prayer, that what she had said might be sent home to the hearts of her listeners, by the influence of the Holy Spirit.

The middle-aged, and those whose oil of life was well-nigh spent, — the man of strong mind, as well as the poor, ignorant servant girl who was in an agony at the thought of losing so excellent a mistress, all listened to her parting words, and wept and trembled at the earnestness of her manner, as she implored one and all, by the value of their undying souls, by Christ's agony and bloody sweat, by his cross and passion, to make sure their eternal salvation. It was in the midst of one of these thrilling appeals to the bystanders, that Mrs. Elmore and Emma entered the chamber. With a smile of friendly recognition, she took a hand of each, and continued the exhortations I have related. She seemed to realize that her time was short, and when she found her hearers hanging upon the words with deep interest, she did not allow the entrance of new visitors to interrupt her discourse. Thus had Mrs. Elmore an opportunity of hearing, under the most solemn circumstances, those truths, which long after, in the prepared soil of God's painful visitation to herself, sprung up and yielded the rich fruits of a holy and devoted life.

Surprised at finding her friend more feeble than she had expected, and thinking that very probably it might be the last interview she would have with her on earth, Mrs. Elmore lingered till all had left, that she might spend a few quiet moments with one whom she had long loved for the excellence of her character, though her own want of religious feeling rendered it impossible that she should truly appreciate her lovely and consistent piety. "Well, Mary," said the invalid familiarly to Mrs. Elmore, "God be blessed that I have one more opportunity of meeting you here below, and oh!" exclaimed she, while a serious but serene expression settled on her angelic features, "oh that I could bless God that there was a certainty of meeting you in that heavenly world whither I long to go! You have every amiable quality, my dear Mary, continued Mrs. Clinton, but none of these can admit you *there*," pointing upward, and raising her tearful eye. "A kind Father has given you extensive means of doing good; and I do not doubt but you have been willing to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, when you have known their need; but if it has not been done out of love to a bleeding, dying Saviour, it will be of no avail to you. Without holiness, we are assured none can be His. But how difficult it is, in the midst of worldly prosperity, to feel the want of such a Saviour, I well know. It was not till he led me through the deep waters of affliction that I sought and found him, who alone can speak peace to the troubled soul. I trust, my dear Mary, it may never be necessary for him to send sorrow upon you to bring you to seek him; but now, while all your blessings are spared, let his goodness melt your heart, and lead you to devote to his service yourself and all you have. Take this," she continued, handing Mrs. Elmore a small tract, "and should trouble ever come upon you, you may find in it that comfort it has already spoken to my soul."

Mrs. Elmore evinced much deep feeling as she listened to a voice that was about to speak on earth no more, and gazed on the bright vision of a saint ripe for glory. But seeing the shades of evening gather around, she rose to depart for home, and imprinting a tender kiss on the lips of the sick lady, and lifting up her little daughter to do the same, she bade her adieu, promising soon to see her again. As they stepped into the carriage to return to town, the setting sun was lingering on the verge of the horizon in his pavilion of gold impurpled clouds, as if unwilling to bid farewell even for a night to a world that seemed to rejoice in the light and beauty of his presence.

A quiet and holy serenity rested on every object, inviting homeward the soul's busy and roving thoughts; calming its tumultuous passions, and speaking in its still small but impressive voice of Him, who maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice, and crowneth the year with his goodness! A gentle breeze played amid the richly variegated foliage in which Nature loves, at this season to deck herself, as if to hide her too visible decay, while ever and anon some loosened leaf would flit to the earth on the wing of the wind, as if obedient to the mandate of "dust to dust."

A few soft sounds would occasionally break upon the listening ear, such as the faint warbling of some solitary bird, the murmuring of some tiny rivulet that wound its way through the still green sward, or perchance the hum of busy insect; but all was so low, so sweet, so accordant with the sober scene and pensive hour, that they scarcely moved the finger from the lip of silence. Amid such influences, the gay and frivolous even would have felt disposed to meditation, for the spell of Nature was powerful. Even little Emma's joyous spirit was subdued, and that thought of which even a child is capable, seemed to awake within her

as she turned to her mother, saying, "Mother, I feel as if I wanted to pray. How I wish you could pray and talk like that sweet sick lady."

This remark of her child startled Mrs. Elmore from a reverie which had not been broken by a word since leaving the house of her friend, and covering her face with her handkerchief, she thrust back the warm tears that spoke of a full and agitated heart. The scene she had witnessed of the perfect resignation, nay, the holy joy with which a Christian can anticipate the passage of the dark valley of death, the earnest appeals of her dying friend, together with the deep solemnity of the autumnal eve, all had excited in her breast the most anxious thoughts concerning her own preparation for that solemn hour to which every thing seemed now to invite her attention. To Emma's remark she could make no reply, but drawing her little one closer to her bosom, "Why, my child, how cold you are! Do you feel chilled?" "Yes, mamma, I have been cold ever since we have been riding; but I was so happy to see every thing so beautiful, I did not like to speak to ask you to wrap me up."

With a mother's self-reproach at her forgetfulness, she folded her shawl closely about her child and took her in her arms, bidding the coachman drive rapidly home. As Mrs. Elmore reached her own comfortable rooms, she found tea awaiting her, and in answer to Mr. Elmore's inquiry why she had stayed so late and exposed herself to the chilliness of the night air, she related, with much emotion, the circumstances of her visit.

The family had retired as usual that night, but about three o'clock in the morning Mrs. Elmore was aroused by the nurse, saying that she wished her to come into the room where Emma slept as she was breathing very strangely, and she feared she was sick. In a moment the mother was by

the bedside of her child, and great was her alarm at discovering that little Emma had been seized with that fearful disease, the croup. With anguish of heart, she at once recollected her exposure on the previous evening, and bitterly reproached herself for not having been more thoughtful of her darling child, whose predisposition to this disease she well knew. She hastened to make Emma's alarming illness known to her husband, and a servant was without delay despatched for a physician. He was soon on the spot, and to the anxious inquiries of the parents, replied that the attack was a very violent one, but trusted that powerful medicines might arrest the malady.

He had long been, not only the physician of the family, but their friend and confidant.

Dr. Murray possessed a heart of great tenderness and sympathy for the afflicted, and he kindly remained by his little patient, watching the effect of his remedies, and varying them with every changing symptom. Gloomily dawned the day upon the inmates of this sumptuous mansion, for the healing drug had proved thus far powerless, and the returning light brought no relief to the poor little sufferer. Oh! the agony of those stricken hearts! The father's deep grief showed itself by a mournful silence, while the mother's agony would ever and anon reveal itself by the suppressed sob, and by the rapid pace across the chamber, her hand pressed upon her heart, as if fearful lest the fast-beating prisoner should burst its confinement.

Again would she pause, and glance her quick eye alternately on the doctor's anxious face, and on that of her gasping child, as if she must read her destiny, and yet so imploringly, as if he, who was only God's instrument for good, had it in his power to bid her sick daughter live.

My dear young readers, if you have been fascinated with the grandeur and elegance of this sumptuous home, and

fancied its inmates exempt from the many trials to which those of an humble station are exposed, come with me to the bedside of this sweet child, born the heiress to all that earth can give that is captivating to the worldly heart. Behold her gasping for breath, struggling with disease, and writhing in pain, about to close her eyes on all that made life bright and fair. Behold her agonized parents; they who had never knelt in prayer with the young being God had given them, nor taught her sweet lips to repeat the name of the blest Redeemer, whose heart so thrilled with love to children, and whose arms were so often open to receive them, now implored, with tears of anguish, the preservation of a life so dear to them of all that gave gladness to their dwelling, all that made earth to them seem lovely. But God's ways are not our ways! In His providence, he saw fit to remove this fair young creature, ere she had become corrupted by sin, to a brighter and purer world. Oh, how willingly would they who so fondly doated on her, have relinquished all that had thrown such a charm over their earthly lot, — the luxuries of their proud home, their wealth, their all, if this fair blossom might but have been spared to their lonely path. But, alas, we must surrender what God sees fit to take, and how often is it the dearest objects of our hearts! And how secure we are apt to think all our possessions are when the brightness of prosperity is around us, and to forget that it is God's unmerited favor that continues them to us, and that at any moment he may recall his gift. Then allow not your hearts, my young friends, to envy the rich and great, since you see that disease and pain, sorrow and death, enter as easily to their abodes as those of the humble poor. The elegant furniture of Emma's sick chamber, the rich hangings of silken tapestry, beneath which she lay in the agony of mortal suffering, the vast wealth that bought her every luxury, none of these

dazzled the stern messenger of Death, or turned him from his purpose; but ere two swift days had rolled away since her pleasant ride to the country, he laid upon her his icy hand, and stilled her pulse for ever. Need I describe the mournful desolation of Emma's home, when the melody of her voice had ceased, and her sunny smile had passed away from earth? No soft strains of music were now heard at eventide, no gay throng brought festivity to those lonely halls, no joyous laughter echoed its mirthfulness there, but the darkened rooms, the crape tied shutters, the fearful silence, broken only by some subdued voice, the bereaved and disconsolate father, the broken-hearted mother, clad in the sad habiliments of woe, all told Death had crossed the threshold, and the light had for ever departed.

Mrs. Elmore found in her affliction no consolation. She could not see in it the chastisement of a Father's tender hand. She sought for comfort, but it came not. Life seemed a burden, death a terror she could not meet. The beautiful objects around her, so far from giving her any joy, served rather as a mockery of her woe. As she was one day pacing the room with that vacant air that tells of a spirit crushed by sorrow, her eye rested upon the tract that had been given her by her dying friend, who, shortly after her visit, had calmly passed away, as melts the morning-star into the clear lustre of the dawn. She had laid it aside on her return, where it had remained unthought of till now. She took it up, glanced at the cover, and read "Comfort to the Mourner." Its title, so appropriate to her own case, induced her to peruse it.

She there read that there is a peace in the Christian's soul, even in the most terrible trials of our earthly lot, that God does not willingly afflict nor grieve his children, but graciously sends sickness and death among them, that He may lead them to place their treasures where no moth shall

corrupt them, no thief destroy. She there read of "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," who says, "come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest," — rest from all your sins, — rest from all your sorrows. She seemed to hear the Saviour speaking to her in the sweet accents of mercy, and inviting her to repose her troubled soul on his sympathizing breast, to see Him pointing to that glorious world above, where all tears will be wiped away, all wounded hearts be healed, and a blessed reunion shall take place with those dear ones we have lost and mourned on earth. She closed the book, and with her hand clasped to her burning brow, and her eye upturned to heaven, she seemed lost in thought. At length, starting up, she exclaimed, "A Saviour! A Saviour from sin! A Saviour from sorrow! Is he not just such a Saviour as I need? Oh, that I could call him mine! Oh, that I could go to him with my sin burdened heart!"

And my dear readers, God did indeed hear the prayer of her who, in humble faith, had presented this little tract to one who then showed no interest in spiritual things. Mrs. Elmore's mind became deeply impressed with the importance of her soul's salvation, and diligently was she led to study that Bible, that had been to her so long a sealed book. She sought, in earnest prayer, for light to understand its truths, and for that true penitence of heart that would enable her to appropriate to herself its gracious promises. And He who says, ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, mercifully granted her petitions, and gave her that joy and peace that could lead her to say, in reference to her affliction, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." And though she still mourned for the sweet young creature whom her eye might never again behold on earth, yet now

could she, with a smile of serenity and hope, exclaim, glancing upward, — “In yonder happy world lives my angel child, a snow white lamb gathered into the Saviour’s fold! In love has my heavenly Father taken her to himself ere sin had corrupted, or temptation assailed her! Was I not teaching her, by my worldly example, to forget her God, and to seek her happiness where disappointment only can be found? Had she lived, who could tell but the seductions of wealth, the vanities of life, might have lost her immortal soul. Father, not my will, but thine be done. Thou hast done all things well!”

But the true Christian not only prays that God’s will may be done, but that his kingdom may come on earth, and that a knowledge of a Saviour may be spread through every part of this sinful world, that every heart may love and obey him who has loved us with an everlasting love. Truly did Mrs. Elmore show the sincerity of her conversion, by asking herself, What can I do for him who has done so much for me? How can I promote his glory? How can I be instrumental in saving any precious soul for whom Christ died? But never does the heart cherish a wish to be in any way useful to our fellow-beings, without our being able to find many opportunities of gratifying such a desire. Mrs. Elmore had always been what the world calls a generous woman, that is, she never spurned from her door the poor and the needy, — she gave to charitable purposes, — she wished success to all the efforts of others to do good. But how different now the *motives* of all her actions! Before, she had been benevolent because it was respectable and becoming to be so, and the world approved of it. Now she did it for her Redeemer’s sake. She read in the Bible that Christ saith, “He that giveth a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, shall in nowise lose his reward.” “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren,

ye have done it unto me." Now she looked upon the poor and suffering with feelings of deep and tender interest. She waited no longer for them to come to solicit her aid, but she sought them out in the narrow lanes and by-places, where the sad children of want and sorrow are wont to be crowded together in a large city. And oh, what spectacles from day to day met her astonished eyes! Though she had always lived in a city, she had scarcely known any thing of the vast amount of wretchedness it conceals from the public eye. She had moved in the elegant circles of the great,—spent her mornings in the stores, turning over the costly merchandise, or rolled in her splendid equipage through the fashionable streets, and alighted at the door of some elegant mansion.

Never had she refused to open her purse when, perchance, some poor beggar met her eye and implored her charity. But of the utter poverty of thousands who pine for daily bread,—of the multitudes who are stretched on sick-beds, with no friendly hand to minister to their wants, who never know the blessing of the fresh, pure air of heaven, but in dark corners and close rooms are racked with pain and suffering, she never had any idea; and with a reproachful conscience and bitter tears, she remembered how little she had done for her suffering fellow-beings, with the wealth that God had given her.

It was in one of her visits to the poor, that she entered the miserable dwelling of a poor woman who was almost gone with consumption. The sick woman looked up with an expression of surprise as Mrs. Elmore came into the room, as it was something very unusual for any one of respectable appearance to enter her wretched abode. The room was destitute of furniture, save two or three broken chairs, a rickety table, and the bed with its scanty covering on which lay the poor, distressed creature. Near the in-

valid stood a young girl whose eyes were red with weeping, and who seemed as attentive to her wants as their destitution would allow. Mrs. Elmore turned with a look of kindness to the sick woman, and said, "I am very sorry to find you so ill, — how long have you been so?"

"It is wellnigh two years, ma'am, since I have been able to do any thing, and about six months since I have been confined to this bed."

"Is this young girl your daughter?" asked Mrs. Elmore.

"Yes, ma'am, and a blessing from the Lord has she been to me, in this my weak and dreadful condition. Poor girl, she has given up all her earnings to make me comfortable, and often denied herself bread that she might get some little delicacy that she thought I could relish. The Lord bless her, the Lord bless her," said the sick woman, sobbing and wiping her eyes on the ragged sheet that covered her.

"And surely the Lord will bless and take care of her," replied Mrs. Elmore, "for great are the mercies he promises to such faithful and affectionate children; and in another world, if not in this, he will richly reward them for their love and self-denial. Have you suffered much, my good woman, for the necessities of life, since you have been sick?"

"I ought not to complain," said she, "for I have had many more blessings than I deserve at the hand of my kind heavenly Father. I may truly say he has not left nor forsaken me. We have experienced the truth of his rich promises to the widow and the fatherless. After my poor husband died, ten years ago, I supported myself and my dear child by my work. Then I had health and strength to do hard work, for which I got good wages. Sometimes I would go out working every day in the week, but when Susan got pretty large, I wanted to bring her up to sewing, thinking in that way she could earn her living; as she was

not a very hearty child I did not like to send her out to service. And then, ma'am, I had another reason for wanting to keep her at home, for I knew by my own experience how many temptations there are for young girls to fall into sin and wrong doing, when they have no one to give them any good counsel, and no time to study their Bibles. So when Susan got large enough to sew, I stayed at home and took in plain sewing. In this way we earned enough to pay the rent of our room, to clothe ourselves comfortably, and buy the plain fare which we are satisfied with. But since I have been unable to work," here the sick woman paused, as if unwilling to proceed, when her kind visitor said, "Margaret, tell me how you have got along since, for I came to help you, and I shall be glad to know all the Lord's dealings with you."

"I beg your pardon, my excellent lady, I would not keep any thing from you, but I am so afraid of murmuring and repining against that good God who has thus far led me on, as I trust, toward his heavenly kingdom, when I speak of all our sufferings, that I do not often talk of them. But you know when I became sick it must have been hard for my poor Susan, by her work alone, to pay all our expenses. She would have the doctor come and see me sometimes, and buy medicines and cordials which he told her I needed. And then she had often to leave her work to nurse me, so that the dear child could not get much done in the day, but she would sit up and sew half the night to make out her day's work. But the fire wood cost so much, and there were so many things to be paid for out of her small earnings, that we soon saw it was impossible to stay in the room we then had, as the landlord said if we could not pay when the rent was due, he could find plenty of persons who could, and that we must shift our quarters. So we were obliged to move to this room, which was at first quite comfortably fur-

nished for us, but Susan's work would not even pay the small rent here, and get us food enough to eat, so the poor girl, from time to time, has sold one thing and another, till you see we haven't much of any thing left. Yesterday the landlord came for his rent, and she had to pay him what little money she could get; since that, my kind lady, we have tasted no food. For myself," continued she, with a deep sigh, "I am not suffering, for this poor emaciated body will soon be beyond the want of food; but for my poor child, if you know any thing of a mother's feelings, you will see that my heart is breaking."

Here Mrs. Elmore interrupted her by opening her purse and giving Susan some money, saying to her, "Go immediately and procure suitable food for your sick parent and for yourself."

Susan courtesied, thanked the Christian lady with tears of joy, and left the room. When she had gone, Mrs. Elmore begged the poor woman to continue her narrative, which she did by saying:—

"Since yesterday morning we have had, as I was saying, no money to buy bread. The day passed on, and night came, bringing no prospect of any relief. Then I said to Susan, 'My child, I ask not that you should beg *for me*, but you must do it for yourself. I see no other way. Go, and God will direct you to some kind friend, who will take compassion on you.' 'No,' said Susan, 'not for myself, mother, will I beg, but if you will eat, I will go to-night. I think to-morrow I can get some work done for which I shall be paid.' We concluded to wait till this morning, and many earnest prayers did we offer up together last night, that God would have mercy upon us and send us deliverance from our sufferings. And, my dear lady, let me assure you that a calm and pleasant feeling has been over me since, and I felt that our prayers were answered, and that he who feeds

the young ravens when they cry, had not forgotten us, his starving children. I have had a strong feeling that some blessing was in store for us to-day; and oh, may my weak faith be strengthened, and now I know that in sending you here God has answered the prayer of his poor servant."

"My good woman," said Mrs. Elmore, "I, too, would bless God that he has put it in my heart to visit and relieve you; and never shall I cease to thank him that he has enabled me to confer a single benefit on my suffering fellow-creatures."

By this time Susan had returned, and before satisfying her own wants, she prepared some nourishment for her sick mother, who, before partaking of it, raised her eyes to heaven in praise and thanksgiving to him who remembers the poor and needy. Mrs. Elmore rose, pressed affectionately the hand of the invalid, saying, "I will come again soon and see you. Take this money, for your present necessities, and get with it whatever you need for yourself and child." And then taking from her bag a card, she wrote upon it plainly her address, and left it in case any thing more should be wanted, saying to Susan, "If I do not return before you have spent this money, come to my house and let me know what your poor mother needs;" so saying, she bade them goodby, while both mother and daughter invoked the blessings of heaven upon her, who had been to them indeed an angel of mercy.

Mrs. Elmore proceeded on her way home with a feeling of happiness and peace of mind that she had never before known. She could now feel that wealth was a blessing only, when with it God gives a desire to confer favors on his poor children, and promote his glory. The condition of this poor family had awakened her mind to a sense of the sufferings of the poor in all large towns, and she resolved that so far as God should give her ability, she would relieve their sufferings. Her health, at all times delicate since her

severe affliction, did not allow her for several days again to visit the poor family. When she was able again to do so, she found the invalid no longer in need of earthly aid. As she entered the second time in the humble apartment, which she felt had been so sanctified by the Saviour's presence to his trusting and meek disciple, she found Margaret a corpse. Her submissive and chastened spirit had but a few moments before taken its everlasting flight to a world where she was to fear no more sorrow, — no more to feel the sharp stings of poverty, — where she would hunger and thirst no more, and where the inhabitants shall say, I am no more sick, and where God wipes away all tears. What signifies it, then, to her senseless clay, if she had for a few short years known only the bitterest dregs of the cup of life? What mattered it now to the wasted form that lay stretched out upon the hard bed, in the stiffness and repose of death, if she had been spurned by the proud worldling, worn the coarse garb, and eaten the plainest and most scanty food of poverty? Ah, my young friend, you see death comes alike to all, rich and poor, young and old, happy and miserable. This short dream of life is soon over with all, and when our last moment comes, and we are about to enter upon an eternal state, as we review our lives on earth, it will then seem as of no importance whether we have lived in a palace or a hovel, whether we have been courted and admired by the great, or toiled and labored for a hard-earned subsistence with the lowly poor. The question with us then will be, Have we made Christ our friend, have our sins been washed away in his atoning blood, our hearts sanctified and purified by his Holy Spirit, and are we ready and willing to leave this world of sin and sorrow, in the joyful hope of "a house not made with hands," where we shall join the angels and archangels, and all the heavenly host in anthems of praise to him who has redeemed us from eternal death and made

us heirs of heaven? If we can answer yes, to this question, as sweetly will our parting spirit bid farewell to earth, and wing its flight to heaven from an humble abode like that of Margaret's, as from the richly furnished apartment from which death summons away the rich from his riches. Let it then be your object, my dear young friends, to live now while you are in youth and health, in such a manner as will give you peace in that last dreadful hour.

Mrs. Elmore found Susan leaning over the lifeless body of her mother, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Well might the poor girl weep, for the only friend she had on earth had been taken from her, and she was an orphan, poor and wretched. Mrs. Elmore kindly took her by the hand, bade her be calm, and think of her departed parent as having finished all her trials on earth and gone to her heavenly rest. She talked to her of submission to God's will, and found the poor girl gave evidence of deep and sincere piety.

"Would you recall your parent again to this world if you had the power?" said Mrs. Elmore.

"Oh no," sobbed the heart-stricken girl, "not for the world, if I could. I rejoice that she will never suffer any more, that she has gone to her Saviour. But oh," she continued, "if I could only have died with her;—'t is so hard to live all alone in this cold world! Why will not God take me too?"

"My child," said her kind friend, "try to submit yourself to God's holy will. He does all things well. He spares you for wise purposes, and he will surely take care of you. If you love to read his holy word you will find it full of comfort and consolation to you, and full of the richest promises to the poor and fatherless. Do you not remember the psalm where David says so beautifully, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken,

nor their seed begging bread.' Cast thy burden then, dear child, upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

"Oh, my dear lady," exclaimed Susan, "precious indeed is God's word to my heart; and were it not for this, I could not bear up under my trouble."

Mrs. Elmore then told Susan that she must return home; but that she would send some one who would attend to the preparations for the burial of her mother, bidding her, as soon as all should be over, to come to her house, where she would provide work for her, and see that all her wants were supplied. The thankful girl blessed her kind-hearted friend, and promised to do as she had requested.

I must ask my young readers to accompany me back to Mrs. Elmore's handsome mansion, where they will again meet with Susan. As her benefactress had promised, she had received Susan when she no longer could call even the humble abode in which she had been left, lone and sorrowful, a home. She welcomed the poor orphan, clothed her in a decent robe of mourning, and gave her a snug little room, and though she did not need her services, she kept her quite busy in sewing; for she knew that none are happy who are not diligent, and industrious, and useful. Mrs. Elmore gave her good wages for her work, and as Susan had now none but herself to provide for, and besides had no desire for gay and costly clothes, she soon found she had money enough in her purse to provide herself all the little comforts she needed, and to do something for the poor, whose hard fate she well knew by her own sad experience how to compassionate. She loved, with her warm, gentle heart, her excellent mistress, and felt so grateful for all she had done for her, that she studied every little way by which she might be useful to the family who protected and sheltered her.

Whenever her mistress was sick, Susan was always at her side, where she proved so kind and affectionate a nurse, so

faithful, so ready, so devoted, that Mrs. Elmore soon learned to love the poor child she protected, not only as a faithful servant, but as a true and sincere friend. There was a softness and refinement about Susan that we very seldom see in those who have never known any thing but poverty and toil. Her voice was low and sweet, her manners gentle and affable. Respect for her kind mistress, and the deepest gratitude for all that she had done for her, showed itself in all her actions. She had that ready tact about her that led her to do every thing just as one would wish it done. If any thing was wanted, Susan was always ready. Her manner was so gentle and obliging that all who saw her felt interested in her. She had the religion of Jesus in her heart, and it seemed to pervade her whole being, and to give birth to all those Christian virtues and graces that cluster together in rich profusion, like the flowers and fruits of the tropics. She was faithful, sincere, humble, and ready to oblige all. In Mrs. Elmore's mansion we will now leave her, where she still continues to lead a useful and happy life, serving faithfully her benefactress, who still seeks out the poor and suffering; and like her Redeemer, lives to do good, and spends her time and wealth in benefiting her fellow-creatures.

Dear reader, is not piety a beautiful treasure? Is it not the pearl of great price? Would you not be willing to part with all you possess, if it were necessary, to obtain it? Have you not seen how it supported Mrs. Clinton on her dying bed, and made it to her a pillow of peace? Have you not felt, as in imagination you have stood beside the couch of poor Margaret, that it could light up even such an abode of poverty and suffering with a glory more beautiful than that of the sun, when amid the gold and purple of his setting he throws his last rich radiance on mountain, valley, and streamlet? Have you not seen, too, how it can

sanctify wealth, and make it a source of the richest comforts to its possessors, when they have, like Mrs. Elmore, a heart to seek out the heart-broken, and bind up their wounds, to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and point the penitent sinner to the "Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world?" Have you not seen how it can fill the soul with sweet peace, when stripped of what it most loved on earth, and that it could enable the lovely lady of whom I have told you to exclaim, when her sweet Emma was torn from her, "It is the Lord that giveth, and taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

E N D .

